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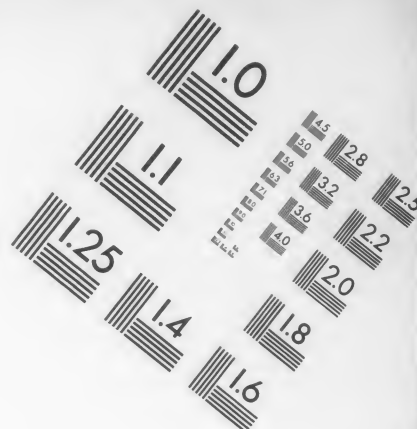
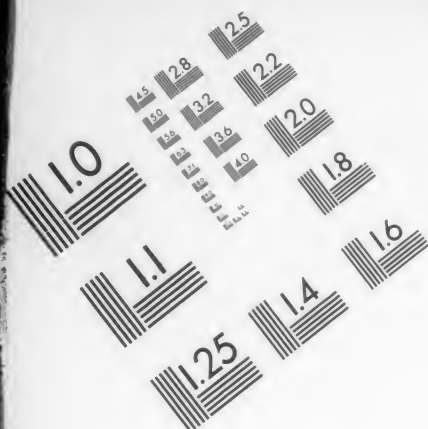


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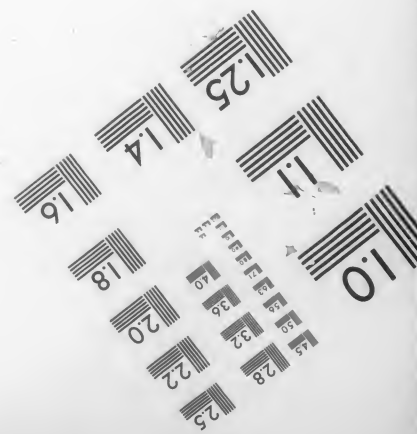
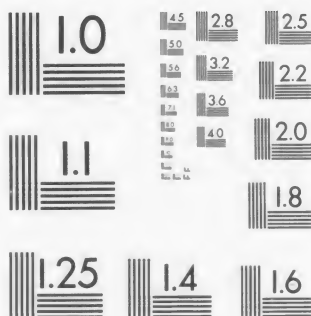
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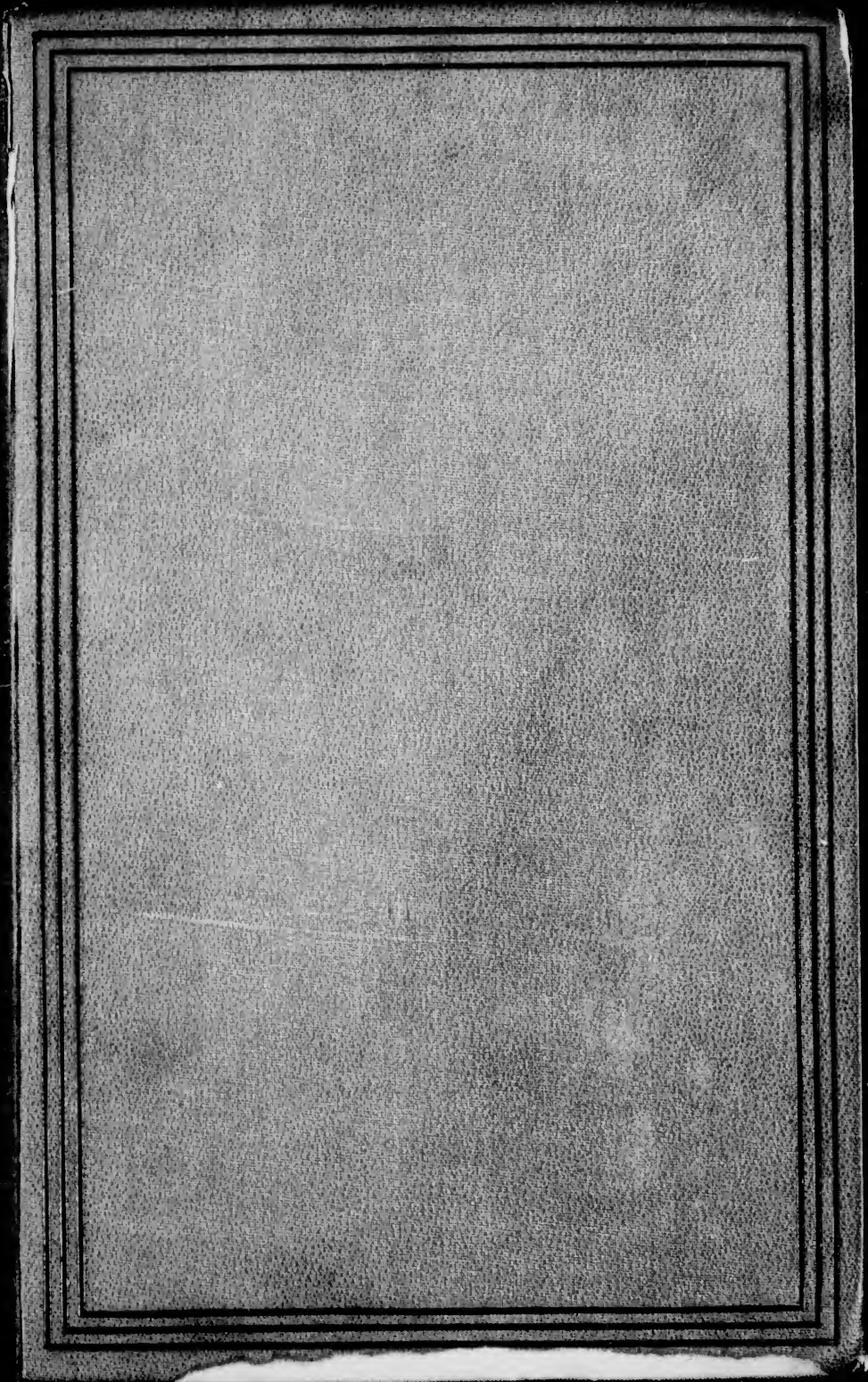
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BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS

IN TWO VOLUMES

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IN RESPECTFUL RECOGNITION
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CONTENTS

BOOK I—ORIGIN OF A STANDING ARMY—THE TUDORS AND THE STUARTS

CHAPTER I

MILITARY SYSTEM OF ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII,	1
---------------------------------------------------------------------	---

CHAPTER II

REIGN OF EDWARD VI	15
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH	20
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

REIGN OF JAMES I.	35
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER V

REIGN OF CHARLES I	40
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI

CROMWELL'S CAMPAIGN IN SCOTLAND	46
-------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII

THE ARMY UNDER THE PROTECTORATE	66
-------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VIII

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION	76
--------------------------------------------------	----

BOOK II—THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

CHAPTER I	
THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION	102
CHAPTER II	
THE WAR OF THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION	165
CHAPTER III	
THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR	187
CHAPTER IV	
THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN INDIA	200
CHAPTER V	
THE WAR WITH MYSORE	223
CHAPTER VI	
SUBJUGATION OF THE MARATHIS	239
CHAPTER VII	
THE PENINSULAR WAR: CAMPAIGNS OF 1804-5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14	261

PREFACE

IN these stirring times, when a new spirit of patriotism is being so rapidly developed, and a fresh and profound interest exhibited in the achievements of our ancestors, a book which aims at setting forth in a popular form the successful campaigns of the British Army will probably be acceptable to the general public.

I have tried to tell the story of its origin and progress, and of its enterprise in many lands, with a plainness and a simplicity which may recommend it to the general reader. The limits within which it has been necessary to confine it have rendered unavoidable some omissions and occasional compression; but, on the whole, it will be found to include, I think, all that is most memorable and

interesting in the extensive field which it attempts to survey. It was an essential object to bring it within a moderate compass, so that it might prove available for the behoof of that very numerous class who have little leisure for special studies, and yet may reasonably desire to know something more of our military annals than is to be gathered from the ordinary histories. There are, as I am well aware, several compilations in existence which furnish descriptions of the great battles that illustrate these annals. But from such the present narrative differs, I think, in its continuity—in its introduction of full particulars of the establishment of our national force—and in its endeavour to explain, as concisely as possible, the direct and immediate causes of the wars in which our soldiers have carried the British flag victorious from the Seine to the Indus, from Calcutta to Quebec, from Madrid to Cairo.

A complete Military History of Great Britain could not be compressed within a couple of volumes. Such a work has yet to be written when another Napier arises to combine the requisite professional knowledge with the literary skill essential to its general acceptance. Meanwhile, there is room, let us hope, for a modest effort to place within the

reach of the public a comprehensive relation, carefully based upon the best authorities, and relieved of technicalities, of some of the great campaigns, from the days of Flodden to those of Tel-el-Kebir and Tamanieb, which show the might and majesty of 'England at War.'

ENGLAND AT WAR



BOOK I—ORIGIN OF A STANDING ARMY—THE TUDORS AND THE STUARTS

CHAPTER I

MILITARY SYSTEM OF ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII

WHAT is now known as the 'Conscription' practically existed in Feudal England, and its existence explains the large armies which our kings employed in their continental wars, as well as the duration of the struggle between the rival Houses of Lancaster and York. Every male inhabitant was a soldier, and at all times equipped with the arms suitable to his position. He was always ready for service. By the great Statute of Winchester, passed in the reign of Edward the First, and in later reigns frequently repeated and enlarged, it was enacted that every man should have 'harness in his house to keep the peace after the antient assise.' That is to say, every man between fifteen and sixty years of age was to provide himself with armour according to the quantity

of his lands and goods: namely, for fifteen pounds in land and forty marks in goods, a hauberk, a helmet of iron, a sword, a dagger, and a horn. For ten pounds lands and twenty marks goods, a hauberk, a helmet, a sword, and a dagger. For five pounds lands, a doublet, a helmet, a sword, and a dagger. For forty shillings lands, a sword, a bow and arrows, and a dagger. And all others, bows and arrows. And to see that these provisions were carried out, a review of armour was held twice every year by two constables for every hundred and franchise thereunto appointed; and to justices assigned for that purpose they were to present 'such defaults as they do find.'*

As the Hundred Years' War dragged its slow length along, and the bow came into vogue as the Englishman's special weapon, regular practice was ordered, and shooting became at once 'the drill and the amusement of the people,' as it is now, in a more limited degree, of our volunteers. Every village had its pair of butts, and on Sundays and holidays all able-bodied men were required to appear in the field, to employ their leisure 'as valyant Englishmen ought to do, utterly leaving the play at the bowls, quoits, dice, kails, and other unthrifty games.'† Magistrates, mayors, and bailiffs were held responsible for the observance of these statutes, under penalty, if they neglected their duty, of a fine of twenty shillings for each offence. On the same days the tilt-yard at hall or castle was thrown open, and the young men of rank joined in similar exercises. We have numerous illustrations of the importance that was attached to the practice of archery.

Following up his grandfather's statute, Edward IV, in 1349, addressed an epistle to the Sheriffs of London, in which he required them to make public proclamation that 'every one of the said city, strong in body, at leisure hours

* 13 Edward I, cap. 6 (anno 1285), repealed by 21 James I, cap. 123 (in 1623).

† 11 Henry IV, cap. 4.

or holidays, use in their recreations, bows and arrows, or pellets or bolts, and learn and exercise the art of shooting, forbidding all and singular on our behalf, that they do not after any manner apply themselves to the throwing of stones, wood, or iron, handball, football, bandyball, cambuck, or cockfighting, nor such-like vain plays which have no profit in them.' The magistrates of London seem always to have done their devoir in this direction, and at a later date we find them giving their attention to the due training of the children in this admirable exercise, and the Common Counsel Book contains an order that 'for the avoiding of idleness, all children of six years old and upwards shall, on week days, be set to school, or some virtuous labour, whereby they may hereafter get an honest living; and on Sundays and holy days they shall come to their parish churches and there abide during the time of divine service, and in the afternoon all the said male children shall be examined in shooting with bows and arrows, for pins and points only; and that their parents furnish them with bows and arrows, pins and points, for that purpose, according to the statute lately made for the maintenance of shooting in long bows and arrows, being the ancient defence of the kingdom.'

In the reign of Edward IV, it was enacted that every Englishman, with the exception of the clergy and judges, should own a bow of his own height,* and keep it always ready for use, and also make provision for his sons' exercise in the art from the age of seven. But the carnage of the civil war had provoked a reaction in favour of the pastimes of peace, and in the early years of Henry VIII, the butts and the tilt-yard were largely deserted. This is the more remarkable because the King was himself both partial to and skilful in the archer's craft. 'On the May-day in the

* The rule was that it should exceed the archer's stature by the length of his foot.

second year of his reign,' says Holinshed, 'his Grace being young, and willing not to be idle, rose in the morning very early to fetch May or green boughs; himself fresh and richly apparelled and clothed, all his knights, squires, and gentlemen in white satin, and all his guard and yeomen of the Crown in white sarcenet, and so went every man with his bow and arrows shooting to the wood, and so returning again to the Court, every man with a green bough in his cap. Now at his returning, many hearing of his going a-Maying, were desirous to see him shoot, for at that time his Grace shot as strong and as great a length as any of his guard. There came to his Grace a certain man with bow and arrows, and desired his Grace to take the master of him and to see him shoot, for at that time his Grace was contented. The man put then one foot in his bosom, and so did shoot, and that a very good shot, and well towards his mark, whereby not only his Grace, but all others greatly marvelled. So the King gave him a reward for his so doing, which person after of the people and of those in the Court was called Foot-in-Bosom.'

In 1511, when Henry had been King only three years, the Winchester Statute was re-enacted, the severity of its provisions being increased. The preamble must be quoted here:—

'The King's Highness calling to his gracious remembrance that by the feats and exercise of the subjects of his realm in shooting in long bows, there had continually grown and been within the same great numbers and multitudes of good archers, which hath not only defended the realm and the subjects thereof against the cruel malice and designs of their enemies in times heretofore past, but also with little numbers and puissance in regard of their opposites, have done many notable acts and discomfitures of war against the infidels and others; and furthermore reduced divers regions and countries to their due obeysance, to the great honour, fame, and surety of this

realm and subjects, and to the terrible dread and fear of all stronger nations, anything to attempt or do to the hurt or damage of them. Yet, nevertheless, that archery and shooting in long arrows is but little used, but daily does vanish and decay, and abate more and more; for that much part of the commonalty, and poor people of this realm, whereby of old time the great number and substance of archers had grown and multiplied, be not of power nor ability to buy them long bows of yew to exercise shooting in the same, and to sustain the continual charge thereof, and also because by means and occasions of customable usage of tennis play, bowls, claish, and other unlawful games, prohibited by many good and beneficial statutes, much impoverishment hath ensued: Wherefore, the King's Highness, of his great wisdom and providence, and also for zeal to the public weal, surety, and defence of this, his realm, and the antient fame in this behalf to be revived by the assent of his Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, and his Commons in this present Parliament assembled, hath enacted and established that the Statute of Winchester for archers be put in due execution; and over that, that every man being the King's subject, not lame, decrepit, or maimed, being within the age of sixty years, except spiritual men, justices of the one bench and of the other, justices of the assize, and barons of the exchequer, do use and exercise shooting in long bows, and also do have a bow and arrows ready continually in his house, and to use himself in shooting. And that every man having a man child or men children in his house, shall provide for all such, being of the age of seven years and above, and till they shall come to the age of seventeen years, a bow and two shafts, to learn them and bring them up in shooting; and after such young men shall come to the age of seventeen years, every of them shall provide and have a bow and four arrows continually for himself, at his proper costs and charges, or else of the

gift and provision of his friends, and shall use the same as afore is rehearsed.'

Thirty years later this statute was re-enacted* with some additional provisions. It was ordered that no person above the age of twenty-four should shoot with a light flight arrow at a distance under two hundred and twenty yards,—which would seem to show that this was the fighting range of the heavy war arrow.† There were regulations also for keeping up the village butts and for cheapening the cost of the bows, so as to bring them within the reach of the poor. The prices of the war bows, which were always made of yew, depended on their quality. We may note that in the reign of Elizabeth the best foreign yews cost 6s 8d, second best, 3s 4d, English yews and 'wing' bows (of the coarsest foreign yew), 2s.

That these statutes and the royal example did not have the desired effect we know from Ascham's *'Toxophilus,'* published in 1566, which is an elaborate eulogium on the bow, and an appeal to English gentlemen to use no other weapon. 'How fit shooting is for all kinds of men; how honest a pastime for the mind; how wholesome an exercise for the body; not vile for great men to use, nor costly for poor men to sustain; not lurking in holes and corners for ill men at their pleasure to misuse it, but abiding in the open sight and face of the world, for good aim if at fault by their wisdom to correct it.' Such is the argument of the scholar's famous treatise.

For the sake of chronological convenience we shall anticipate the course of our narrative, and trace at once the rapid decline of Archery. It was inevitable that bow

* 33, Henry VIII, cap. 9.

† Dreyton records the exploit of an English archer at Agincourt:—

'Shooting at a Frank twelve score away,

Quite through the body stuck him to a tree.'

Shakespeare says,—'A good archer would clap in the dart at twelve score, and carry a forehand shaft fourteen and a fourteen-and-a-half.'

and arrow should give way to the arquebus and musket when these, by successive improvements, were rendered portable and easy to fire. That was as late as 1583. The art was so far flourishing that at a great shooting match held in Hoxton Fields on the 17th of September, London mustered no fewer than 3000 archers. Charles I appointed two special commissioners in order to revive and enforce the practice of England's ancient weapon; but it was as vain as his attempt to revive and enforce the absolute prerogatives of the Tudors. Archery, for all military purposes, was dead and gone; and in the Civil War neither party relied upon the bow. The old military system had also died out. The general disarmament which took place in the reign of Edward VI had finally broken up the feudal tradition. The nobility, moreover, were few and weak, and as the landowners no longer felt themselves bound to send an armed contingent for the King's service, the English peasantry gradually lost their skill and familiarity with bow and bill, while no one taught them the use of carbine and pistol. England ceased to be an armed nation, and, as we shall see, it therefore became indispensable to provide her with an army.

For the defence of the English coast, Henry VIII made careful provision, studding the shores of Kent and Surrey with small forts—circular towers of solid build, and mounting two or three guns, and accommodating a small garrison. In the Isle of Wight, which was then considered an important strategic position, forts of this kind were erected at East and West Cowes, Sandown, Yarmouth, and Freshwater. In the first year of Edward VI, a return of the condition of these insular defences was made to the Crown, and from its data we may infer the general strength of the fortifications of the kingdom. At Yarmouth were two guns of brass and eight small guns of iron, nineteen hagbuts, and one hundred and forty-one bows. At Sharpnode, two brass

guns. At Carisbrook Castle, five iron slynges, fowler, and double basses, one hundred-and-forty hagbuts, and a store of powder, bows, arrows, javelins, and bills. At Sandown were three pieces of brass, and eight of iron, seventy-eight hagbuts, one hundred-and-twenty bills, and a chest of bows and arrows. And at West Cowes were two brass guns, eleven of iron, several basses ('not liable to serve'), and a small supply of bows, bills, and pikes.

A later record shows us how completely, at the beginning of the Civil War, bow and arrow had ceased to be in vogue. The militia of the island then numbered nearly 2000 men, divided into fourteen companies. Of these, 1100 were armed with arquebuses, 196 with pikes, 10 with halberds, 297 were unarmed, 133 were officers, and 33 had charge of the culverins or small cannons. Not one of them carried bow and arrow.

The reign of Henry VIII does not contribute any important chapter to our military history, but some of its events are too interesting to be passed over without notice. In June, 1512, a force of 1000 men, under the Marquis of Dorset, was despatched to Spain to co-operate with King Ferdinand of Navarre in his invasion of France, but they accomplished nothing memorable, and according to a contemporary authority,* were not likely to have done any credit to England's flag. 'The army,' he says, 'doeth earthly nothing, but feed and sleep; they were not practised how we should behave as in wars, as all other men do, and, as all that ever I read of have done, especially when the army is untrained, and hath not seen the feats of war.'

In the following year an expedition of 25,000 men was sent to France in two divisions, in May and June respectively, carrying out the terms of an alliance against

* Dr Knight, in letter to Wolsey; Ellis's 'Original Letters,' 2nd series, i. 191.

France, which Henry VIII had concluded with the Emperor Maximilian and Pope Leo X. Henry's war minister was his Master-Almoner, Thomas Wolsey, then rapidly pushing his way towards a cardinal's hat and an archiepiscopal mitre. He had seen no service; he had never handled a sword, or fired falconet or culverin; but such was the natural genius of the man, such his versatility and energy, that he organised the expedition in every branch with consummate success. 'Though holding no higher rank than Almoner,' says Mr Brewer,* 'it is clear that the management of the war, in all its multifarious details, has fallen into his hands. He it is who determines the sum of money needful for the expedition, the line of march, the number and arrangement of the troops, even to the fashion of their armour, and the boarding of their horses. It is he who superintends the infinite details consequent on the shipment of a large army. . . . Ambassadors, admirals, generals, paymasters, pursers, secretaries, men of all grades, and in every sort of employment, crowd about him for advice and information. By the unconscious homage paid to genius in times of difficulty, he stands confessed as the master and guiding spirit of the age.'

The two divisions, under Lords Shrewsbury and Hubert, had begun the investment of Terouenne, a strongly fortified town near the Flemish frontier, when Henry, with a splendid retinue, embarked at Dover; and 'took leave of the Queen and of the ladies, which made such sorrow for the departing of their husbands that it was great dolour to behold.' Such sorrow was out of place, as the King and his courtiers went on a military promenade rather than on a serious campaign. For three weeks Henry delayed at Calais, exhibiting the splendours of his wardrobe, his 'garments of white cloth of gold, with a red cross,' and

* J. S. Brewer, 'Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, Henry VIII,' i. xliv, xlv.

surrounded by the archers of his guard, six hundred strong, looking very brilliant in their 'white gaberdines.' This was the corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, which he established soon after his accession. He reached the camp before Terouenne on the 9th of August, and a few days later was joined by the Emperor Maximilian. There was much interchange of courtesies between the two sovereigns, and Maximilian flattered the splendid young King of England by calling himself his soldier, and wearing the cross of St George and the red rose. On the 16th a large force of French men-at-arms advanced to the relief of Tournay. Maximilian, with his German horse and the English mounted archers, moved out against them, followed by Henry with the infantry. The collision took place near the town of Guinegate; and at the first move, the French gendarmes, though superior in number to Maximilian's division, were panic-stricken, and fled from the field in confusion, leaving the illustrious Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, and their chief officers, prisoners in the hands of the two royal allies. From the rapid flight of the French cavalry, this skirmish was epigrammatically named 'The Battle of the Spurs.'*

Terouenne surrendered on the 27th of August, and Tournay on the 29th of September. The campaign then closed, and Henry returned to England on the 24th of November, to receive the intelligence of a more serious and important victory than any he had achieved—that of Flodden Field.

BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD, September 9, 1513

Before Henry crossed the channel, he and his ministers were well aware that war between England and Scotland was near at hand. The Border feuds and frays of the two

* Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 'History of Henry VIII.'

nations kept alive a hostile spirit; and James IV, in whom the old chivalry seemed to be resuscitated, eagerly availed himself of it in his pursuit of the military glory he coveted so eagerly. Neither the considerations of prudence and policy, nor the warnings of his wisest counsellors, nor even the portents and omens of superstition, to which he was generally susceptible, could divert him from his resolve to make war upon England. He was supported in this resolve by most of the Scottish nobles, and by the great body of the Scottish people. In vain the sagacious and experienced Earl of Angus warned him of the probable fatal consequences of his rash folly. In vain 'a messenger from Heaven'—so ran the story—appeared to him as he sat in the privacy of his chamber, 'very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God,' and after delivering his message, 'vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a wing of the whirlwind.' In vain a mysterious voice was heard at midnight from the market-cross of Edinburgh, summoning earls and barons by name to appear within forty days before their master, Plutoch (Pluto). With a gallant array of knights and nobles, of spearmen and bowmen, the fighting strength of his little kingdom, James crossed the Tweed on the 22nd of August, and invested the Castle of Norham. At first the sunshine of success gilded his arms. Norham, though reputed impregnable, surrendered in six days; and the border-castles of Wark, Etall, and Ford capitulated in quick succession. But Howard, Earl of Surrey, a skilful and experienced commander, to whom Henry had entrusted the wardenship of the English marches, rapidly assembled his levies at Newcastle, and on the 3rd of September arrived at Alnwick. In accordance with the rules of chivalry, he sent a pursuivant-at-arms to James, offering battle on the following Friday; a challenge courteously accepted.

The King lay upon the side of a high mountain called Flodden, on the edge of Cheviot, where was but one

narrow field for any man to ascend up the said hill to him, and at the foot of the hill lay all his ordnance. On the one side of his army lay a great marsh, and compassed with the hills of Cheviot, so that he lay too strong to be approached of any side, except the English would have temerarily run on his ordnance.' Surrey, to draw the King from his position, rapidly passed the Till—a tributary of the Tweed, which ran between the two armies—and placed his host in the rear of the Scots, so as to cut off their communication with Scotland. He then ordered his van to seize the hill of Branksome on their flank, whereupon James set fire to his tents, descended from the heights of Flodden, and in the open field drew out his ranks before the English.

'The English line stretched east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.'

The English army was drawn up in four divisions: the centre, commanded by Surrey in person; the right wing, by his two sons, Thomas Howard, Admiral of England, and Sir Edward Howard, Knight-Marshal of the Army; the left wing, by Sir Edward Stanley; and the reserve, composed chiefly of cavalry, by Lord Dacre. On the side of the Scotch, the left wing was under the Earls of Home and Huntly; the right, chiefly made up of Highlanders, under the Earls of Argyle and Lennox; while James himself led the centre. The archers of Lancashire and Cheshire who formed the English left, quickly broke down the opposition of the Highlanders,

'Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain.'

But the Scottish left attacked the two Howards with a

vigour which threw their ranks into disorder, and had not Lord Dacre brought up his men, the battle might there have gone against the English. Meanwhile, in the centre, the fight was most vehemently waged; and James showed such a brilliancy of daring that it was with no small difficulty Surrey maintained his ground, until Stanley, flushed with his victory over the Highlanders, broke like a thunderbolt on the rear of the Scottish centre. Rather than survive defeat, James fought desperately to the last, refusing quarter, and falling dead within a spear's length of England's general. None of his division were made prisoners, they perished with their King.

At nightfall, Surrey led back his victorious army, weakened by the loss of seven thousand men. The Scots, who had lost ten thousand, melted away under cover of the darkness, not attempting to form again in military order. The flower of the Scottish nobility fell upon this fatal field; 'Scarce a family of eminence,' says Scott, 'but has an ancestor killed at Flodden,' and the blow was felt by Scotland for several generations.

'Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field—as snow,
When streams are swoln, and sweet winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail,
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
When shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield.'

'By this overwhelming blow,' says Froude,* 'the Scots were prostrated, and Henry VIII, returning from victory in France with an ample exchequer and the martial spirit of the English thoroughly roused, might with no great difficulty have repeated the successes of Edward I. He could have overrun the Lowlands, have stormed or starved all the fortresses and placed southern garrisons in them, and thus have, for the time, provided one solution of the Scottish difficulty. But Henry profited by Edward's ultimate failures. He was aware that he might succeed for a time, but he was aware also that such success was really none; and he took advantage of the depression of the nation which followed Flodden rather to conciliate their friendship by forbearance than to pursue his advantage by force. The dead King had left two sons—the eldest, James V, then but two years old, the second, an infant. In a Parliament, held after the battle, the widowed Queen Margaret was declared Regent; the government was re-established without interference from England, yet indirectly under English influence, and by a judicious temperance at a critical time, the nucleus of a southern party was formed at the Court, which never after was wholly dissolved.'†

* Froude iii, 348.

† For a minute account of Flodden Field see the 'Archæologia Æliana,' new series, iii, 197 et sqq.

CHAPTER II

REIGN OF EDWARD VI

OUR historical record passes on to the reign of Edward VI, when war again broke out between the two nations, and the Duke of Somerset, the Lord Protector, crossed the Tweed with 14,000 foot, 4000 horse, and fifteen cannon, on Sunday, the 4th of September, 1547. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday he marched steadily forward along the coast, keeping touch, as it were, with the fleet under Lord Clinton, demolishing such small fortresses as lay in his route, but turning neither to the right nor to the left. On Wednesday he passed by Dunbar, and on the same day the English ships sailed into the Firth of Forth. On Thursday he advanced over the ground where, fourteen years later, Queen Mary Stuart practised archery with Bothwell ten days after her husband's murder. 'The route lay along a ridge, with the sea on one side; on the other, a low range of marshy meadows; nothing happening of consequence on that day, except that an English officer, observing a party of the enemy hiding in a cave, stopped the opening, threw in fire, and smothered them. The march was short. Soon after the Protector had passed Prestonpans, famous also

in Stuart history, he came in sight of the whole Scottish army, encamped on the slopes of Musselburgh, the English vessels lying in the Forth, just out of gunshot of their tents.'

BATTLE OF PINKIE CLEUGH, MUSSELBURGH,
September 10, 1547

The battle which followed has been told by Mr Froude,* with a fulness and a picturesque energy which no one can hope to surpass; we shall, therefore, adopt his narrative.

'In numbers, the Scots almost doubled the English. The following morning Clinton sent boats on shore to communicate. Fifteen hundred Scotch cavalry, and a few hundred pikemen came out to cut off the landing party, and provoke a skirmish. Sir Ralph Bulwer and Lord Grey, with some companies of Italians in the English service, dashed forward to engage them, and after a sharp scuffle of three hours, the Scots were driven back. In these bloody combats neither party cared to encumber themselves with prisoners, except where there was a likelihood of ransom, and thirteen hundred bodies were left dead upon the ground. The Duke, when the skirmish was ended, rode forward to examine the enemy's position. The sea was on their left, on their right a deep impracticable marsh. Between the two armies ran the Esk, low, and half dry after the summer heat, but with high steep banks, and passable for horse or cannon only by a bridge, distant something less than a quarter-of-a-mile from the marsh. Across the bridge, from camp to camp, there ran a road twenty feet wide, enclosed between turf hedges, along which Somerset advanced with his escort. The Scots fired upon him, and killed the horse of an aide-de-camp at his side; but he crossed the bridge, rode within two bowshots of the

* Froude, iv, 291-294.

Scottish lines, and was returning at his leisure, when he was overtaken by a herald bringing him a challenge from the Earl of Huntly to fight out the quarrel, either by themselves alone, or ten to ten, or twenty to twenty.

'The time was passing away when disputes of nations could be settled by duels. Somerset's courage was unimpeachable, but he refused: the Earl of Warwick offered to take his place, but it could not be; the herald retired, and as the night closed, the English artillery was ordered forward to command the road. The enemy's position was dangerously strong; the morning would shew if there was a practicable mode of assaulting it; but if the Scots had sat still to receive the attack, the defeat of Flodden might, perhaps, have been revenged at Musselburgh. As soon, however, as they had ascertained the extent of the force which the Protector had brought with him, confident in their numbers, their cause, and their enthusiasm, they began to think less of defeating the English than of preventing their escape. They persuaded themselves that, conscious of their inferiority, the invaders thought only of retreat, and that the fleet was in attendance to take them on board. When the day broke (September 10) Somerset found them already across the water, their tents thrown down that not a loiterer might remain concealed there; the main body covering the hills between himself and the land to the south, the four thousand Irish archers in front of him towards the sea. The latter, as soon as daylight permitted, were fired into from the ships, and were rapidly scattered. The Scots, on the other side, pushed on in force, intending, evidently, to seize the ridges in the rear, where they would have the advantage of ground, wind, and sun, and, if victorious, would destroy the entire English army.

'Their horse they had left behind them, their heavy guns they had dragged up by hand, and they were moving with the greatest speed that they could command; but the Protector was in time to alter his dispositions, and secure

the hills immediately behind him. His cannon was brought back and placed to cover the ground over which the Scots would pass to attack the camp, and Grey, with the English horse, prepared to charge. The Earl of Angus, with the "Professors of the Gospel," the pikemen of the Lowlands, eight thousand strong, was leading; Arran was behind on the low ground with ten thousand men; and Huntly, with eight thousand Highlanders and the remains of the Irish, towards the stream, out of range of the fleet. On Angus the brunt of the battle was first to fall. He halted when he discovered that the English intended not to fly but to fight; but he could not fall back; the ground was unfavourable for cavalry—a wet fallow recently turned—and the pikemen formed to receive the charge, the first rank kneeling. Down upon them came Grey, with a heavy, plunging gallop, but the horses were without barbs, and the lances were shorter than the Scottish pikes. Down, as they closed, rolled fifty men and horses, amidst the crash of breaking spears. Grey himself was wounded in the mouth; Sir Arthur Darcy's hand was disabled, and the English standard was saved only by the flight of the bearer. The men turned, reeled, scattered, and rallied only when Grey and Lord Edward Seymour fought back their way to them out of the *mêlée*. They might as well charge, they said, upon a wall of steel.

'But the line of the Scots which the enemy could not break was broken by victory. As they saw the English fly, they rushed on in pursuit, and found themselves face to face with Warwick, the men-at-arms, and the Italian musketeers. Checked by the volleys of the matchlocks, and thrown into confusion, they were assailed next by the archers, and forced to cross the fire of the artillery; and the cavalry once more forming, swept again upon their disordered lines, and drove the struggling mass back upon their comrades. Ill-trained and undisciplined, the reserves were seized with panic; Arran and Huntly turned bridle,

and rode for their lives, and the whoops and yells of the Irish increased the terror; there was no thought of fighting more—it was only who could fly first and fly fastest. They flung away their arms; swords, pikes, and lances strewed the ground where they had been drawn up, "as thick," it was said, "as rushes in a chamber." Some crept under the willow pollards in the meadows, and lay concealed like otters with their mouths above the water; some made for Edinburgh; some along the sands to Leith, under the fire of the fleet; some up the riverside towards Dalkeith; some lay as if dead, and let the chase pass by them.* The Highlanders held together, and saved themselves with an orderly retreat; but the crowd fell unresisting victims under the sabres of the avenging cavalry. It was a massacre more than a battle; for, of the English, at most, not more than two hundred fell, and those chiefly at the first charge, under the lances of the pikemen; the number of Scots killed was from ten to fourteen thousand. Fifteen hundred prisoners were taken, but in general no quarter was given. Gentlemen might have been spared for their ransoms; but, for some unknown cause, the noble and the peasant were dressed alike in white leather or fustian—there was little to distinguish them—and they were cut down in indiscriminate heaps along the roads and fields to the very walls of Edinburgh. . . . When at last the retreat was sounded, and the pursuers, weary with killing, gathered again into their camp, they sent up a shout which legend said was heard in Edinburgh Castle.

Such was the Battle of Musselburgh, otherwise called Pinkie Cleugh or Slough—the last field in which England and Scotland as nations were arrayed against each other.

* Dalzell, in his 'Fragments of Scottish History,' prints the narrative of one Patten, a Londoner, who fought in the battle, and was an eye-witness of the slaughter that followed it.

CHAPTER III

IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH

No glory attended the arms of England in the reign of Queen Mary.* So far as that of Elizabeth is concerned, the honours won by our seamen, by Hawkins and Drake and Frobisher, by Cavendish and Fenner, have bulked so largely in the eyes of posterity that the gallant deeds of our soldiers, of Sir Francis Vere, Sir John Norris, and Lord Grey of Wilton and many others, have escaped due attention.

In the time of Mary was consummated that great change in the art of war which had been in operation since the close of the War of the Roses, and was due partly to the break-up of the feudal system, and partly to the introduction of firearms. The English peasantry had ceased from the exercise of bow and bill, but had not been accustomed in their stead to the use of arquebus and pistol. When Elizabeth ascended the throne she found

* On the contrary they were sullied with defeat at Calais, which was captured by the French on the 20th January, 1558.

the country without any adequate means of defence. Its ancient organisation had everywhere broken down. From Falmouth to Berwick the fortresses were half in ruins, dismantled, and ungarrisoned. The arsenals were empty, the population was without training, and had lost the military spirit. In an address to the Council (December, 1558), the distresses of the Commonwealth are told with forcible frankness:—‘The wars,’ says the petitioners, ‘have consumed our captains, men, money, victuals, and have lost Calais. The axe and the gallows have taken away some of our captains. It is necessary that in every shire, at the town’s charge, there might be discipline and exercise to prepare and form the rude men into captains and soldiers, to serve in case of need. All other plagues that before and since the death of good King Edward have happened unto us, have been in respect tolerable, and as it were but preludes of one great and grievous plague to come. The loss of Calais is the beginning of the same great plague, for it has introduced the French King within the threshold of our home; so as now or else never your honours must bestir you and meet with this mischief. Else, if God start not forth to the helm, we be at the point of greatest misery that can happen to any people, which is to become thrall to a foreign nation.’

When Elizabeth, in 1560, gave her support to the Scottish reformers, she was able to place under Lord Grey’s command an army of 6000 foot and 2000 horse, which crossed the border and marched upon Leith, then held by a French garrison in the interest of the Queen Regent. The siege was closely pressed, but the French offered so gallant a resistance that it lingered on for several months, nor did they surrender until famine dogged their footsteps. ‘All this time,’ says Hayward, ‘the English army was well furnished with victuals from all parts of Scotland, and that upon very easy prices. But the French were so straitly girt up within Leith, that no supplies were brought into them.’

Whereupon they grew very short in strength of arm, and no less in provision of food for those men which they had; the one happening to them by the force of their enemies, the other, either by disability or negligence of their friends: so, their old store being spent, they were enforced to make use of everything out of which hunger was able to draw nourishment. The flesh of horses was then more dainty than ever they esteemed venison before; dogs, cats, and vermin of more vile nature were highly prized; vines were stripped of their leaves and tender stalks; grass and weeds were picked up, and being well seasoned with hunger, were reputed among them for dainties and delicate dishes.'

This brief spasm of warfare was terminated by the treaty of peace concluded at Edinburgh on the 6th of July.

Ireland proved to Elizabeth, as it has proved to her successors, a chronic difficulty, and a considerable armed force was at different times employed in putting down rebellion. For three or four years an army of 20,000 men was maintained there, at a cost of not less than £300,000 per annum*—an expenditure which Elizabeth's depleted treasury could ill afford. It was not a war, however, in which England gained any military repute, and the engagements between her troops and the wild Irish kernes do not call for detailed notice.

Military assistance was given, somewhat grudgingly, it must be confessed, to the brave patriots of Holland in their long struggle against the tyranny of Spain, and this led to the one memorable battle which shed a lustre on the arms of England during Elizabeth's reign.

In 1585 it was of vital importance to England that the power of Philip of Spain should be weakened by encouraging the cause of independence and religious freedom in the United Provinces. The assassination of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, by the fanatic, Balthazar Gerard,

* Naunton, 'Fragmenta Regalia,' pp. 88 et seqq.

who was incited to the act by the reward which Philip had set on his great enemy's head, awakened a passionate indignation in the heart of England, which prevailed over Elizabeth's policy of parsimony and caution. She was reluctant to engage in the war in the Netherlands on many grounds, and specially because she regarded it as treason against the rights of the crown to support a people in revolt against their sovereign, but she was compelled to yield and give her sanction to an expedition. It was strongly supported by Lord Burleigh, who, writing to the Earl of Leicester, upon whom the military command had been bestowed, says, with more emphasis than that wary statesman often employed,* 'For the advancement of the action, if I should not with all the powers of my heart continually both wish and work advancement thereto, I were to be an accursed person in the sight of God; considering the ends of this action tend to the glory of God, to the safety of the Queen's person, to the preservation of this realm in a perpetual quietness.' But the expedition of which so much was hoped accomplished little more than to illuminate our English history with one of those heroic deeds which tend to ennoble and purify the character of a people. It did nothing for the reputation of its leader, but it crowned with undying fame the memory of Sir Philip Sidney. Leicester, indeed, was without military capacity, and a better soldier than he might have failed when pitted against the Prince of Parma, the greatest captain of his time. He never struck a blow until it was too late; he was unable to profit by the occasional successes of his lieutenants; he lost fortress after fortress, and if he gained here and there an advantage, it was attended with no permanent result. His raw levies, when brought into action, fought with a courage worthy of their ancestors,

* See the minute and interesting narrative in Mr Lothrop Motley's most valuable 'History of the United Netherlands.'

but they were not held together by any firm discipline, and half-starved and badly clothed, they deserted by scores and hundreds. The campaign closed in failure, if not in disgrace.

BATTLE OF ZUTPHEN, *September 22, 1586*

No one more earnestly deprecated the mismanagement of the expedition than Sir Philip Sydney, who in November 1586, had been appointed Governor of Flushing, with the rank of General of the Horse. He was the nephew of the Earl of Leicester, and between him and his uncle arose an active correspondence, in which he vehemently denounced the ill conduct of the war, and the ignorance and incompetency with which the bravery and endurance of the English soldiers was wasted. He was not less frank and earnest in his remonstrances with Elizabeth and her ministers; warmly complaining that his troops were badly clothed, badly fed, and badly paid.* The year 1585 was spent in marches and countermarches which availed nothing, in attempts unwisely planned and ineffectively carried out. In the following year Sydney justified his high repute by his brilliant surprise of Axil, and by his valour and presence of mind at Gravelines. Joining Leicester's army as a volunteer, he took part in the siege of Doesburg, a fortified town on the road to Zutphen. Doesburg quickly surrendered, and Leicester then advanced upon Zutphen, a fort of much greater importance. The Prince of Parma at once prepared to send a large convoy of stores and pro-

* A correspondent of Walsingham's writes to him,—'Most part of the bands that came over in August and September are more than half wasted, dead, and gone, and many that remain are sick, lame, and shrewdly enfeebled. Of our own soldiers many be paid with earth in their graves, the rest so discontented that, if pay come not speedily before they may be drawn to deal with the enemy, I doubt some ill adventure.'

Lord North writes,—'The havock which has been made of the soldiers first sent over is lamentable.'—Froude, xii, 55.

visions to its relief, which Sir William Stanley and Sir John Morris, with 500 troopers and pikemen, were ordered to intercept. The prospect of adventure was so pleasing to the bold spirits of the English army that about fifty of them, including Sir Philip Sidney and his brother Robert, the Earl of Surrey, Sir William Russell, and others, secretly stole out of their quarters and joined Stanley and Morris's detachment.

A cold dense fog prevailed, but our troopers rode on merrily, until a sudden break in the clouds revealed to them some 3000 Spaniards posted on either side of the causeway, near Wansfeld. Involved in this dangerous ambush, the Englishmen had no resource but to clear a path with sword and spear, and they laid about them so vigorously, that the Spanish cavalry were fain to seek shelter behind the serried array of their pikemen, against whom our warriors made a succession of desperate charges; but each time they broke through the ranks, those ranks were re-formed with fresh troops, and a heavy fire of musketry rolled incessantly over the field.

Sooth to say, Sidney had no right to be mingling in this bloody quarrel. His squadron lay at Deventer, and it was only that romantic courage of his which bordered upon recklessness that had brought him thither. He was not even half-armed, but like a true Paladin of old, spurred, in his daily undress, into the sharp contention. His horse was shot under him. He mounted another, and was galloping forward, when he was hit in the thigh by a musket-shot, a little above the knee, shattering the bone, and cruelly tearing the flesh. He was fain to have continued his charge, but found himself unable to control his horse. Slowly, therefore, and in terrible pain, which he struggled to conceal, he returned to the English entrenchments. As he rode along, the incident immortally associated with his name occurred. 'Being thirsty,' writes Lord Brooke, 'with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently

brought to him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a foot soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." He afterwards pledged the soldier in what remained of the refreshing draught.

Continuing on his way, he met his uncle Leicester, who was advancing to the scene of action with a considerable reinforcement. 'Oh, Philip!' exclaimed the Earl, 'I am sorry to see thy hurt,' 'Oh, my Lord!' replied Sidney, 'this have I done to do you honour, and Her Majesty some service.' When he reached the camp, Sir William Russell, observing his sad condition, burst into tears, and sighed—'Oh, noble Sir Philip! there was never man attained hurt more honourably than you have done, nor any sword like unto you.' Sidney, in the submissive spirit of a Christian, replied, 'God directed the bullet'; and desired the soldiers to examine his wound at once, while he had strength to bear the pain. They set the bone, but were unable to extract the bullet. He was then conveyed in Leicester's own barge to Arnheim on the Rhine, where he was joined by his loving wife, whose tender watchfulness soothed his pain, and cheered his dying hours.

Yes; his dying hours, for, from the first, only very faint hopes of his recovery were entertained. By the people of England, his grave illness was regarded with deep anxiety. The Queen wrote to him with her own hand, and desired that reports of his condition should be forwarded to her every day. His uncle and his comrades waited upon him assiduously, and would fain have persuaded themselves that there was no real danger of their losing their beloved friend.

Sidney himself was not to be deceived. He knew that he was dying; and calling around him the Dutch and

English chaplains who ministered in the camp, made an open profession of his Christian belief. He invited them to pray with him; but expressed a wish to lead the devotions, because, he said, the secret sins of his heart were best known to himself, and he, therefore, was best instructed how to plead his cause before his Saviour. He much bewailed what seemed to him the vanity of his past life, and had even some prickings of conscience because he had written his romance of 'Arcadia.' Then he made his will. 'I, Sir Philip Sidney, knight, sore wounded in body, but whole in mind, all praises to God, do make this my last will and testament in manner and form following.' He bequeathed half his property to his wife; to his daughter and only child, 4000 crowns, to be invested for her benefit, but not to be put to usury, and he desired that his debts should be faithfully discharged. The remainder of his property was left to his brother.

His thoughts then turned to his old and favourite pursuit, and he wrote a lyric upon his wound, of which nothing but the title, 'La Cuisse Rompue,' has been preserved. His sufferings, meanwhile, were terrible. From lying so long in bed, his skin was completely worn by the shoulder blades, nor did the pain decrease until mortification set in, which he composedly recognised as a certain sign of approaching death. 'I fear not to die,' he said; 'but I am afraid lest the pangs of death may be so grievous that I shall lose my understanding.'

On the 17th of October it was evident that he was dying, and he took a last farewell of his friends and kinsmen. To his brother he said, as he bade him adieu,—'Love my memory; cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest; but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in one beholding the end of this world with all her vanities.'

These were his last words. He soon afterwards fell into so deep a calm that his attendants, William Temple,

his secretary, and Gifford, one of his uncle Leicester's chaplains, thought him insensible. Gifford, bending over him, tenderly said,—'Sir, if you hear what I say, let us by some means know it; and if you have still your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand.' At these words Sidney lifted up his hand, and like a hero in the moment of victory, raised it over his head exultantly. Then he folded palm in palm, placing them together on his breast in an attitude of prayer, like those old crusaders whom in our churches we see in monumental show recumbent on their ancient tombs. And this position they maintained until they grew cold and rigid.

It was on the 18th of October that Sir Philip Sidney died. Six weeks more and he would have completed his thirty-second year. His body was removed from Arnheim to Flushing, and thence across the seas to the England he had loved so well. After lying in state for nearly four months, it was interred in St Paul's Cathedral, on the 16th of February, 1587. The funeral procession was headed by thirty-two poor men, answering to the years of his age. Then came a company of his friends, including Sir Francis Drake. No part of the melancholy but picturesque ceremonial which usually attends a soldier to his grave was wanting. One page led the dead knight's horse; another bore his broken lance. Five heralds carried severally his gilt spurs of knighthood, his gauntlets, his helmet and crest, his shield, and his coat-of-arms. The pall was upheld by four young men, the dearest of his friends, who were followed by his brother, Robert Sidney, as chief mourner. Knights and nobles helped to swell the procession. The Seven United Provinces of Holland were each represented. So was the city of London by its Lord Mayor and Aldermen; and the mournful train was closed up by a large body of musketeers, pikemen, and halberdiers.

DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY

At various times during the reign of Elizabeth measures were projected for strengthening the national defences, and guarding the shores of England against invasion. In 1573 a commission was issued, directed to the Justices of the Peace, 'for general musters and training of all manner of persons liable for the wars, to serve as well on horseback as on foot.' But as the training and exercise of a multitude of people might seem costly and chargeable, and it might not be necessary in many places to arm and equip all the able-bodied, discretion was given to the commissioners to determine what might be a sufficient quota, meet to be 'sorted in bands'—here we have the origin of the trained bands, who afterwards played so conspicuous a part—and to be trained and exercised in such sort as might reasonably be borne by a common charge of the whole country. In the sorting of these bands care was to be taken that in every hundred footmen there should be at least forty arquebusiers and twenty archers. Public games and matches were to be encouraged, so that the archers might be men of strength, and, therefore, the better able to shoot with the long bow. Attention was to be given to the provision of horses and horsemen, 'one of the best strengths to be required for the defence of the realm, and that which is thought to be most decayed and imperfect, and most necessarily to be increased.'

Sir Henry Ellis reprints* a set of Instructions addressed to the Earl of Bedford, as Lord-Lieutenant of the South-Western District, which we shall here transcribe (abridged):—

'Because at this present Her Majesty is specially occasioned, by reason of the doubtful proceedings of the

* *Archæologia*, xxxv.

French, many manner of ways, to the annoyance and danger of this realm, to put the same, with all speed, in good order for defence thereof, and specially all parties thereof lying upon the sea-coasts, against attempts or invasions as may be made. Therefore Her Majesty required the earl immediately, with all speed, upon the receipt hereof, to renew such good orders as by him were the last year taken upon musters for the putting of the whole force of both the said counties in such a readiness of all men for horsemen and footmen, and for cannon, horse, weapons, and other necessary furniture, as the same may, by the direction of Her Majesty, or of the earl, best and most readily serve for the defence of any sudden attempt.

‘Item. Besides the lack of furniture of armour, Her Majesty also perceiveth that in the whole realm there is lack of men exercised and trained in feats of war, either to wear their armour, to use their weapons, to march in order, to do such things as be requisite. Therefore Her Majesty, by advice of the Council, will address certain honest, chosen captains, having knowledge, into divers shires, to be at the musters, and there to teach and train the people, as seemeth most convenient to be upon every holiday, in the afternoon, for two or three months’ space.

‘Item. Because the counties of Devon and Cornwall lie upon the sea coast, and on the part of the sea both adjoining the counties of Wiltshire, Somerset, and Gloucester, to have good regard to give succours as need shall require to the aid of the said counties of Devon and Cornwall, and that also the south part of Wales shall do the semblable towards Cornwall upon any dangerous attempt upon the coasts, wherefore Her Majesty thinketh best that the said lieutenant or the justices that be borderers shall confer, etc., as to measures.

‘The armour is to be seen and worn upon the backs of the persons that shall wear them, and made fit for them; where any lack armour that ought to have it, they

be commanded to provide it by a reasonable day, and that they be informed that they shall have the same of the Queen’s Majestie’s store upon reasonable prices, as set forth below.

‘Finally, Her Majesty requireth her said lieutenant the care and government of her said counties and city, to be preserved both in quiet from danger of mutinies and rebellions, and from offence of the enemies.

‘The price of armour and artillery :—*

The armour for a demi-lance	liiij ^s iiij ^d
A corslet	xxx ^s
A currier (a fire-arm like an arquebus, but with a longer barrel)	xvj ^s viij ^d
Arquebus, complete	xiii ^s
Dagg, complete	xvj ^s viij ^d
A bow of yew	ij ^s vj ^d
• Livery arms and shaft	xxij ^d
Morris pike	ij ^s
A demi-lance staff	iiij ^s iiij ^d
A northern staff	ij ^s vj ^d
A black bill	xvj ^d
A halberd	vj ^s viij ^d
A morion	vj ^s viij ^d
Almaine rivet	x ^s
Sculler, the piece	vij ^d

‘Item. Where we are given to understand of great preparation that the King of Spain maketh by sea to raid into the Low Countries, we think it good providence, in respect as some unkindness that hath passed between us, to be careful for the conservation of our realm from all sudden invasion; and therefore we will, that with all speed you take order for the defence of our said counties and

* In Elizabeth’s reign money was about six times its present value.

city, especially those parts thereof lying upon the sea coasts, which be most subject to the dangerous attempts of foreign enemies.'

The preparations for the invasion of England by the Spanish Armada, necessarily gave a great stimulus to defensive measures; but they were by no means on an adequate scale to meet so colossal a danger, and our raw levies, hastily got together, could never have withstood the progress of Parma's veterans. On the 10th of February, 1587, orders were sent out to the authorities of each county, requiring—that the levies should be put in array and in readiness at their different stations; that convenient places should be assigned to five 'general-captains,' who were made answerable for the effective numbers of 500 each, and to two additional captains for 250, making, in the whole, a band or regiment of 3000 foot, to be reviewed and exercised, and in readiness to go on service, on the sea-coasts, under the orders of the general commander of the coast, to be afterwards named by Her Majesty; that the five captains should likewise muster the bands of horsemen, to be divided into bands of fifty for each cornet, and appoint places of muster for the same; that the whole might be returned, in good muster-rolls, as ready for service, and exercised at least twenty-five at a time, to qualify them for duty; that a survey of the places where the enemy might land should be taken, and means provided speedily to convey, under proper leaders, the forces to resist him, and directions given to raise ramparts, not only against his landing, but also against his progress in the country; that a proper number of pioneers should be raised to act on this duty; that every justice of the peace, being of quorum, should furnish two horsemen, and any other justice one; that the towns, with the counties, should provide the necessary store of ammunition at a reasonable price; that beacons should be erected on the sea-coast, and men placed near them to watch the motions of the enemy's ships; and

that posts (messengers) should be in readiness to carry information of his approach; and that each band of 500 footmen should be formed into a regiment, attended by 700 horsemen, besides the horsemen furnished by the justices of the peace, the whole properly arrayed and in good order, to withstand any attempt that the enemy may make to land or to advance.

The whole military force which these arrangements were intended to provide was 87,281 foot and horse for England, and 45,208 for Wales; in all, 132,489, exclusive of those to be supplied by the city of London. This force was to furnish three *corps d'armée*: the first, of 22,000 foot and 2000 horse, under the Earl of Leicester, was to be encamped at Tilbury, to cover the capital; the second, of 36,319 men, under Lord Hunsden, was assigned for the defence of the Queen's person, and, at the first note of alarm, was to assemble between Windsor and Harrow; and a third, 34,350 strong, was held ready to move on any point of the south coast where the enemy might attempt a landing. A reserve of 21,172 men, besides 10,000 Londoners, would act when and where circumstances might require. 'The general plan of operations laid down appears to have been to attack the enemy on the sea-shore; but should the resistance made prove ineffectual, the troops were to retreat, to dispute every inch of ground, till joined by reinforcements from the neighbouring counties, then hang on the enemy's rear, if he took his direction either to London or advanced elsewhere into the interior of the Kingdom.*

Happily the efficiency of these measures and the value of our undisciplined levies, were never put to the test. What is certain is that there was no want of patriotic spirit; that England's sons would have fought for England as bravely and devotedly as their forefathers fought at Crecy or at Agincourt. The Lords of the Council called upon London

* Sir Sibbald Scott, i, 375

to furnish five thousand men and fifteen ships. 'The city,' says Stow, 'asked two days respite for an answer, which was granted; and then entreated their lordships, in sign of their perfect love and loyalty to their Queen and country, kindly to accept ten thousand men and thirty ships amply furnished.' The trained bands obeyed the summons of their Queen with prompt enthusiasm. 'It was a pleasant sight,' we are told, 'to behold the soldiers as they marched towards Tilbury, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wheresoever they came.' Catholics were as loyal as Protestants; the impulse of patriotism prevailed over the prejudice of religion. Yet granting all this, we believe that sober thinkers will be of Raleigh's opinion, as he gives expression to it in his 'History of the World.*' 'That the best way is to keep our enemies from treading upon our ground, wherein, if we fail, then must we seek to make him wish that he had stayed at his own home . . . Although the English will no less disdain than any nation under Heaven can do, to be beaten upon their own ground or elsewhere by a foreign enemy; yet to entertain those that shall assail us with their own beef in their bellies, and before they eat of our Kentish capons, I take it to be the wisest way. To do which His Majesty, after God, will employ his good ships on the sea, and not trust to any entrenchment upon the shore.'

* 'Raleigh's History of the World,' vol. v, c. 1, 29.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I

THE military historian finds little to record in the reign of James I. In 1620, however, he resolved to make an effort, in conjunction with the Protestant princes of Germany, to defend the rights of his son-in-law, Frederick, the Elector Palatine, and for a brief space King of Bohemia; and in council appointed a Committee,—consisting of the Earls of Oxford, Essex, and Leicester, Lords Wilmot, Danvers, and Caulfield, Sir Edward Cecil, Sir Richard Morrison, and Captain John Bingham,—to report upon the men, supplies, shipping, and money the projected expedition would require. They advised (February 11, 1620,) the employment of 25,000 foot, 5000 horse, and twenty pieces of artillery, and furnished the following estimate of cost:—

For raising the said 25,000 foot, for their	
apparel and arms, viz., 20,000 pikes and	
muskets, at £3, 10s a man, and 5000	
calivers, at £3, 6s a man,	£77,836 8 0

The charge of raising 5000 horse, viz., 3500 cuirassiers, at £30 a-piece, and 1500 carbineers, at £20 a-piece,	126,900 0 0
The charge of transporting of 25,000 pikemen to the most convenient places of landing in the river of Maize (Meuse), and of the States in the Low Countries for lending their soldiers in the like expedition, at 4s the man,	5,000 0 0
The charge of transporting 5000 horsemen to the same place, at 18s a-piece for horse and man,	4,500 0 0

The Committee also gave full particulars of the charges, pay, and allowances of the officers and soldiers, and other expenses, amounting to a total which, we suppose, alarmed King James, since he abandoned the idea of an army, and despatched to the seat of war only a single regiment—which, however, was 2200 strong. It was commanded by Sir Horatio Vere (afterwards Lord Tilbury), whose reputation, as the ablest captain of the day, was such, that the foremost of the young nobility of England pressed forward for the honour of serving under him.* The little force, whose payment was defrayed by voluntary contributions, embarked for Holland on the 22nd of July.

Vere's volunteers behaved with great gallantry; but the Protestant forces were outnumbered by the Imperialists, and could achieve no decisive success. The English, according to Camden, suffered severely from the German winter; and on one occasion the frost was so violent that they broke up

* 'Amongst the officers who took service under Vere were to be found the dissolute and reckless Earl of Oxford, fresh from his dissipations at Venice, and the sturdy, half-Puritan, Earl of Essex. In this enterprise there was room alike for the spirit, which twenty years afterwards animated the Parliamentary bands, and for the spirit which inspired the troopers who followed Rupert to the charge.'—S. R. Gardiner, 'History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War.'

and burned a great many of their waggons for fuel, and the soldiers lay huddled up together upon the ground like sheep, 'covered, as it were, with a sheet of snow.' Afterwards the regiment went into winter quarters at Mannheim, Frankenthall, and Heidelberg. In the following year, Vere was appointed by the Elector Frederick to the command of his army in the Palatinate.

In 1624, James, having quarrelled with Spain, was induced to tender some slight aid to the Dutch, who, under Prince Maurice of Nassau, were still engaged in their gallant struggle to throw off the Spanish yoke. A force of 6000 men was levied for this purpose and despatched to the Netherlands. He afterwards entered into a compact with France to undertake the recovery of the Palatinate and the Valtelline; and entered upon the necessary preparations with some degree of earnestness. An army of 12,000 foot and 200 horse was levied 'by press,' and placed under the command of Count Mansfeld, a daring but unscrupulous adventurer. It was marshalled in six regiments, under the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Doncaster, Lord Cromwell, Sir Charles Rich, Sir Andrew Grey, and Sir John Burrough. The rendezvous was Dover. But the men, pressed against their will, had little stomach for the service; and the county officials, whose duty it had been to select them, had too frequently laid hands upon those who were most accessible, rather than upon those best fitted for the work. 'Our soldiers,' writes an eye-witness, 'are marching on all sides to Dover. God send them good shipping and success; but such a rabble of poor and raw rascals have not lightly been seen, and go so unwillingly that they must rather be driven than led.' 'It is lamentable,' wrote Dudley Carleton, 'to see the heavy countenances of our pressed men, and to hear the sad farewells they take of their friends, showing nothing but deadly unwillingness to the service: and they move pity almost in all men in regard of the incommodity of the season, the uncertainty of the

employment, and the ill terms upon which they are like to serve, whereof I know not how discreetly I should do to tell you all that I hear spoken; but it may suffice that I say the whole business is generally disliked, and few or none promise either honour to our nation by this journey, or anything but wretchedness to the poor soldiers.'

On the 1st of February, 1625, the unfortunate soldiers, 'poor and naked,' were landed at Flushing. There they were detained for several days, enduring great privations. At length, they were transferred to boats, which were to convey them to Gertruydenberg, a town near Breda. Three regiments reached the place of their destination; the other three had gone but a few miles, when the frost came down upon them, and rendered further progress impossible. As they lay exposed to the freezing blasts and the driving snow, disease broke out among them, and they died like flies. The survivors would have perished of starvation but for the charity of the Dutch Government.

Their comrades at Gertruydenberg fared no better. No preparations had been made to supply them with provisions. 'All day long,' wrote Lord Cromwell, 'we go about for victuals, and bury our dead.' Forty or fifty deaths took place every twenty-four hours. At last, the son and heir of the Prince of Orange, Count Frederick, came to their relief, he sent them meat and bread, and straw with which to cover their benumbed limbs.* But the handful which had struggled through so many hardships were too few to cross the frontier into Germany, and it is useless to trace the painful and inglorious record further.

AUTHORITIES:—'State Papers—Elizabeth'; Camden, 'Britannia'; Froude, 'History of England'; Motley, 'United Netherlands'; T. Wright, 'Elizabeth and Her

* S. R. Gardiner, v, 288, 289.

Times'; Murdin, 'Hardwick Papers'; S. R. Gardiner, 'History of England'; Sir H. Ellis, 'Letters of Eminent Persons,' 2nd series; Johnston, 'Historia Rerum Britannicarum'; Ranke, 'History of England during the Seventeenth Century,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER V

IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I

THE military history of the reign of Charles I begins as that of James I closed, with the record of a failure.

Charles and his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, had committed themselves to a war with Spain; but Parliament shewed little inclination to support it, and refused to grant the necessary supplies until, at all events, the just grievances of the people had been redressed. After much wrangling, it was induced to vote a small subsidy, and Charles, in a burst of sudden anger, dissolved it, declaring that he knew how to govern without its assistance. He proceeded to make good his words. Orders were issued to the lord-lieutenants of the country to raise by way of loan the money of which he stood in need. They were to apply to the wealthy for contributions, and to transmit to the Court the names of those who refused or delayed compliance. The response, nevertheless, was reluctant and limited; but Charles and Buckingham pushed forward their military preparations, and a fleet of ninety sail, carrying 5000 seamen and 10,000 soldiers, under Sir Edward Cecil (created Viscount Wimbledon), as general

and admiral, and the Earl of Essex as vice-admiral,—neither of whom had had any experience of naval warfare,—was despatched to intercept the Spanish treasure-ships and attack Cadiz.

Ill-officered, ill-manned, ill-provisioned, the expedition brought disgrace upon the English flag. The men, 'raised by press,' half-starved, badly paid, and without training, had no stomach for fighting, and disregarded the orders of their officers; while the officers, though not wanting in bravery, were absolutely deficient in military knowledge.

On the 22nd of October the fleet arrived in Cadiz Bay. A council of war was held at which some gallant spirits proposed an immediate attack on the great Spanish seaport, but the majority were frightened at so daring a venture, and resolved to attack the fort of Puntal, which guarded the entrance to the main harbour, where lay the Spanish merchantmen, 'twelve tall ships and fifteen or sixteen galleys.' The fort quickly surrendered, but meanwhile the garrison of Cadiz had been largely reinforced. Wimbledon, however, landed his troops, and began his march upon Cadiz. But in his haste no thought had been given to the army's supplies, and his men, tramping forward under a hot sun, began to grow faint with thirst and hunger. Wimbledon good-naturedly ordered a cask of wine to be brought out of a neighbouring house for their refreshment. 'Even a little drop would have been too much for their empty stomachs, but the houses around were stored with sweet wines for the use of the West India fleets.* In a few minutes casks were broached in every direction, and well-nigh the whole army was reduced to a state of raving drunkenness.' Next morning, as the men could not be kept longer without food, Wimbledon marched them back to Puntal, and on the 27th re-embarked. Then for eighteen days he cruised to and fro in search

* Howell, 'Letters,' i. 4, p. 184.

of the Spanish treasure-ships, which, however, had long before stolen quietly into Cadiz Bay; and finally, with leaking ships, and mutiny and disease raging on board of them, struggled back home, 'to seek refuge in whatever port the winds and waves would allow.'

Untaught by this deplorable failure, King and Minister next turned their inglorious arms against France. They found a pretext in the persecution which the Huguenots were undergoing; whose last stronghold, Rochelle, was besieged by the royal army, and its downfall would consummate the ruin of the French Reformers. It was hoped that a religious war would be popular with the nation, and a general loan was therefore ordered. But the anticipated enthusiasm did not show itself; in every county Charles's commissioners met with stern refusals. The recusants were harshly dealt with; but the refusals continued. The ports and maritime districts were required to furnish a certain number of war-ships, fully equipped. London was ordered to supply twenty. Its authorities represented that Queen Elizabeth had not asked for so many, even when the Spanish Armada threatened England with invasion. In reply, they were informed that the precedents of past times pointed to submission, and not to objection. At length, a fleet and an army were got together, and Buckingham took the chief command. His instructions were to maintain the English dominion of the seas, and relieve Rochelle. With a hundred ships, carrying 6000 foot and 100 horse, he sailed from Stokes Bay on the 27th of June. No enemy appeared, and Buckingham could not fulfil the first part of his instructions, to sweep the French and Spanish from the seas, for the same reason that the audience in Sheridan's 'Critic' cannot see the Spanish fleet—because they were not in sight. Nay, a contemporary versifier saw in this a reason for declaring that Charles I was superior to Edward III and Elizabeth:—

'I saw third Edward stain my flood
By Kings with slaughtered Frenchmen's blood :
And from Eliza's fleet
I saw the vanquished Spaniards fly.
But 'twas a greater mastery
No foe at all to meet ;
When they, without their ruin or dispute,
Confess thy reign as sweet as absolute.'

On the evening of July 10th, Buckingham cast anchor off St Martin's, the principal town of the island of Rhé, the forts of which held in check the commerce of Rochelle. He landed his troops on the 12th, though not without loss, and on the 17th laid siege to St Martin's. By the middle of August the works of investment had been completed; but the French garrison maintained a sturdy resistance, and Buckingham soon discovered that he had undertaken a task beyond the means of his rapidly wasting little army. He was wanting neither in courage nor intelligence; but he had no military capability, and could not cope with the difficulties of his position. In fairness, it must be said, that, with some of these, a greater commander might not have coped successfully. He asked for reinforcements, but none were sent. His men were deplorably straitened for provisions, and he had no money with which to purchase supplies. His officers were disaffected and insubordinate. The condition of affairs was thus painted by Sir Edward Conway in mid-September: 'The army grows every day weaker; our victuals waste, our purses are empty, ammunition consumes, winter grows, our enemies increase in number and power; we have nothing from England.' A month later, and things had gone from bad to worse. The weather was cold and wet; and the men, half-starved and in rags, suffered grievously in the trenches. The officers were 'looking themselves blind' by sweeping the horizon with their telescopes for the first signs of reinforcements from England, as in the old days of the Greek republics the soldiers of Nicias gazed across the Sicilian sea for the

expected triremes of Demosthenes. But the reinforcements came not, and on the 27th of October Buckingham gave orders that the citadel should be stormed. After suffering a heavy carnage, he was compelled to recall his men;* and on the 8th of November he re-embarked his army, though not without a sharp attack from the French, in which he sustained cruel loss. The siege had probably cost the lives of nearly 4000 men. At all events, on the 20th of October, the muster roll showed 6884 soldiers drawing pay; when the fleet arrived at Portsmouth and Plymouth, their numbers had sunk to 2989.

The English public, with grim humour, called the Isle of Rhé, which had swallowed up so many lives, the 'Isle of Rue.' 'Every man knows,' wrote Denzil Holles, 'that since England was England it received not so dishonourable a blow. Four colonels slain, and, besides the colours lost, thirty-two taken by the enemy.' All the fault cannot justly be imputed to Buckingham. Colonel Crosby, who served in the expedition, says:—† 'It is not to be doubted that the Duke had both courage, munificence, and industry enough, together with many other excellent parts, which in time would make him a renowned General. But his prime officers undervaluing his directions because of his inexperience, and taking a boldness in regard of his levity to delinquents, did not only fail to co-operate with him, but by giving out that he cared to expose them all for his own vainglory, had infused into a great part of the army a mutinous disposition, inasmuch as whatsoever was directed touching our longer abode, or any attempt to be made upon the enemy, was either cried down,

* 'The retreat,' says Lord Clarendon, 'had been a rout without an enemy, and the French had their revenge by the disorder and confusion of the English themselves, in which great numbers of noble and ignoble were crowded to death or drowned.'

† S. R. Gardiner, vi, 199 (cit. *State Papers, Domestic*, lxxxiv, 78.)

or so slowly and negligently executed as it took none effect.'

In the following year another expedition was projected, and Buckingham went down to Portsmouth to hasten its equipment. There, on the 23rd of August, his brilliant career was cut short by the knife of Felton.

CHAPTER VI

CROMWELL'S CAMPAIGN IN SCOTLAND

NEGOTIATIONS between Charles II and the Presbyterian rulers of Scotland resulted in the young king's acceptance, in 1650, of all the conditions they sought to enforce. He swore to be faithful to the Covenant, and submit himself to the counsel of the Parliament and the Church, to prohibit the exercise of the Catholic religion in all parts of his dominions. In truth, he consented to everything, with the secret resolve of denying everything when once firmly established on the throne. He was then invited to repair to Scotland; and escaping some danger from the cruisers of the Commonwealth, he arrived at the mouth of the Spey on the 3rd of July. Before he was allowed to land, he 'signed both the Covenants, National and Solemn, and had notable sermons and exhortations made unto him by the ministers to persevere therein.' By way of Aberdeen he went on to the Earl Marshal's fortress at Dunnottar, and thence by Dundee and St Andrews to Falkland Palace. This royal progress alarmed the Council of State at Whitehall, and it was determined to stop it by force of arms. The command of the expedition organised for this purpose having been re-

fused by Fairfax, it was given to Cromwell, who, with 16,000 men, veteran soldiers, strong in cavalry and artillery, crossed the Tweed on the 16th of July.

The terror of his name went before him; and the country as he advanced was abandoned by the peasantry, who feared he might lay as heavy a hand upon them as he had laid upon the Irish. He kept therefore along the coast, in order to obtain supplies from the English fleet. The Scotch might have checked him at Cockburnspath and the other deep gorges which run from the sea up into the heart of the wild Lammermuirs—positions where, as Cromwell pithily said, 'ten men to hinder is better than fifty men to make'—but he pushed forward with a rapidity which anticipated them. On the 26th he reached Dunbar, where he struck inland to Haddington, and round a low range of hills to Musselburgh, a small fisher-town on the Forth, six miles from Edinburgh. There he found the Scots, under Leslie, in front of him, their entrenched line extending from the Firth near Leith, across the heights of Hermitage Hill, Hawkhill, Restalrig, the Calton, and Salisbury Crag, to Edinburgh Castle. The position was formidably strong, and Cromwell in vain endeavoured to draw Leslie from it. That wary and experienced captain refused every challenge, trusting that want of provisions would compel Cromwell to submit, or to force his way back, with the certainty that retreat would cost him half his army.

There were some affairs of outposts, one of which, on the occasion of Cromwell's retiring to his head-quarters at Musselburgh, he himself describes:—'We came to Musselburgh that night, so tired and wearied for want of sleep, and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected that the enemy would make an onfall upon us; which, accordingly they did between three and four of the clock this morning, with fifteen of their most select troops, under the command of Major-General Montgomery and Strachan, two champions of the Church, upon which

business there was great hope and expectation laid. The enemy came on with a great deal of resolution, beat in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder; but our men, speedily taking the alarm, charged the enemy, routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them, did execution to within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh. . . . This is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's, and I believe is not very satisfactory to the enemy, especially the Kirk party. . . . I did not think advisable to attempt upon the enemy, lying as he doth; but seeing this would sufficiently provoke him to fight if he had a mind to it. I do not think he is less than six or seven thousand horse and fourteen or fifteen thousand foot. The reason I hear that they give out to their people why they do not fight us, is because they expect many bodies of men out of the north of Scotland, which, when they come, they give out they will then engage. But I believe they would rather tempt us to attempt them in their fastness, within which they are intrenched, or else hoping we shall perish for want of provisions, which is very likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied.'

On another occasion, as they retired towards the camp at Musselburgh, 'the enemy perceiving it,'—for, from his elevated position, Leslie could watch at his leisure the various movements of Cromwell's army,—'and, as we conceive, fearing we might interpose between them and Edinburgh, though it was not our intention, albeit, it seemed so by our march, retreated back again with all haste, having a bog and pass between them and us. . . . That night we quartered within a mile of Edinburgh and the enemy. It was a most tempestuous night and wet morning. The enemy marched in the night between Leith and Edinburgh, to interpose between us and our victual, they knowing that it was spent. But the Lord in mercy prevented it. And perceiving in the morning, got time enough, through the goodness of the Lord, to the seaside to

re-victual, the enemy being drawn up upon the hill near Arthur Seat, looking upon us but not attempting anything.'

For upwards of a month the two armies continued to face each other, Leslie clinging staunchly to his defences, and Cromwell beginning to suffer from want of provisions. On the 13th of August, he suddenly turned the flank of the Scots, and posted himself on the slopes of the Pentlands in their rear, in the hope of forcing them to fight by cutting off their supplies. 'The gude wives fled with their bairns and gear,' and when the English soldiers set fire to the furze bushes, falsely reported that they were burning the houses. But Leslie made no other movement than to bring over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh, and still kept close within his fastness. Nothing would tempt him into the field. 'We march,' as Carlyle puts it, 'with defiant circumstance of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh; encamp on the Pentlands, return to Musselburgh for provisions; go to the Pentlands again, enjoy one of the beautifullest prospects, over deep blue seas, over yellow cornfields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again; but can get no battle.' The weather was broken, and the autumn equinox with its stormy days and nights approaching. On the 31st of August Cromwell suddenly retreated to Dunbar, where he had command of the sea for munitions and provisions, and for the transport of his troops if sufficient shipping could be brought up. Leslie immediately let loose his men, and marched with so much agility that his vanguard reached Prestonpans before the English van was completely out of it. Throughout that day, and throughout Sunday, the 1st of September, Leslie pressed the pursuit closely, and on Monday night, occupied the hills that dominate Dunbar and its little harbour, so as to hem in the English army between his lines and the sea.

The old 'fischar's toun' of Dunbar stands 'high and windy' on a rocky promontory which projects abruptly

into the northern waters. To the east rises St Abb's Head, a rugged, swarthy-looking mass of cliff; to the west, but close at hand lie the bay and village of Belhaven; seaward, the isolated rock of the Bass, stormy home of the sea birds, looms conspicuously; while, to the north-east, the shadows of the green Fifeshire hills rest upon the horizon. From the bottom of Belhaven Bay to that of the west seabight, St Abb's-ward, the town and its environs form a peninsula, along the base of which, on a line not exceeding a mile and a half in extent, Cromwell's army, on Monday the 2nd of September, lay encamped, with its tents and the town behind it. About a mile distant, on the summit of a semi-circular range of dusky heights which enclose the neck of the said peninsula,—a long narrow ridge, locally known as the Dun or Doon,—were posted Leslie and his Covenanters, upwards of twenty thousand strong, and along with them, to share in the expected victory, 'the Committees of Kirk and Estate,' the chief dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical, of the country. The chief pass, that of Cockburnspath (or Copperspath,) leading across the shoulder of the Lammermuirs into the Lowlands, Leslie had occupied in force, so that Cromwell wrote to Haselrig, the Parliament's General at Newcastle:—'We are upon an engagement very difficult. The enemy have blocked up our way at the Pass, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty, and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.' . . .

'I perceive,' he continues, 'your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of *us*, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together, and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to come to

us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord, though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord, of whose mercy we have had large experience.'

Cromwell's right touched Belhaven Bay, his left was protected by Broxmouth or Brocksmouth House (the Earl of Roxburgh's,) where a small burn, the Brock, which rises in the Lammermuirs, and winds round Doon Hill, finds its way into the sea. This burn flows through a deep grassy glen about fifty feet wide, on the left bank of which, Cromwell, on the 2nd of September, drew up his forces in battle order.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR, *September 3, 1650*

In the course of the afternoon, no less to Cromwell's surprise than to his delight, the Scots on the Hill of Doon began to move down into the plain. The movement lasted all night, and at daybreak they had relinquished the advantage of their position. Whether in this change of tactics Leslie acted on his own judgment, or was overruled by the Committees of the Estates and the Church, who frequently imposed their will upon him, is uncertain.* At all events, morning showed the two armies facing one another on either side of the Brock; but whoever began the attack would still be hampered by the necessity of crossing its deep, trough-like channel.

Out of Cromwell's peninsula two small 'passes' traversed this barrier of the Brocksburn. One of these was near the seaward opening, and close by it stood a shepherd's small hut, which it became highly important to seize. Major-General Lambert and Colonel Pride placed there, early in the morning, a picket of six troopers and fifteen foot; but

* Bishop Burnet is the authority for the interference of the Committees.

they were driven out by Leslie's horse, who killed nine and took three prisoners. Among the latter was a musketeer, 'a very stout man, though he had but a wooden arm,' who was immediately brought into the presence of General David Leslie himself, and made to answer the questions put to him. 'Did the enemy intend to fight?' 'What do you think we came here for? We came for nothing else!' 'Soldier, how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men and all your great guns?' 'Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!' An officer here interposed: 'How dare you answer the General so saucily?' 'I only answer the question put to me.' Pleased with the man's surly frankness, Leslie let him go free; and, making his way back to the Puritan camp, he reported to Cromwell what had passed, adding, discontentedly, that he had lost twenty shillings by the business, plundered from him by the enemy. But the Lord General changed his humour to that of rejoicing, by giving him two gold pieces or forty shillings.

The second pass across the Brocksburn lay about a mile east from the former pass, in the line now broken by the London road, and at a point where the 'steep grassy glen' flattens itself out into a tolerable slope; tolerable, though still somewhat rugged on the southern (or Leslie's) side. At this pass, as we shall presently see, took place 'the brunt or essential agony' of the Battle of Dunbar.

When Leslie brought down his army to the edge of the Brock and the glen—then golden with the waving harvest—Cromwell was walking with Lambert in the garden of Brocks mouth House. He no sooner detected the forward movement of the Scotch than he exclaimed—'The Lord hath delivered them into our hands; they are coming down to us!' Calling Monk and other officers to his councils, he immediately pointed out how Leslie's main body was cooped up in the narrow sloping ground between the Hill of Doon and the burn, while the right wing, as it drew

down towards the glen, exposed itself to a flank attack. If it were defeated, and driven back upon the main body, the whole of Leslie's force would be plunged into wreck and ruin. This was the plan of battle on which he decided for the morrow.

It was a wild and tempestuous night, with close nipping showers of sleet and hail. All through its stormy darkness, Cromwell's men stood to their arms, or lay within instant reach of them, listening to the sounds of wind and sea that mingled in grim discord. About three in the morning Leslie's musketeers were ordered to extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; and to seek shelter and sleep, as best they could, under the field of 'corn-stacks.' The English Puritans, however, still kept their vigil of prayer and watchfulness. At five the word was given, and six regiments were ordered to mount and seize the pass across the Brock. At this moment the moon poured her silvery radiance upon the sea, while in the east the coming day was already lighting up the horizon.

Oliver in person accompanied the advance, eagerly looking for the arrival of General Lambert, who was charged with the attack, but had not completed the disposal of his battalions on the right. At length he came, and not too soon; for the Scotch, hoping no doubt to surprise the Lord General, had begun to move. The blare of trumpets awoke the echoes; Cromwell's cannon suddenly blazed along the line, and with a mighty shout of 'The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!' his veterans swept across the burn, and fell upon the Scotch main body, who, taken all unawares, with matches extinguished and stiffened limbs, were panic stricken. Almost simultaneously Lambert came into collision with the right wing, and a stubborn contest ensued. The Scotch horse, 'with lances in the front rank,' made a doughty resistance, so that for half-an-hour the issue was undecided; but his infantry coming up, Lambert pressed the attack more and more closely, until the

enemy yielded. Then, as Cromwell had foreseen, the broken squadrons reeled back on the main body, throwing it into terrible disorder, and trampling their own comrades beneath their horses' hoofs. Some ten thousand Scots were slain upon the field. 'I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,' says one who was present. 'They run, I profess, they run!' exclaimed Cromwell; and just as the sunrise flashed across the quivering waters, he raised the prayer, 'Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered!' It was taken up by his victorious fighting-men, who, with their martial ardour kindled irrepressibly, made a final charge upon the retreating Scots, and drove them 'in tumultuous wreck' to Belhaven and Dunbar, whence Colonel Harker conducted the pursuit as far as Haddington. While the cavalry were gathering up for this long chase, Cromwell made a halt, and high above the dreary sounds of the failing battle rose the 117th psalm:—

'Oh give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise, ye people all, accord
His name to magnify!

'For great to us-ward ever are
His loving tenderness;
His truth endures for evermore;
The Lord O do ye bless!

Ten thousand prisoners were taken—about one half of whom, 'starved, sick, and wounded,' were released; together with all the artillery, stores and baggage, some 15,000 arms, and near 200 colours. General David Leslie rode from the lost field with such activity that he reached Edinburgh by nine o'clock; the elder Leslie, Earl of Leven, who had served as a volunteer, did not get there until two.

Such was the rout of Dunbar. The victor's account of it is as follows:—

'Upon Monday evening,—the enemy's whole numbers were very great; about 6000 horse, as we heard, and 16,000

foot at least; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about 7500 foot and 3500 horse,—upon Monday evening, the enemy drew down to the right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse. To the right wing; shogging also their foot and train much to the right; causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl of Roxburghe's house, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the enemy. To which he immediately replied, that he had thought to have set the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the thing; and coming to our quarters at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to most of the Colonels, they also cheerfully concurred.

'We resolved therefore to put our business into this posture. That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and-a-half of foot should march in the van; and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and Commissary-Generals (Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley), and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business; and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining ten regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling in to be by break of day—but through some delays it proved not to be so, not till six o'clock in the morning.

'The enemy's word was *The Covenant*, which it had been for divers days. Ours—*The Lord of Hosts*. The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton gave the onset; the enemy being in a very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our

horse. Before our foot could come up, the enemy made a strong resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe, and my Major, White, did come seasonably in, and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, mainly with the courage the Lord was pleased to give, which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action between the foot. The horse, in the meantime, did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all oppositions; charging through the bodies of the enemy's horse, and of their foot, who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords. . . .

'The best of the enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that, upon the place, and near about it, were about 3000 slain. Prisoners taken; of their officers you have this enclosed list, of private soldiers, near 10,000. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder and bullet, all their artillery, great and small, thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than 15,000 arms. I have already brought in to me near two hundred colours, which I herewith send you. . . I do not believe we have lost twenty men.'

'The battle of Dunbar,' says Dr. Hill Burton, 'concludes an epoch in Scottish history. The ecclesiastical parties retain their picturesque peculiarities and their bitterness. Tragic incidents occur, born of treachery and cruelty on the one side and rugged fanaticism on the other; but that

momentous exercise of power which had endowed these peculiarities with a certain awe of dignity was gone, and hereafter these parties have a merely local history.'

On the 3rd of September, Cromwell broke up his camp at Dunbar, and marched to Edinburgh. He entered the city unopposed; but the Castle did not surrender until after a blockade of three months, and a bombardment (December 18th.) For some weeks the Lord-General was occupied in a curious theological controversy with certain obstinate Presbyterian ministers, and in providing for the regular administration of public affairs. Charles II, with the Scottish authorities, had retired to Perth, and on the 1st of January, 1651, he was crowned at Scone, the old palace of the Scottish kings, hard by. At Stirling, David Leslie was assembling about him the wrecks of his army. The Covenanters in the west got together a force of some 5000 men; but Cromwell hastened to Glasgow, and put it in a position of defence, under Lambert and Whalley, who soon dispersed the rabble, and took prisoners their principal officers. 'This miscarriage of affairs in the west,' says Baillie, 'by a few unhappy men, put us all under the foot of the enemy. They presently ran over all the country, destroying cattle and crops, putting Glasgow and all other places under grievous contributions.'

During the winter Cromwell remained in his quarters at Edinburgh, suffering severely from illness. On the 10th of February, 1651, he marched towards Stirling, but a storm of wind, hail, snow, and rain compelled him to return. His illness, very serious in character, hung about him until June. 'I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness,' he wrote in reply to the anxious inquiries of the Council of State; 'but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise.' This was in March. As soon as his health was to some extent re-established, he paid a second visit to Glasgow, and with his usual activity, attended to public affairs. In May he

underwent a relapse, his disease developed into ague, which went and came, until, at the end of the month, the Parliament gave him leave to return to England 'for milder air,' and the Council of State despatched two London doctors to attend upon him. But, at the first signs of summer, he threw off his physical disabilities, and resumed the campaign. On the 25th of June, he concentrated his forces in their old camp on the Pentland Hills, and thence advanced towards Stirling, by way of Linlithgow. 'The enemy,' he wrote to the Council of State, 'is at his old work, and lieth in and near Stirling, where we cannot come to fight him, except we please, or we go upon too—too manifest hazards, he being very strongly laid himself, and having a very great advantage there.' Crossing into Fife, he captured Burntisland and Inchgarvie, and cut off Leslie's supplies; after which he marched upon Perth, which surrendered after a two days' siege (August 2nd). This bold flank movement had the effect which, no doubt, Cromwell had anticipated. It drew Leslie from his fortified camp, by throwing open the road to England; and Charles, acting on his general's advice, immediately moved southward, at the head of eleven thousand men, to strike a mortal blow at 'the heart of the Commonwealth.'

On the 6th of August the King entered Carlisle; and immediately issued a proclamation offering pardon to those who would return to their allegiance, with the exception of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Cook. He was also proclaimed King of England, and similar proclamations were made at Penrith and other market-towns. But, contrary to expectation, the Loyalists did not rise; the reinforcements which joined him were inconsiderable; the country, where not hostile, was indifferent. The gates of Shrewsbury were shut against the invader. He pressed forward, however, with the view of crossing the Malvern Hills, and getting into the West, where the royal cause had always flourished.

Meanwhile, the alarm in London was very great. Even Bradshaw, the Lord President, stout-hearted as he was, could not conceal his anxiety, while some of the Puritan leaders 'raged and uttered discontents against Cromwell, and suspicions of his fidelity.' 'Both the city and the country,' says Mrs Hutchinson, 'were all enraged, and doubtful of their own and the Commonwealth's safety.' Cromwell had fully expected this condition of the public feeling. To Lenthall he wrote: 'The enemy being some few days' march before us will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences, which I hope we are as deeply sensible of, and have been, and I trust shall be as diligent to prevent as any. And, indeed, this is our comfort, that in simplicity of heart as towards God we have done to the best of our judgment, knowing that if some issue were not put to this business, it would occasion another winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the winter difficulties of this country, and to the endless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this war. It may be supposed we might have kept the enemy from this by interposing between him and England, which truly I believe we might; but how to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had had a commanding army on both sides of the river of Forth, is not clear to us; or how to answer the inconveniences afore-mentioned, we understand not. We pray, therefore, that (seeing there is a possibility for the enemy to put you to some trouble) you would with the same courage, guarded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto,—improve, the best you can, such forces as you have in readiness, or may on the sudden be gathered together, to give the Enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him, which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in.'

As soon as the southward march of the Scotch was known, Cromwell despatched Lambert with his cavalry to join Harrison and the force stationed at Newcastle, and ride rapidly westward, so as to impede them in their passage through Lancashire; watching their movements, straitening their quarters, harassing their front and rear, but not risking a battle. Appointing Monk to the command in Scotland, and leaving with him 6000 men, Cromwell, with the rest of his army, pushed rapidly across the Border. He marched by way of York, Nottingham, Coventry, Stratford, and Evesham, raising all the county militias, and drawing in such numerous levies, that when he pitched his tents on the south-east side of Worcester, on the 28th of August, he was at the head of 30,000 men.

Charles had arrived at Worcester on the 22nd, and formally set up his standard. On that same day, nine years before, his father had raised his standard at Nottingham—we know with what fatal result. 'Men,' as Carlyle says, 'may make their reflections.' He afterwards issued a summons for all male subjects, of due age, to gather round the banner of their Sovereign Lord at a general muster of his forces on the 26th of August. Only a few gentlemen presented themselves, with a following of about two hundred. It was clear that his enterprise was doomed to failure. Worcester, however, was, as Clarendon says, 'a very good post' for the young king to make a stand; seated almost in the middle of the kingdom, and in as fruitful a country as any part of it; a good city, severed by the noble river Severn from all the adjacent counties; Wales behind it, from whence levies might be made of great numbers of stout men. It was a place where the King's friends might repair, if they had the affections they pretended to have; and it was a place where he might defend himself, if the enemy would attack him, with many advantages, and could not be compelled to engage his army in a battle till Cromwell had gotten men enough to encompass him on

every side; and then the King might choose on which side to fight, since the enemy would be on both sides the river, and could not come suddenly to relieve each other.' Charles was unprepared for the rapidity of Cromwell's pursuit; and for his skill and daring in attack. The ingenious calculations of his advisers were set at naught by the military genius of their great enemy.

BATTLE OF WORCESTER, *September 3, 1650*

On the night of the 20th of August Cromwell ordered Lambert, with his vanguard, to cross the Severn at Upton, a few miles below Worcester. Upton Bridge had been partly demolished by the Royalists, but the Puritan soldiers 'straddled across the parapet' and repaired it, after which they threw themselves into Upton Church, fortified it, and held it stoutly against all the Royalist attacks. On the evening of Sunday, September the 2nd, Fleetwood, with the main body of the infantry, crossed the bridge, and prepared to advance next day against the Scottish posts on the south-west—that is, in the suburb of St John, about a mile from the city, and separated from it by the river,—at the same time that Cromwell delivered an assault on the south-east. The reader will bear in mind that Cromwell was on the city side of the river, where the ground was occupied by fruitful fields and intersected by hedges which presented formidable obstacles to cavalry fighting.

Between Fleetwood at Upton and the enemy at St John's flowed the river Teme, a tributary of the Severn, which it joins about a mile below Worcester. This stream Fleetwood was instructed to cross, either by the Bridge at Penrith, driving the Royalists off it, or by building a bridge of boats near the point of junction; while Cromwell, within pistol shot of the latter, built another bridge of boats across the Severn, and thus enabled the various divisions of his army to keep touch with one another.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon of September the 3rd before these bridges were ready, and Fleetwood's troops arrived on the opposite bank of the Teme. Charles from the cathedral-tower had anxiously watched their operations. As he continued his survey, he saw the Roundheads driving back the Scots 'at push of pike' from hedge to hedge, penning them up in the suburb of St John's. He saw the rapid march of horse and foot across Cromwell's bridge of boats, though he did not know that the great Puritan was leading the attack in person, and had been the first to set foot on the enemy's ground. The opposition was stubborn; the Scots took advantage of every hedge to keep the Puritan soldiers at bay. Charles and his military advisers came to the conclusion that there, on the west bank of the river and among the hedge-rows, nearly all Cromwell's soldiers must be engaged, and that by sallying forth on the east side, they would take him at a disadvantage, and win the victory. The trumpets sounded, and the Royalists joined battle, but Cromwell quickly recalled some of his regiments across the bridge of boats, and then horse and foot were alike hotly engaged in the clash of arms. 'As stiff a contest,' says Cromwell, 'for four or five hours, as ever I have seen.' But in the end the victory was with the army of the Parliament. Through Sudbury Gate, on the east, through St John's suburb, and over Severn Bridge on the west, the Scots were crushed back into the streets of Worcester. Then 'such a general consternation,' says Cromwell, 'possessed the whole army, that the rest of the horse fled, and all the foot threw down their arms before they were charged. When the King came back into the town, he found a good body of horse which had been persuaded to make a stand, though much the major part passed through upon the spur. The King desired those who stayed that they would follow him, that they might look upon the enemy, who, he believed, did not pursue them. But when His Majesty had gone a little way, he found most of the

horse were gone the other way, and that he had none but a few servants of his own about him. Then he sent to have the gates of the town shut, that none might get in one way, nor out the other; but all was confusion; there were few to command, and none to obey, so that the King stayed till very many of the enemy's horse were entered the town, and then he was persuaded to withdraw himself.' It is said that when his squadrons refused to face the Ironsides again he cried,—'Shoot me dead, rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day.'

In the district round Worcester, the night after the battle was a night of horror. The Scottish horse fled in every direction; the foot soldiers hid themselves in the woods or under the hedges of the corn fields; and Cromwell's victorious veterans hunted them down for many miles around. Richard Baxter who, at the time, resided in Kidderminster, gives us a vivid picture of the rout:—'I was newly gone to bed,' he says, 'when the noise of the flying horse acquainted us of the overthrow; and a piece of one of Cromwell's troops that guarded Burdley Bridge having tidings of it, came into our streets, and stood in the open market place before my door, to surprise those that passed by. And so when many hundreds of the flying army came together, when the thirty troopers cried *stand*, and fired at them, they either hasted away or cried quarter, not knowing in the dark what number it was that charged them, and so as many were taken there, as so few men could lay hold on; and till midnight the bullets flying towards my door and windows, and the sorrowful fugitives hasting by for their lives, did tell me the calamitousness of war.'

For some time after the issue of the battle was decided Cromwell, we are told, was overpowered by the vehemence of his emotions. Calling Lambert and Fleetwood to him, he exclaimed, with a burst of loud laughter, that he would knight them, as heroes were knighted of old, on the field

where they had achieved their honour. He soon regained his self-control; and behaved, as a shrewd observer notes, 'with much affability; in all his discourses about Worcester, would seldom mention anything of himself; mentioned others only; and gave, as was due, the glory of the action unto God.'

At two o'clock that night Cromwell retired to his tent, and drew up a description of this crowning battle for Lenthall, the Speaker. A fuller narrative was written the next day; for the reader's convenience we transcribe it here:—

'The battle was fought with various success for some hours, but still hopeful on your part; and in the end became an absolute victory, and so fell an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the enemy's army; and a possession of the town, our men entering at the enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view; but they are very many, and must needs be so, because the dispute was long and very near at hand: and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about six or seven thousand prisoners taken here; and many officers and noblemen of very great quality; Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other noblemen. I have the Earl of Lauderdale: many officers of great quality; and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

'We have sent very considerable parties after the flying enemy; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit. Indeed, I hear the country riseth upon them everywhere; and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Burdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburn, were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

'A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a thousand horse in their body that fled; and I believe you have near five thousand forces following and interposing between them and home. What fish they will catch, Time will declare. Their army was about sixteen thousand strong; and fought ours on the Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our army on the other side, but with parties of militias. Indeed it was a stiff business; yet I do not think we have lost two hundred men. Some new raised forces did perform singular good service, for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgment, as also for their willingness thereunto—forasmuch as the same has added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again; which I hope will be much for the care and satisfaction of the country, which is a great fruit of these successes.

'The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness; and the Parliament to do the will of Him who has done His will for it, and for the Nation, whose good pleasure it is to establish the Nation and the Change of the Government, by making the people so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavours of your servants in this late great work. I am bold hereof to beg, that all thoughts may tend to the promotion of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation, and that the futures of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen nation; but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies, may keep an Authority and a People so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth, may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God.'

CHAPTER VII

THE ARMY UNDER THE PROTECTORATE—THE BATTLE OF THE DUNES

GLANCING at the condition of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century, a recent historian observes,* that while England had been absorbed in her arduous struggle for freedom, the whole face of the world around her had changed. The famous Thirty Years' War was over. German Protestantism was no longer endangered by the ambition or the bigotry of the House of Austria; and the Treaty of Westphalia had settled the contention between the adherents of the old religion and those of the new. Austria was engaged in a desperate contest with the Turks, for her own security and for the possession of Hungary. Spain, once the dominant power in Europe, had fallen into a sudden decay, and was bound like a slave to the chariot-wheels of France, which was aspiring to the position of arbiter of Christendom. The peace and order which prevailed after the cessation of their religious troubles throughout their compact and fertile territory, gave scope at last to the quick and industrious temper of the French

* J. R. Green, 'History of the English People,' iii.

people, while her wealth and energy were placed by the centralising administration of Henry IV, of Richelieu, and of Mazarin, almost absolutely in the hands of the Crown. Under the three great rulers who have just been named her ambition was steadily directed to the same purpose of territorial aggrandisement, and though limited, as yet, to the annexation of the Spanish and Imperial territories, which still parted her frontier from the Pyrenees, the Alps and the Rhine, a statesman of keen political foresight would have discerned the beginning of that great struggle for supremacy over Europe at large, which was foiled only by the genius of Marlborough and the victories of the Grand Alliance.

This kind of observation is easy enough to the historian, who has the record of past events by which to shape his judgment. We cannot see that there was anything in the position of France in the time of the Protectorate to justify alarm and apprehension on the part of English statesmen; while Spain still loomed upon them as a menacing and aggressive Power. 'The head of the Papal Interest'—her religious and political interests diametrically opposed to English interests—her bigotry, her bitter intolerance, made her especially hateful to Cromwell. 'The Lord Himself,' he wrote to his admirals, 'hath a controversy with your enemies; even with that Romish Babylon of which the Spaniard is the great under-propper. For that respect we fight the Lord's battles.' Accordingly, in 1655, he concluded a treaty with France. It is true that Spain had eagerly coveted the great Protector's alliance; but when he demanded freedom for Englishmen to trade in the Indies, and license for Englishmen engaged in commercial intercourse with Spain to worship according to the Protestant faith, the Spanish Ambassador replied—'To give you this would be to give you my Master's two eyes.' Freedom of trade, and freedom of religious belief, were the two cardinal principles of Cromwell's policy, and from in-

tolerant and exclusive Spain he turned, therefore, to liberal and tolerant France.

By a second and 'closer' Treaty signed with France in March 1657, for assaulting the Spanish Power in the Netherlands, it was agreed that the French King should contribute 20,000 men, and the Lord Protector 6000, with a sufficient fleet. The reinforced troops were to reduce the seaport towns of Gravelines, Mardyke, and Dunkirk; of which the first-named was to belong to France, and the last two to England: but if Gravelines were taken first it was to be given up to England, and held by her as security until the others were occupied. 'Mardyke and Dunkirk,' says Carlyle, 'these were what Oliver expected to gain by this adventure. One or both of which strong haven towns would naturally be very useful to him; connected with the Continent as he was,—continually menaced with Royalist invasion from that quarter; and struggling, as the aim of his whole Foreign Policy was, to unite Protestant Europe with England in one great effectual league.' Such were the conditions of the French Treaty of March 23rd, 1656-7.

A strong squadron under Admiral Montague (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), was already cruising in the Channel; and on the 13th and 14th of May, six thousand picked troops, including the famous Ironsides, under Commissary-General (afterwards Sir John) Reynolds, were landed, 'in new red coats,' near Boulogne.* Shortly afterwards they were reviewed by young Louis XIV, who expressed his admiration of their fine martial bearing; and they were then ordered to move forward to the theatre of war. But Mazarin, instead of fulfilling his agreement to attack the coast towns, desired to operate against Cambray, Montmédi, and other towns in the interior. Therefore, Cromwell wrote to his ambassador, Sir William Lockhart,

* Their pay was to be 9d a day—'State Papers,' iii. 340.

with his usual vigour and plainness of language:—'I am deeply sensible,' he said, 'that the French are very much short with us in ingenuousness and performance. . . . To talk of "giving us Garrisons" which are *inland*, as Caution for future action; to talk of "what will be done next campaign,"—are but parcels of words for children. If they will give us Garrisons, let them give us Calais, Dieppe, and Boulogne;—which I think they will do as soon as be honest in their words in giving us any one Spanish Garrison upon the coast into our hands! . . . I pray you tell the Cardinal from me, that I think, if France desires to maintain its ground, much more to *get* ground upon the Spaniard, the performance of his Treaty with us will better do it, than anything appears yet to me of any design he hath! Though we cannot so well pretend to soldiery as those that are with him; yet we think that, we being able by sea to strengthen and secure his siege, and to reinforce it as we please by sea, and the enemy being in capacity to do nothing to relieve it, the best time to besiege that Place will be *now*. Especially if we consider that the French horse will be able so to ruin Flanders, as that no succour can be brought to relieve the place; and that the French army and our own will have constant relief, as far as England and France can give it, without any manner of impediment,—especially considering the Dutch are now engaged so much to southward as they are.'

So urgent did the matter seem to Cromwell, that he wrote again to his Ambassador. 'We desire, having written to you as we have, that the design be Dunkirk rather than Gravelines, and much more that it be:—but one of them rather than fail.'

'We shall not be wanting, to send over, at the French charge, two of our old regiments, and two thousand foot more if need be—if Dunkirk be the design. Believing that if the army be well entrenched, and if La Ferté's Foot be added to it, we shall be able to give liberty to the greatest

part of the French cavalry to have an eye to the Spaniard, leaving but convenient numbers to stand by the Foot.

'And because this action will probably divert the Spaniard from assisting Charles Stuart in any attempt upon us, you may be assured that, if reality may with any reason be expected from the French, we shall do all reason on our part. But if, indeed, the French be so false to us as that they would not have us have any footing on that side the water, then I desire, as in our other letter to you, that all things may be done in order to the giving us satisfaction (for our expenditure), and to the drawing off of our men.'

This strong and direct speaking produced its effect upon Mazarin. There was, indeed, a jest in vogue in France that 'the Cardinal was more afraid of Oliver than of the Devil.' And the result was that, in September, the French, under Marshal Turenne, with their 6000 English auxiliaries, 'the immortal 6000,' as Sir William Temple calls them, attacked and captured Mardyke, after a three-days' siege. The town was immediately handed over to the English, who, without loss of time, began to fortify it by sea and land. In the course of the following month, an attempt was made to surprise it by a Spanish army, commanded by Don John of Austria, under whom was serving the Duke of York, with three English, Irish, and Scotch regiments in Spanish pay;* but it failed completely, the Spaniards being repulsed with great slaughter.†

Turenne afterwards fell back upon the French frontier, while Condé placed his Spaniards in the cantonments of Dunkirk. The Protector now threatened that if further delay occurred in the attack upon this coveted seaport, he

* The English regiment, under Lord Wentworth, was called the King's regiment of Guards.

† Reynolds was soon afterwards recalled on suspicion of favouring the Stuarts, but his ship was cast away on the Goodwins, and all on board perished. Ambassador Lockhart succeeded to the command.

would join his forces with those of Spain, and instead of Dunkirk capture Calais. Mazarin knew that Oliver had a 'pestilent habit' of keeping his word; and sent out pressing orders to Turenne to invest Dunkirk at once and at all hazards. It was a place of considerable strength; and as the burghers had raised the sluices, and for miles round converted the country into a lake, the projected enterprise was not without its difficulties. Moreover, the garrison consisted of 3000 veteran soldiers. Turenne, however, carried his army across the flood by laying down a bottom of fascines, hurdles, and planks, on which the infantry slowly advanced, waist-deep in water. The siege was begun, and energetically prosecuted for several months; the besiegers obtaining a continuous supply of provisions from Montague's fleet which cruised in the offing. Lines of circumvallation and countervallation were raised round the town from east to west, at each end resting on the sea. To secure the strand a double stockade was erected, fixed by strong iron chains which the English sailors prepared against the highest tides; behind it some gunboats were stationed. When these works were completed, 6000 veterans were landed, under Major-General Morgan, a brave and good officer. To them was entrusted the responsible service of resisting the sorties of the garrison, and on one occasion they actually followed the Spaniards into the town, and past the palisades; but they failed to effect a lodgment.

It was with no small surprise that this movement was heard of at Brussels; and Dunkirk, as the chief port of the Netherlands, was of so much value to Spain that the Archduke John and the Prince of Condé resolved on risking everything to relieve it. On arriving within sight of the dunes, or sand hills, which line for many miles the low flat shore, Don John called a council of war, and inquired what was to be done,—how could the town be saved? Condé proposed to encamp between the canals of Furnes

and Hundscotte, where Turenne would not dare to attack them; to tarry there until their heavy guns came up; and, meanwhile, to harass the enemy by frequent skirmishes and by cutting off their foraging parties. On the other hand, Don John himself wished to advance between the Dunes, as near as possible to the French lines. 'But hardly shall we be engaged among the banks of sand,' said the Prince, 'before the enemy will leave their camp and attack us, and they will have great advantages over us; the post which you wish to occupy is favourable only for infantry, and the French are the most numerous and warlike.' 'I am persuaded,' replied Don John, haughtily, 'that they will not even dare to look at the army of His Most Catholic Majesty!' 'Ah, rejoined Condé, 'you do not know M. de Turenne; faults may not be committed with impunity before so great a man.'

BATTLE OF THE DUNES, *June 14, 1657.*

Don John's plan, however, was adopted; and next day, the 14th of June, the Spanish army, about 14,000 strong, began their march among the hot and stifling sand hills. Turenne on his side had 22,000 men, and leaving 6000 men to guard the lines before Dunkirk, he advanced with the rest to give battle. He summoned his officers to explain to them his reasons for making this movement, but Lockhart, who had assumed the command of the English, returned for answer, that he would obey the Marshal's order, and learn his reasons after the battle. Condé was the first to discover the march of the French; he galloped up to reconnoitre, and then hastened off to warn Don John. The Spanish general felt convinced that the French meant nothing more than a skirmish with their advanced guard. Turning to the young Duke of Gloucester, who was then serving with the army, the Prince asked him if he had ever seen a battle? 'No,' replied the Duke. 'Well then,

continued Condé, 'in half-an-hour from this time you will see one lost.'

The progress of events soon compelled the Spanish commander to acknowledge his error. He saw the French army advancing with stately tread in order of battle; the left, composed of the stalwart English auxiliaries, was covered by the sea; the right, by the canal of Furnes. It was arranged in two lines, of seven battalions each, which extended a league in front, and numbered in all 9000 foot, and between 5000 and 6000 horse. Along the shore moved the English frigates, preparing to cannonade the right wing of the Spaniards. Don John's army, consisting of 8000 foot and 5000 horse, formed a single line, the right led by Don John, and the left by Condé. The action was begun by the English, who, led by Major-General Morgan—for Lockhart was too ill to leave his carriage—advanced eagerly against the Spanish right, and climbing the dunes, with push of pike, swept the foemen clean off their summits, and down their crumbling slopes, exhibiting such a combination of fire and coolness that Don John exclaimed—'The French fight like men, these English like devils!'

They were animated by that old religious hatred of the Spaniards, which had burned in most English bosoms since the days of Drake and Hawkins. Resolutely they maintained the battle, and with a terrible musketry fire swept away the Spanish horse, defying all attempts to break down their steadfast purpose.* While the victory was won

* They were chiefly engaged with the regiments under the Duke of York, who at one time got the better of them. 'It was very observable,' says James II in his Memoirs, 'that when we had broken into this battalion, (Lockhart's own) and even got amongst them, not so much as one single man of them asked quarter, or threw down his arms; but every one defended himself to the last, so that we ran as great danger by the butt-end of their muskets as by the volley which they had given us. And one of them had infallibly knocked me off my horse, if I had not prevented when he was just ready to have discharged his blow, by a stroke I gave him with my sword over the face, which laid him along upon the ground. The Duke of Gloucester, who, during the action of all that day, had seconded me, and

on the right, on the opposite wing it was nearly lost, for Condé, with the inspiration of genius, conceived the bold idea of cutting his way through the French battalions, and forcing the entrenchments, so as to relieve the town, even in the very agony of a lost battle! His fiery valour was almost successful; but Turenne hastily sent up fresh troops from the centre, and the Prince's soldiers, lacking the Prince's heroism, gave him but a lukewarm support; he was driven back, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. His horse was killed under him, but a gentleman of his household immediately mounted him on his own; two others sacrificed themselves to insure his safety, and he rode away amid a storm of bullets, while his faithful followers fell into the hands of the victors.

The Spaniards ran, and Turenne's victory was complete. In no small measure was it due to the steady courage and fierce attack of the English soldiers. Four thousand prisoners were taken; probably the dead and wounded numbered as many more; so that the Spanish army virtually ceased to exist. On the 24th, Dunkirk surrendered, and Louis XIV, with his Court, entered the town in triumph at the head of the English column, to whom (on the 24th of June) it was formally ceded.

Such was the battle of the Dunes, which terminated the War between France and Spain, after it had lasted nearly a quarter of a century. The Spaniards had lost so much that they were willing to make any concessions which would prevent them from losing more; the French, victorious at all points, moderated their demands in order to obtain for their young sovereign the hand of King Philip's eldest daughter, the Infanta Maria Theresa. Both of the contracting parties being thus favourably disposed,

behaved himself as bravely as any of his ancestors had ever done, had his sword either struck out of his hand, or it flew out of his hand by a blow which he had given.—James II, 'Memoirs,' i, 351.

the conditions of peace were easily settled, and the treaty of the Pyrennes* was signed on the 7th of November, 1569. It confirmed England in the possession of Dunkirk; which however, three years afterwards, was sold to France by Charles II and his Ministers, and for the next hundred years served as a haunt for privateers in every war between the two Powers.

* It was negotiated on a small island near St. Jean de Luz, on the frontiers of France and Spain.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION

AN important part was played by the Army in the events which followed the death of Oliver Cromwell and ushered in the Restoration; but the record belongs rather to the civil than to the military history of England. There were no great battles, no plundered towns, no desolated villages; never before had a revolution been so bloodlessly accomplished. When on October the 13th, 1659, Lambert, in melo-dramatic imitation of the great Protector, expelled 'the Rump' from Westminster, the chief officers of the army seized the supreme authority, and Fleetwood was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and Lambert Major-General of the forces in England. This usurpation of power, however, was coldly regarded by George Monk, who commanded in Scotland, and whose influence with the soldiery made him a formidable rival. He immediately prepared to move his small but compact and well-disciplined army to London, declaring that he was guided by two considerations: first, that the military power ought to be subservient to the civil; and second, that the constitution of the Commonwealth could be administered only by parliaments.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION 77

'For my own part,' he said to his soldiers, 'I think it the duty of my place to keep the military power in obedience to the civil. It is the duty of us all to defend the Parliament, from which you receive your pay and commissions. I rely, therefore, on your obedience. If, however, any one of you dissents from this resolution, he shall have full liberty to quit the service and receive his pass.'

Monk crossed the Tweed on the 1st of January, 1660. He had scarcely passed the Rubicon, says his biographer, when a letter was brought to him from Lenthall, the Speaker of the Parliament, informing him that Fleetwood and the Committee of Safety, alarmed by the general demonstration of opinion throughout the country, had yielded their usurped power, and restored the Commons to their seats. Thanks were given to Monk for his firm support; but the epistle contained no orders for marching, and it was evident that Parliament neither wished nor intended to give them. Monk, however, had no thought of receding. Affecting not to perceive the distrust of the Parliament, he commanded the Speaker's letter to be read at the head of the regiments, and amidst the acclamations of the soldiers, announced his resolution of leading them to London, to see their rulers fixed firmly in their seats. He left Colonel Fairfax with a regiment at York; sent back two regiments of horse under Major-General Morgan, to Scotland, and moved southward slowly with four regiments of foot, each regiment containing one thousand, and three regiments of horse, each containing six hundred. His route lay as follows: January 2nd, Morpeth; 5th, Newcastle; 11th, York; 18th, Mansfield; 19th, Nottingham; 22nd, Leicester; 26th, Northampton; 27th, Dunstable; 28th, St. Albans; and February 2nd, Barnet. He arrived in London on the 3rd, and established his head-quarters at Whitehall. Pepys tells us that he saw the troops march by 'in good plight,' with 'stout officers.' On Easter Tuesday Monk held a review of all the military in London, with train bands

and auxiliaries, mustering in all about 14,000 men, a force sufficient to put down disaffection, preserve order, and keep the peace.

By degrees the astute general dropped his mask. He compelled 'the Rump' to consent to its own dissolution and convoke a new Parliament, in which, as he had anticipated, the Royalists were in a majority. The projects of the Republicans were skilfully nullified; Lambert was arrested and thrown into the Tower. The Royal Arms began to be seen in many places, and the emblems of the Commonwealth did not escape insult. At last the game was played out. With Monk's consent, Sir John Grenville delivered a letter from Charles II to the Council of State, and on the 1st of May, to the two Houses of Parliament. It was immediately resolved, 'That, according to the ancient and fundamental laws of the kingdom, the Government is, and ought to be, by King, Lords, and Commons.' Supplies were then voted for the use of the King and his royal brothers: deputies were appointed to wait upon him at Breda; and Admiral Montague sailed with a powerful fleet to escort him to the English shore.

For his services in accomplishing this bloodless revolution Monk was made Duke of Albemarle, received the Order of the Garter, was gratified with a perpetual annuity of £7000, and appointed lieutenant-general of the armies of the three kingdoms.

In the pageant of the Royal entrance into London, the army made a conspicuous show. 'It passed along,' says Evelyn, 'with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords, and shouting with inexpressible joy; the way strewn with flowers; the bells ringing; the streets hung with tapestry; fountains running with wine; the Mayor, aldermen, and all the companies in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; lords and nobles clad in cloth of gold and velvet; the windows and balconies set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking

even as far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, were from two o'clock in the afternoon till nine at night. I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of bloodshed, and by that very army which rebelled against him.'

The grim veterans of the Commonwealth can hardly have been satisfied with their share in this remarkable display, and Charles must have felt that his throne could not be safe, while so formidable a force held the military resources of the country in its hands.* At this time the army consisted of fifteen regiments of horse and twenty-two regiments of foot, besides garrisons, and was supported by monthly assessments of £70,000. One of the earliest measures passed by Charles's first Parliament, was an Act to provide the means of disbanding this large army (12 Car. ii. 9). A contribution was to be raised from all ranks and degrees, under a commission in every county; and by subsequent statutes (c. 20 and c. 21) the whole sum required was supplied, so that the disbandment was successfully carried out before the end of the year.† But the insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy men under Thomas Vernon, on the 6th of January, 1661, warned the authorities that, for the preservation of order and the safety of the King's person, better safeguard was necessary than the train bands of the metropolis. 'The next morning,' says Clarendon, 'the Council met early, and having received an account of all that had passed, they could not but conclude that this so extravagant attempt could not have been founded on the rashness of one man, who had been

* 'As long as the soldiery continued,' said Sir William Morrice, one of his Secretaries of State, 'there would be a perpetual trembling in the nation: that they were inconsistent with the happiness of any nation.'

† By a report made to the Commons on November 6th, it appeared that twenty-three garrisons, and seventeen foot regiments, and five of horse, had already been paid off.

always looked upon as a man of sense and reason. And thereupon they thought it necessary to suspend the disbanding the General's regiment of Foot, which had the Guard of Whitehall, and was by the order of Parliament to have been disbanded the next day; and writ to the King to approve of what they had done, and to appoint it to be continued till further order,' to which His Majesty consented. And this was the true ground and occasion of the continuing and increasing the guard for His Majesty's person, which no man at that time thought to be more than was necessary.*

Monk's regiment of foot, originally formed in 1650, was the famous Coldstreamers, so named from the place where he crossed the Tweed on his march into England. Disbanded *pro forma*, it was immediately re-admitted into the King's service. A new regiment of Guards, of twelve companies, the command of which was given to Colonel John Russell; a regiment of horse, of eight troops, to be commanded by the Earl of Oxford (hence known as the Oxford Blues†); and a troop to be commanded by the Lord General, were speedily raised. The last named was known as 'His Majesty's Own Life Guards.' The commissions of its officers were dated January 26th, 1660. They were all men of good family, even the privates were 'gentlemen,' and were always described for this reason as 'Gentlemen of the King's Guards.' The military establishment also included the Duke of York's Life Guards, under Captain Sir Charles Berkeley, afterwards Earl of Falmouth, and His Majesty's Life Guards, under Monk, Duke of Albemarle. No doubt these Horse Guards were modelled on the pattern of the celebrated *Maison du Roi* of France. Several privileges were conceded to them, amongst others, all crimes were to be tried by officers of

* 'Clarendon's Life,' i, 477.

† Now called Royal Horse Guards (Blue).

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION 81

the three troops, and they were exempt from general courts-martial.

The King's regiment of Foot Guards, commanded by Colonel John Russell, was known as the First Foot Guards until, after the victory of Waterloo, the Prince Regent conferred upon it the honourable title of the First, or Grenadier regiment of Foot Guards.

In these four regiments of Guards originated the famous army of Great Britain, which can show a record of service unparalleled by that of any other army in the world.

From the earliest pay lists of the royal army, reprinted in the twenty-ninth vol. of the 'State Papers,' we extract some details of interest.

1. *His Majesty's own Troop of Guards.*—The Captain was paid £1, 10s per day; four Lieutenants, each 15s; Cornet, 14s; Quarter-Master, 9s; Chaplain, 6s 8d; Surgeon, 6s, and 2s for his horse; four Corporals, each 7s; four Trumpeters, each 5s; one Kettle-drum, 5s; 200 soldiers, each 4s. Total, £49, 0s 8d per diem; £17,829 2s 8d per annum.

2. *The Duke of York's Troop of Guards.*—The Captain, £1 per diem; Lieutenant, 15s; Cornet, 13s; Quarter-Master, 9s; Chaplain, 6s 8d; Surgeon, 6s, and his horse, 2s; four Corporals, each 6s; four Trumpeters, each, 5s; one Kettledrum, 5s; 150 soldiers, each 4s. Total, £36, 0s 8d per diem; £13,118, 2s 8d per annum.

3. *The Duke of Albemarle's Troop of Guards.*—Field and staff officers of a regiment of horse, consisting of six troops, and containing 100 soldiers besides officers. Colonel as Colonel, 12s per diem; Major as Major, 5s 6d; Chaplain, 6s 8d; Surgeon, 4s and 2s. Total, £1, 10s 2d per diem; £551, 12s 8d per annum. The Colonel's troops included—Colonel as Captain, 10s, and two horses, each 2s; Lieutenant, 6s, and two horses, each 2s; Cornet, 5s, and two horses, each 2s; Quarter-Master, 4s, and one horse, 2s; two Trumpeters, each 2s 8d; three Corporals, each 3s; 100

soldiers, each 2s 6d. Total, £15, 3s 4d per diem; or £5620, 13s 6d. The estimate for the Major's Troops is exactly the same. The pay of four troops more to complete a regiment of horse at the same rate and numbers is put at £60, 13s 4d per diem; £22,082, 13s 4d per annum; and the cost of the whole regiment at £92, 10s 2d per diem; £33,675 12s 8d per annum.

4. *Field and Staff Officers of a Regiment of Foot*, consisting of ten companies, and each company containing 100 soldiers, besides the following officers:—Colonel as Colonel, 12s; Lieutenant-Colonel as Lieutenant-Colonel, 7s; Major as Major, 5s; Chaplain, 6s 8d; Surgeon, 4s, and one mate, 2s 6d; Quarter-Master and Marshal, 4s. Total, £2, 1s 2d per diem; £744, 4s 8d per annum. The cost of each company of foot is estimated at:—Captain, 8s; Lieutenant, 4s; Ensign, 3s; two sergeants, each, 2s 6d; one drummer, 1s; three Corporals, each 1s; 100 soldiers, each 10d, whilst quartered in London, and 8d elsewhere.* Total, £55, 5s 4d per diem; £1902, 1s 4d per annum.

In addition we read of . . . a Commissary-General of the Musters, with one Clerk and four Deputies, £1, 12s 6d per diem; a Paymaster to the Army, £1; Judge-Advocate, 8s, and one Clerk, 2s 6d; and Secretary at War, 5s.

The latest expenditure is thus set forth:—

Establishment of the forces to be raised for the safety of His Majesty's person and government.	
The yearly charge is . . .	£118,528 18 8
The yearly charge of the garrisons that are to be kept in England,	67,316 15 6
	£185,845 14 2

The garrisons of Dunkirk or the garrisons in Scotland are not herein included.

* At the Revolution the pay of the Foot Guards was fixed at 10d per diem, wherever they might be stationed.

Soon after Charles II's restoration, the English garrison at Dunkirk was re-organised, and its officers and men were required to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. Among the officers, the more uncompromising republicans were weeded out, and their places filled by men, on whose fidelity the Crown could count. In 1662, however, Dunkirk, with its stores and artillery, was sold to the French King for five million livres, an act, wise and politic in itself, though dictated to the King's government by no worthier motive than the necessity of maintaining the royal credit. At this time, the garrison consisted of four regiments of foot, consisting of 4400 soldiers, besides officers—namely: His Majesty's regiment of Guards, the Governor's, and two other regiments of foot, and six troops of cavalry, consisting of 300 troopers, at an annual cost of £113,342, 13s 4d. The regiment of guards was incorporated in the home regiment under Colonel Russell; the Duke of York's regiment was lent to the King of France; the others received their arrears of pay and were disbanded.

On the 24th of July, 1663, a review was held in Hyde Park, of which Evelyn furnishes a description:—'I saw his Majesty's guards,' he says, 'being of horse and foot 4000, led by the General, the Duke of Albemarle, in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran soldiers, excellently clad, mounted, and ordered drawn up in battalion before their Majesties in Hyde Park, where the old Earl of Cleveland trailed a pike, and led the right hand file in a foot company commanded by the Lord Wentworth, his son, a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant soldiers. This was to show the French Ambassador, Monsieur Comminges, there being a great assembly of coaches, etc., in the park. The Household troops thus paraded, included: The King's regiment of foot guards (Colonel Russell) 1200, the King's regiment of foot guards (Lord Wentworth) 1200; the Duke of Albemarle's regiment, 1000; the royal regiment of horse

guards, 500; the King's troop, 200; the Duke of York's, 150; and the Duke of Albemarle's, 150.

In 1664, when the war with Holland broke out, a regiment of troops was raised for sea service. It was called 'The Admiral's Regiment,'—and its first Colonel was Sir William Killigrew. It mustered six companies, each of 200 men, besides officers, armed with firelocks only. In the travels of Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany, who visited England in 1669, it is incidentally mentioned that 'four companies wore red jackets lined with yellow, and that of the Duke's, yellow with red lining.' It was absorbed in the Coldstream Guards in 1688-9.

In 1665, an English regiment which had been in the service of Holland was recalled and added to the military establishment. During Marlborough's campaigns it was known, from its Colonel, as Churchill's regiment, but afterwards gained the historic appellation of 'The Buffs,'—probably from the colour of the lining of its coats. It formed the third regiment of the English Infantry, and enjoyed the curious privilege of marching through the City of London with drums beating and colours flying.

A Scotch regiment, which had been in the French employ, was recalled in 1666. It served again in France for a few years, and was finally recalled in 1678, adopted into the English army, and acquired distinction as the Earl of Dumbarton's regiment. It garrisoned Tangiers from 1680 to 1684, when, upon its return home, King Charles granted it the title of 'The Royal Regiment of Foot.' Its strength consisted of 102 officers, 44 drummers and fifers, 63 sergeants, 63 corporals, and 1050 privates. Its after distinctions may here be enumerated:—1751, The First or Royal Regiment of Foot; 1812, The First Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots; 1872, The 1st (The Royal Scots) Regiment.

From the Grand Duke of Tuscany's record of travels

we borrow a description of a review of the Royal Troops, held on the 21st of May, 1670, in Hyde Park, for his Highness's gratification. Minute particulars of the army in its state of nonage cannot fail to interest the reader. The whole force on the ground included two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and three troops of the body-guard, composed of six hundred horsemen, each armed with carbine and pistol,—making with their plumed hats, sashes, and jack-boots, a very gallant show.

The First, or King's Own Regiment of Infantry (*1st Guards*), carrying a white flag with a red cross in the middle, commanded by Colonel Russell, was composed of twelve companies of eighty men each, all dressed in red coats turned up with light blue (which was the colour of the Royal livery), except the pikemen, who were distinguished from the others, by wearing a coat of a silver colour, turned up with light blue.

The Second Regiment (*Coldstream*), that of General George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, whose standard was green, with six white balls and a red cross, commanded by Colonel Miller, was composed of fourteen companies, also of eighty men, who wore red jackets with green facings, the pikemen being in green faced with red.

The Third Regiment (*Royal Horse Guards*), that of the Earl of Oxford, was formed of seven companies of sixty men each.

The first of the three companies of Body Guards (*King's Troop of Life Guards*), called the King's Company, composed of gentlemen and half-pay officers, dressed in jackets faced with blue, and richly ornamented with gold lace, and wearing white feathers in their hats, was commanded by the Duke of Monmouth.*

The Second (*The Duke of York's*), commanded by the

* He was appointed in the previous autumn, Lord Gerard's resignation being purchased for £12,000.

Marquis de Blanquefort (afterwards Earl of Feversham), nephew of Marshal Turenne, wore red jackets with blue facings, without gold, and white feathers in their hats.

The Third (*The Duke of Albemarle's*), under Sir Philip Howard, wore a dress similar to that of the Duke's, and instead of feathers, a ribbon of a crimson colour.

The troops marched by in files; the vanguard consisting of the company of the Duke of Monmouth, who marched at its head in full dress. Next came the Duke of Albemarle's company, and a troop of the Earl of Oxford's regiment. The infantry regiment of the King followed, with six pieces of cannon.

'The King of England,' remarks Duke Cosmo, 'besides those called his body guards, has many guards in the palace for the security of his person, both horse and foot. They are employed to mount guard at the gates of the palace, both on the side of St James's Park and Whitehall Place, and to escort His Majesty whenever he goes out on horseback or in his carriage through the city. In the hall, called the guard room, is the guard of the Manica or sleeve (*Yeomen of the Guard*), consisting of two hundred and fifty very handsome men, the tallest and strongest that can be found in England; they are called in jest Beef-eaters, that is, eaters of beef,* of which a considerable portion is allowed them every day. These carry a halberd when they are in London, and a half-pike in the country, with a broad sword by their sides, and before the King had any other body guard they escorted his carriage. They are dressed in a livery of red cloth, made according to the ancient fashion, and faced with black velvet; they wear on their back the King's cypher in embroidery, and on their breast the white and red roses.

'The King has another guard formed of fifty gentlemen,

* The jocose corruption of Buffetier into Beef-eater seems of quite a venerable antiquity.

called pensioners, the greater part persons of birth and quality, who carry a sort of pole-axe, in the form of a halberd, ornamented with gold, and are under the orders of a captain.

'The regiment of infantry nearest the city supplies the guards, who are changed every day at the palaces of Whitehall and St James, and at the Tower of London. That of the Duke of York, which is called the regiment of marines, is generally quartered at the sea-ports, and in the case of war, is the first to embark on board the fleet, over which the Lord High Admiral presides.*

The second Dutch War broke out in 1672. A regiment of foot was added to the military establishment, its command being given to the Duke of Monmouth; and a regiment of dragoons under Prince Rupert. This new cavalry regiment consisted of twelve troops of eighty men, besides officers. Their equipment included a matchlock, musket and bandoliers, and a bayonet or 'great knife'—the plug-bayonet for insertion in the muzzle. This is the first instance on record of the use of the bayonet in the British army.

The fleet which put to sea under the Duke of York carried the usual complement of soldiers on board each ship—these being supplied from the Guards and 'the Admiral's Regiment,' which was increased from ninety-eight men to 100 per company.

By the notorious Treaty of Dover, one of the most shameful events of a shameful reign, Charles bound himself to lend Louis XIV a contingent of 6000 men to act against the Dutch. In November a regiment of eight companies (of 100 men each) was despatched to France, under Captain David Skelton, to serve under the flag of the French King.

The English contingent, commanded by the Duke of

* 'Travels of the Grand Duke of Tuscany,' p. 310.

Monmouth, distinguished themselves by their courage at the siege of Maestricht. The trenches were opened on the 17th of June; and on the 24th Monmouth led a detachment against the counterscarp with so much dash that the enemy fell back in disorder; and advancing to the outward demi-lune, he carried it also after a sharp action, although two mines were sprung by the besieged. On the following day the Dutch exploded a third mine, which blew a captain, ensign, and sixty soldiers into the air; then, with a fierce charge, they drove back the besiegers. Monmouth, to rally his men, drew his sword, and, accompanied by Captain Churchill and twelve private gentlemen of the Life Guards, leaped into the trenches. Advancing through a storm of bullets, he met the fugitives, checked their flight, and, by the inspiration of his gallant example, put new heart into them, so that they faced round upon the enemy, and recovered the ground they had lost. On the 2nd of July the town surrendered.

The Churchill here mentioned—Turenne's 'handsome Englishman'—was John Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough. During the siege he saved, it is said, the life of Monmouth, and was so conspicuous by his courage and ability that Louis XIV thanked him publicly, at the head of the army, and undertook to recommend him to his own sovereign. In April, 1674, he made him Colonel of the English regiment in his service, the command of which had been resigned by the Earl of Peterborough.

Meanwhile, at home the old English jealousy of a standing army was revived and inflamed by the unpopularity of the Dutch War, and the increasing mistrust of the King's designs. On the 7th of February, 1674, the House of Commons resolved by a large majority, 'That the continuing of any Standing Forces other than the Militia is a great grievance and vexation to the people; and that this House do humbly petition his Majesty to cause

immediately to be disbanded that part of them that were raised since January 1st, 1663.' Charles thought it prudent to yield to the storm, and ordered the disbandment of all the newly-raised regiments, except those in the pay of the French King.

The date of 1677 is of some interest and importance in the annals of the army, as it witnessed the introduction of a body of soldiers specially trained as grenadiers—that is, for the purpose of throwing hand-grenades—an idea borrowed from the French, like so many of our military ideas. As these men had to carry a heavy equipment, the strongest and tallest in the service were necessarily selected. Evelyn, who first saw this 'new sort of soldiers' at the Hounslow camp in June, 1678, describes their distinctive clothing with much *empressment*, dwelling on their 'coped crowns, like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce,' and their yellow and red coats. Later on, a fringed or tufted cloth was added to the top of the sleeve, to give an appearance of breadth, and this developed gradually into the ornamental wings formerly worn by grenadiers, fusileers, and light infantry.

A company of grenadiers was added, in 1678, to each infantry regiment. The company mustered 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 3 sergeants, 3 corporals, and 100 soldiers; and its equipment consisted of . . . '103 fuzees, with slings to each; 103 cartridge boxes, with girdles; 103 grenade boxes; 102 bayonets, 103 hatchets, with girdles to them; 2 halberds, and 2 partisans.' The grenades weighed from two to three pounds each, and three of them were delivered to each man on service; he had also to carry rounds of ammunition for his fuzee, and to take care of the lighted match, and to ignite them.

Hand-grenades in due time ceased to be used by the infantry; but the name of Grenadiers was preserved, and the Grenadier companies, composed of picked men, always

formed the right flank of their battalions, and were invariably selected for arduous and dangerous duties. Their popularity was widened by the well-known song. The name is now retained only by the Grenadier Guards, to whom it was granted on the 29th of July, 1805.

A division of Mounted Grenadiers was also added to each of the troops of Life Guards. They were equipped exactly like the foot, and in the field acted as such. 'They dismounted, linked their horses, fired, and threw their grenades by ranks, the centre and rear ranks advancing in succession through the intervals between the file leaders: they then grounded their arms, went to the right about, and dispersed, and at the "preparative" or beating to arms, they fell in with a huzza; they then slung their fusils, marched to their horses, unlinked and mounted.*

When Parliament met on the 28th of January, 1678, Charles II informed its members that he had entered into an alliance with Holland, to check the ambitious designs of France, and had withdrawn the English auxiliary troops from the French service. He asked for money, therefore, to enable him to fulfil his engagements by equipping a fleet of ninety sail, and an army of 40,000 men. The Commons gave their answer on the 8th of February, when they resolved, after vehement debate,† that ninety ships of war should be granted, and an army of 30,000 men—namely, twenty-six regiments of foot, each of 1000 men, four of horse, of 490 each, and two of dragoons, of 960 each; and on the 18th, that £1,000,000 be raised to make the King to carry on war. With the English people a

* 'Treatise on Military Discipline, 1684,' cit., by Sir Sibbald Scott, ii. 339, 340.
† Sir John Reresby says, (Memoirs, p. 200)—'Great debates had arisen upon this affair, and the reason of the violent opposition it met with was the desire in some to oppose the Crown, though in the very thing they themselves wished for, the nation being undesirous of a war with France; and a jealousy in others that the King indeed intended to raise an army, but never designed to go on with the war; and, to say the truth, some of the King's own party were not very sure of the contrary.'

French war was always popular. The men were quickly raised; several new regiments formed; and larger additions made to the regiments than the establishment. The King's was increased to twenty-eight, and the Coldstream, the Admiral's, and the Holland regiments to twenty companies, each of 100 men. A camp was formed on Hounslow Heath, and was there visited by Evelyn on the 29th of June—'We saw the newly-raised army encamped, designed against France, in pretence at least; but which gave umbrage to the Parliament—His Majesty and a world of company were in the field, and the whole army in battalia, a very glorious sight.' Evelyn adds—'Now were brought into service a new sort of soldiers called Grenadiers, who were dexterous in flinging hand grenades; every one having a pouch full.'

There was the camp, and there was the array, but war against France was not declared. The Commons began to suspect that these large military preparations were rather intended to erect absolute monarchy at home, than infest the enemy abroad; and absolutely refused to grant further supplies unless declaration of war was issued. Charles, who had received a heavy bribe from Louis, evaded this decisive step, and Parliament then insisted that the newly raised forces should be disbanded. They voted a sum of £206,500 for this purpose; but the King contrived to avoid compliance, and the bribe from Louis not being paid, sent additional troops to Flanders.

Peace between France and Holland was signed on the 10th of August. Contemporaneous with it was fought a severe action for the relief of Mons, which was besieged by the French, under the Duke of Luxemburg. They were attacked by the Allied army under the Prince of Orange. The Dutch were commanded by Count Waldeck; the six English regiments in their service by the Earl of Ossory; and the Spaniards by the Duke of Villa Hermosa. The battle raged from two in the afternoon till nine at night,

but had no decisive issue. The English regiments bore the brunt of it, losing the greater part of their men, twenty-two officers killed, and thirty-seven wounded. This was the last engagement of the war.

That mysterious individual, the 'general reader,' will have been rendered familiar with the broad features of the persecution of the Scotch Covenanters, with the murder of Archbishop Sharp, and the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, by the romantic story so vividly told in Scott's 'Old Mortality,' and the scarcely less romantic narrative embodied in Lord Macaulay's 'History.' To the Covenanters Archbishop Sharp, of St Andrews, was particularly odious, not only as a man of arbitrary spirit, but as a pervert from Presbyterianism, and some religious fanatics, who accepted the stern denunciations of the Hebrew scriptures against the wicked, as sacred injunctions to slay the enemies of their own particular creed, resolved to put him to death. Their leaders were John Balfour of Burly, and Hackston of Rathillet. Two of them fell in with the prelate as he was crossing, in company with his daughter, Magus Muir, near St Andrews, and in spite of her intreaties and tears, dragged him from his carriage and butchered him. They then fled into the West, were joined by their friends and sympathizers, and on Sunday, the 1st of June, held a conventicle at Loudon Hill. With a hundred and fifty troopers, John Graham of Claverhouse, the 'Bonnie Dundee' of Scottish song, rode out from Glasgow, overtook the Covenanters, near the village of Drumclog, charged them furiously, anticipating an easy victory, but was met with a stern resistance, which completely discomfited him, and compelled his retreat to Glasgow. The insurrection spread rapidly, and threatened to assume the proportions of a rebellion against the civil government. The Council in London took alarm, and hastily despatching reinforcements from England, appointed the Duke of Monmouth to the command in chief.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION 93

The Duke showed no lack of energy. Setting out from London on the 10th of June, he reached Edinburgh on the 18th. Says Dryden :—

'Swift as Love's Messenger, the wingéd God,
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command.'

Marching at once to the eastward, he came up with the rebels at Bothwell, in Lanarkshire, a pretty village on the Clyde, where they had posted an advanced party to dispute the passage of the bridge. They were, however, irresolute, dispirited, and divided by opposing counsels. A deputation of the more moderate minded had an audience of the Duke, and limited their demands to the free exercise of their religion, offering to submit all disputed questions to a free Parliament, and a General Assembly of the Church. The Duke refused to treat until they had laid down their arms, and submitted unconditionally. He gave them half-an-hour for consideration, and meanwhile moved his army down to the bridge. The insurgents could arrive at no decision, and the royal troops began the action. Hackston of Rathillet, with a body of two or three hundred men, resolutely defended the bridge, but were not adequately supported. The mass of the rebels lost heart at the advance of the King's disciplined ranks, and shrank before the royal artillery which mowed them down by scores. The troops forced the bridge, and thereupon the Covenanters took to flight, pursued by Claverhouse and his cavalry with relentless swords. It is admitted, however, by all authorities that Monmouth did his best to stay the slaughter :—

'Taking more pains when he beheld them yield,
To save the fliers than to win the field.'

In 1685, the year of Charles II's death, the army establishment in England consisted of two regiments of foot

guards, five other regiments of foot, two regiments of household cavalry, and a regiment of dragoons (1st Royals). There was also a considerable military force across the Tweed, including six troops of dragoons, which were formed into a regiment, under the name of the Royal Scots Dragoons,—afterwards the 2nd Dragoons or Scots Greys.*

Before concluding our army notes for the reign of Charles II, we must allude to the foundation of Chelsea Hospital. The site was formerly occupied by a Theological College, founded by Sanust, which proved a failure, was converted into a military prison, and in 1667, granted to the Royal Society. The King purchased back the buildings and grounds in 1681 for the small sum of £1300, and in the following year it was announced to be the royal intention to erect thereon an hospital for 'merited soldiers.' The King promised to contribute £20,000 for architectural purposes, and to settle £5000 a year for the maintenance of four invalid companies of 400 men; but all he did really contribute was £6757, an unapplied balance of secret service money. The remainder of the cost was chiefly defrayed by 'deduction from the pay of the troops.'†

In 1685, when Tangiers was abandoned, its garrison

* It is supposed that the Greys were first mounted on the white or grey horses from which they derive their name, in 1702. Few regiments in the British army can boast of a more illustrious record. They had the honour of receiving the surrender of the colours of the *Régiment du Roi* after the Battle of Ramillies; and the white standard of the *Chevaux Lègers* at Dettingen. At Quatre Bras and Waterloo their conduct was of the most brilliant description. At Waterloo they lost ninety-seven wounded and 104 killed. The capture of the Eagle of the French 45th regiment of foot, by Sergeant Charles Ewart, of the Scots Greys, is commemorated by the eagle which they are permitted to wear on their appointments. During the Crimean War they did good service, and bore a conspicuous part in the charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade at Balaclava.

Daniel Defoe reprints an account of the 'Life and Adventures of Mrs Christian Davies, commonly called Mother Ross,' taken from her own mouth when she was a pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, from which it appears that for some years she served as a trooper in the Scots Greys, and that her sex was not discovered until she was wounded at Ramillies.

† The system of out-pensions was introduced by James II, and extended by William III.

returned to England, consisting of the two regiments which now rank as the second and fourth of the line. In that year the regular army mustered about 7000 foot and 1700 cavalry and dragoons. Its whole annual charge amounted to about £290,000. The daily pay of a private in the life guards was 4s, in the Blues, 2s 6d, in the Dragoons, 1s 6d, in the Foot Guards, 10d, and in the Line 8d. There were also six paid regiments, three English and three Scotch, in the pay of the United Provinces. The annual expenditure under the head of ordnance, was on an average a little above £60,000 a year. The stock of powder kept in the fortresses and arsenals did not exceed 14,000 or 15,000 barrels. At most of the garrisons there were gunners, and here and there an engineer was to be found. But there was no regiment of artillery, no brigade of sappers and miners, and no college for training young soldiers in military sciences.

(AUTHORITIES :—'London Gazette'; Evelyn's 'Diary'; Duke of Tuscany's 'Travels in England'; Grose's 'Military Antiquities'; Clarendon's 'Life'; Chamberlayne, 'State of England'; Cannon, 'Life Guards'; Gumble, 'Life of Monk'; James II 'Memoirs'; Voltaire, 'Siècle de Louis Quatorze'; 'Historical Records of Regiments'; Sir S. Scott, 'The British Army'; Macaulay, Lingard, J. R. Green, etc).

2. REIGN OF JAMES II

On the 14th of July, 1685, Evelyn notes in his diary that 'certain intelligence' had been received of 'the Duke of Monmouth landing at Lyme in Dorsetshire.' Monmouth disembarked on the 11th, with only eighty-three followers and proceeded on his desperate enterprise, amidst the enthusiasm of the ignorant populace. Entering the little town of Lyme, he set up his ensign, a blue flag, in the market-place. His military stores were deposited in the

Town Hall, and a declaration setting forth the objects of the expedition was read from the cross.

A Royalist force had assembled at Bridport, and Monmouth resolved to attack. He had with him four pieces of cannon, and, in twenty-four hours, his following had increased to 1000 foot and 150 horse. The attack proved a failure, but numerous recruits continued to flock to his standard. The Duke of Albemarle, Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire, marched from Exeter with 4000 train bands; but was met at Axminster by a larger body of insurgents, and compelled to retreat. Monmouth then marched to Taunton, which he reached on the 18th of June. The townsfolk received him with a jubilant welcome. 'Every door and window was adorned with wreaths of flowers. No man appeared in the streets without wearing in his hat a green bough, the badge of the popular cause. Damsels of the best families in the town wove colours for the insurgents.' But Monmouth observed, with surprise and apprehension, that the higher classes were, with scarcely an exception, unfavourable to his adventure; and that no rising had taken place except in the counties where he had himself appeared. He had gone too far, however, to recede, and on the morning of the 20th of June caused himself to be proclaimed King. His followers repeated the title with pleasure; but as some confusion might have arisen if he had been called James II, they gave him the strange appellation of King Monmouth—by which he long continued to be known in the western counties.

BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR, *August 5, 1685*

On the 22nd of June, Monmouth marched to Bridgewater with 6000 men, many of whom, for want of better weapon, were armed with scythes, attached to upright handles. On the 22nd, he was at Glastonbury, and with the view of attacking Bristol advanced to Shepton Mallet, and on the

25th, crossed the Avon, at Keynsham. But the King's army was rapidly approaching, and the insurgents, losing heart, turned off to Bath, closely followed by Brigadier Churchill with a body of troopers. Bath, which was strongly garrisoned for the King, ridiculed the Duke's summons to surrender; and he then hastened to Philip's Norton, where he arrived on the 26th of June. Thither he was pursued by the King's army, under the Earl of Feversham, whose advanced guard of 500 men, commanded by the Duke of Grafton, the youngest of Charles II's illegitimate sons, overtook him on the following day. Grafton plunged into a deep lane, with leafy fences on both sides, from which rattled a galling musketry fire; he pushed boldly on until he came to the entrance of Philip's Norton, where a strong barricade arrested his progress. His men became discouraged, and made the best of their way back, losing more than a hundred in killed and wounded. The young Duke's retreat was intercepted by some of the rebel cavalry, but he cut his way through, and reached the main body of Feversham's army, which thereupon retreated to Bradford. Defoe asserts, that if Monmouth had followed up his advantage, he might have gained a complete victory; but he was absolutely without military capacity, and his advisers were even more ignorant than himself of the art of war.

The same night, through a storm of rain which drove from his ranks the less ardent spirits, Monmouth marched to Frome; but he found there no practical assistance, and perceiving the unfitness of his followers to cope with regular troops, and the ill prospect before him, he began to comprehend the madness of his adventure, and to count upon ultimate defeat. The thought of flight occurred to him, and was acceptable to some of his officers; but others opposed it strenuously, and at last he determined to abide by the faithful peasants who had risked every thing in devotion to his service.

A report reached him that the rustics of the West had risen in defence of the Protestant religion; he resolved to hasten back to Bridgewater, and strengthen himself by their support. After a weary and irregular march, which still further reduced his numbers, he re-entered the town on Thursday, July 2nd. But the reinforcement he found there was inconsiderable, and in his anxious mind he revolved various but equally unsatisfactory plans of future procedure. While he was thus hesitating, the royal forces came in sight, consisting of about 3300 infantry and 810 cavalry. Early on the morning of Sunday, the 5th of July, they left Somerton, and pitched their tents about three miles from Bridgewater, on the great open stretch of peat-land called King's Sedgmoor, which extends in a south easterly direction from Bridgewater to Somerton. The west side of this moor is bounded by the river Parrot, and its surface is irregularly broken up by high causeways and deep broad ditches called *rhines*. The names of the villages round about, compounded of 'zoy,' zee, or sea, indicate the maritime origin of the district. Feversham's cavalry were quartered in one of these, Western Zoyland; his infantry were under canvas, near that of Chidzoy; and in and around Middlezoy lay the Wiltshire militia, under Lord Pembroke.

The parish church of Bridgewater boasts, it is said, the tallest steeple in the county. On that memorable Sunday, Monmouth ascended it to reconnoitre the enemy's position. Looking down on the moor below, he recognised the companies of the famous Dumbarton's regiment; 'I know these men,' he said, 'they will fight. If I had but them, all would go well.' But he saw that the three divisions of the royal army were widely separated, and being informed that the men were intoxicating themselves with the crisp Zoyland cider, he conceived the idea of a night attack. Avoiding the direct road from Bridgewater to Western Zoyland, he proposed to

follow the eastern causeway, cross the North Moor and the Langmoor, and surprise the sleeping soldiery in their camps. This route lay out of the range of the royal artillery, but it traversed a difficult country, intersected by deep lanes and ditches. His guides, however, professed their ability to conduct the army in safety. It was known that they would have to pass the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine; but everybody seems to have been ignorant of the existence of the widest and deepest, the Bussex Rhine, which ran immediately in front of the royal camp.

The Black Ditch was passed without mishap, but at the Langmoor Rhine, the guide missed the causeway, and some delay and confusion occurred before he could correct his mistake. At length the army crossed, but in the tumult that prevailed, a pistol went off. The report was heard in the royal camp, an immediate alarm was given; the men hastily got into their ranks. There was no time to lose, for Monmouth was already putting his army into array. Lord Grey led the way with the horse, and Monmouth followed at the head of the infantry. Suddenly the great Bussex Rhine intercepted their progress. On the other side, the King's foot were rapidly forming in order of battle. 'For whom are you?' called out an officer of the foot guards. 'For the king,' replied a rebel voice. 'For which king?' A loud shout of 'King Monmouth,' was the answer, mingled with the old Puritan war-cry, 'God with us.'

'The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

'A few minutes after the Duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up, running

fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

'Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, saving only that they levelled their pieces too high.*

'But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Western Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear who had charge of the ammunition . . . Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons. The King's forces were now united and in good order. Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict in an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not long be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whose affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw

* 'Being inexperienced,' says an officer of the Royal Horse Guards, 'they fired too high, and did very little execution.'—Edited by Bishop Kennett, iii., 433.

that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.'

Though deserted by their leader, his foot made a gallant resistance, repulsing the royal cavalry with their scythes and the butt-ends of their muskets, for their ammunition was all spent. But the King's artillery came up, having been dragged on to the field by the Bishop of Winchester's coach horses, lent for the purpose, and before the fire of the heavy guns, the rebel ranks wavered and broke. Then came a charge of the King's cavalry, and the infantry passed over the rhine—all was over. Monmouth's unhappy followers fled in confusion, leaving more than a thousand dead upon the field. Of the royal troops about three hundred were killed and wounded.

'So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground.' Monmouth was soon afterwards captured in the New Forest, lying hidden in a ditch, with haggard face, and unkempt beard that had turned prematurely grey. He was executed on Tower Hill on Wednesday morning, July the 15th.

AUTHORITIES:—Lord Hardwicke, 'State Papers' (contains James II's account of the battle); Bishop Kennett; Eachard; Bishop Burnet, 'History of My Own Time'; Evelyn, 'Diary'; Sir John Reresby, 'Memoirs'; Roberts's 'Life of the Duke of Monmouth,' where a very full and interesting narrative of the battle, compiled from a variety of authentic sources, will be found; Macaulay, etc.

BOOK II—THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

CHAPTER I

WAR OF THE SUCCESSION

THE policy of aggrandisement which Louis XIV prosecuted with so much address and tenacity, met with a persistent opponent in Holland, for she knew that his success involved the ruin of her independence, and, under the sagacious leadership of William of Nassau, our William III, she presented an unyielding barrier to the restlessness of French ambition. We have seen that the long quarrel between France and Spain, which, during the thirty years' war, had proved so advantageous to Protestantism, had been terminated, in accordance with the Treaty of the Pyrenees, by the Marriage of Louis to Maria Theresa, the daughter of Philip IV, and the elder sister of Charles II, King of Spain. Out of this marriage, arose an unexpected danger to Europe. Towards the end of the century, it became known that Charles II would die childless, and that the succession to his vast dominions—to Spain, the Netherlands, the Duchy of Milan, and the Indies—would fall to his sister's children; by the ordinary rules of hereditary succession, to the eldest

son of the elder sister, in other words, to the young Dauphin of France; so that European statesmen found themselves face to face with the formidable contingency of the eventual inheritance by the King of France, of the empire of Spain, and the Indies. It was true that the Treaty of the Pyrenees, which had regulated the marriage of Louis with Maria Theresa, expressly barred the claim of the issue of the marriage to any of the possessions of the Spanish crown, and Louis had solemnly sworn to observe this condition. But both the oath and the treaty were nearly forty years old. As to the oath, Louis trusted to the church of Rome to relieve his conscience of any obligation respecting it. And as to the treaty, might he not reasonably contend that he had neither the right nor the power prospectively to withhold from his descendants whatsoever gifts and privileges Heaven might be pleased to confer upon them? On the other hand, the cooler and warier of French statesmen were in no hurry to embrace so vast an acquisition, with all the responsibilities it entailed. They perceived that the union of France and Spain might not easily be effected in the face of an European coalition; and, after prolonged discussion in the council-room, they persuaded Louis to be content with the 'outlying possessions' of Spain, which would amalgamate readily with the French system. The result was, the Partition Treaty, concluded at the Hague on the 11th of October, 1678, by the representatives of France, England, and Holland. This treaty gave to France an extension of frontier on the side of the Pyrenees, embracing the entire province of Guipuzcoa; to the Duke of Anjou, Naples and Sicily as a separate kingdom; to the Archduke Charles, the Milanese; and Spain, with its dependencies, to the Electoral Prince of Bavaria.

But Charles II did not die as was expected, while the young Prince did. Thus the Partition Treaty lost all its value, and the diplomatists were once more busy. How many despatches and protocols were drawn up, amended, and

set aside, it were fruitless to consider; but, eventually, a new Partition was proposed—happily ridiculed, we may note, in witty Dr Arbuthnot's 'History of John Bull.' The claimants to the great Spanish estate were two: the Dauphin's son, Philip of Anjou, and the Emperor's son, the Archduke Charles. The latter was supported by England and Holland; for since the English people, being in one of their lucid intervals, were disinclined for war, it was agreed that a larger bribe than before should be administered to France. She received, therefore, the Milanese as well as Guipuzcoa; while to the Archduke was allotted Spain; and to Philip of Anjou Naples and Sicily. In this division, however, the statesmen had taken no account of the patriotic feelings of the Spaniards, who naturally took umbrage at this dislocation of their great empire; and these found expression in the Will of King Charles, who, on his death, November 12th, 1700, left the whole of his mighty inheritance to Philip of Anjou. Louis, tearing up his treaties and flinging to the wind his pledges, sanctioned his grandson's acceptance of this magnificent legacy, triumphantly exclaiming: —*'Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!'* (There are no more Pyrenees.) And in audacious defiance of Europe he issued letters patent which preserved to Philip and his heirs the entire rights of their birth, and particularly the power of succeeding in their order to the throne of France, notwithstanding their elevation to that of Spain. Thus did he provide for the future union of the two kingdoms.

From his first appearance on the political stage William of Orange had been the resolute opponent of French aggression. His keen eye discerned the danger to the freedom and independence of Europe involved in these unscrupulous transactions; but he could offer no effectual resistance while England remained indifferent. The successes of the French King, however, had deprived him of prudence. He hastened to treat the incorporation of Spain in the French Monarchy as already accomplished, throwing French garri-

sons into the frontier or 'barrier fortresses' of the Spanish Netherlands; while his contempt of England was shown by his recognition, on the death of the exiled James at St Germain (September 16th, 1701,) of his son, Prince James Edward, as King of England. This insult roused the blood of the English people. We may understand the indignation of our forefathers by supposing to ourselves the tempest of wrath that would sweep through France if the British Government were suddenly minded to acknowledge an Orleanist or a Bonapartist prince as the French sovereign. The English Ambassador was immediately withdrawn from Paris; the French Ambassador was dismissed from London. Parliament was dissolved, and the country returned a new House of Commons, of whom the large majority were favourable to war. It occurred to William III that, after long waiting, his opportunity at length had come, and that he might yet prevail over the ambition of France. With patient and skilful diplomacy he laboured to cement the 'Grand Alliance' between England, Holland, and the Empire; the three Powers pledging themselves to prohibit the union of the crowns of France and Spain, and to prevent the acquisition by France of the Netherlands or the West Indies (June 7, 1701). All Europe then prepared for war, and never was a war undertaken with a clearer and more definite view of the objects for which it was waged than the so-called 'War of the Succession'; never, in our opinion, was a war undertaken for more conclusive reasons or with greater justice. The colossal military monarchy which the ambition of Louis XIV aspired to found, must have been a standing menace to the liberty of Europe and the existence of Protestantism, while its exclusive command over the trade of the world would have dealt a fatal blow at the maritime prosperity of England.

But while Europe was mustering its thousands and ten thousands of fighting men, the asthmatic hero whose ten-

acious resolution had called them forth, passed suddenly from the scene of strife. Disease, and the stress and strain of harassing duties and great anxieties, had worn out his feeble frame, though with an indomitable spirit he struggled hard against his physical weakness. 'You know,' he said to a friend, 'that I never feared death; there have been times when I should have wished it; but now that this great new prospect is opening before me, I do wish to stay here a little longer.' Alas, how many of us never get further than the Pisgah-summit of our hopes and ambitions! Riding in Hampton Court Park, he was thrown by his favourite horse Sorrel, and broke his collar-bone. The shock was too much for his shattered system, and on the evening of Sunday, the 8th of March, 1702, he died at Kensington Palace. But the work which he had done lived after him. In the words of Burke—'The master-workman died, but the work was formed on true mechanical principles, and it was as truly wrought.' His policy was accepted and continued by his successor, and on the 15th of May, war was simultaneously declared at London, Vienna, and the Hague.

Before his death, William III had selected Lord Marlborough to represent England both in war and diplomacy, having slowly recognised his consummate abilities as general and statesman. Though Marlborough had had as yet no opportunity of displaying them on a wide field, his contemporaries never hesitated to credit him with the possession of them. Five years before, the Prince of Vaudemont had said of him—'He has every quality of a general, he cannot fail to achieve something great,'—and William had observed that no officer living, who had seen so little service, was so fit for great commands. The prevalent conviction of his superiority led the Dutch Government to acquiesce in his appointment, which Queen Anne had confirmed, to the command-in-chief; though, according to an old but evil custom, they sent with him a certain number of

'field deputies'—civilian members of the administration—whose consent was necessary to every important movement. In Marlborough's earlier campaigns, this grotesque arrangement—which, by the way, was adopted by the French in the opening years of the Revolutionary War—proved, only too frequently, a hindrance and an embarrassment to him.

We have spoken of the Grand Alliance as comprehending three members—England, Holland, and the Empire. But by degrees the minor States were drawn into it—at all events, those with Protestant tendencies. Of the German electorates, Cologne and Bavaria sided with France, and Mayence and Trèves remained neutral; but Hanover and the Palatinate declared against her. So did Brandenburg, its Elector stipulating that thenceforth he should be acknowledged as King of Prussia. Louis, Mongrave of Baden, was also on this side; and in 1703, these confederated Powers were joined by Savoy (under King Victor Amadeus II), Portugal, and eventually by Denmark. To sum up, with the exception of Poland, and the two great Northern Powers, Sweden and Russia, all Christendom was engaged in the war, and the thunder of it rolled from the Elbe to the Tagus, from the Channel to the Danube. Speaking generally, the two hostile leagues were, as regards territory, wealth, and population, not unequally matched. France, Spain (including the Netherlands and a great part of Italy), and Bavaria, on the one side; England, Holland, the Empire, Hanover, and some minor States, on the other. As events progressed, France stood prominent as the head of one, and England as the head of the other coalition; the sharpest part of the contention was that in which they were involved; and thus was initiated that protracted and bitter rivalry which lasted down to our own time.

It was on the 2nd of July, 1702, that Marlborough set out from the Hague to take the command of the Allied forces. His primary object was to drive the French out of

the strong fortresses which they had seized in the Spanish Netherlands, in order that Holland might be relieved from the fear of invasion. On the 6th of July, he was at Nimeguen, on the Rhine, with 60,000 men, and then proceeded on his march up the Maas, keeping along the southern bank. The French, under Marshal Boufflers, were on the opposite bank; but as soon as Marlborough began to arrive, they crossed, and followed slowly in his track. The field-deputies prevented Marlborough from attacking them; and they, on their part, showed no inclination to give battle. In succession, however, he recovered the fortified towns of Venlo, Roermonde, Stevenswart, and Liege; so that the whole territory lying between Liege and the Rhine, with the Maas on one side, and the Meuse on the other, was swept clean of the enemy, and a valuable portion of the Dutch frontier relieved from the danger of attack.

It is worth while to consider here how the army was recruited which, under the command of the great Captain, accomplished such wonderful exploits, defeating on hard fought fields the best troops of France, led by the ablest and most experienced of French marshals. There was no little difficulty in filling up the attenuated battalions, which Parliament, in 1699, had reduced to a dangerously low standard; and not only was there a want of men, but of money also. England was a comparatively poor country, and its annual revenue scarcely equalled the present local taxation of one of our larger counties. In the spring of 1704, when Marlborough was preparing for the Blenheim campaign, he wrote to the Dutch Minister, that the public funds being inadequate to a vigorous prosecution of the war, the Queen had supplied additional means out of her privy purse; and he added that transports would speedily arrive in the Meuse with nearly a thousand recruits for the British infantry regiments. A thousand recruits—to fill up the tremendous gaps made in two arduous campaigns! And yet to get

together this small reinforcement had been a task of no small difficulty.—The army was not popular with the lower classes; and the recruiting sergeants, with all their ribbons and drums, their strong drink and stronger oaths, only picked up a few recruits here and there, and those of almost as indifferent a quality as Falstaff's ragged regiment. In his play of 'The Recruiting Officer,' Farquhar has preserved for us some lively pictures of the manner in which recruiting was undertaken in the days of 'good Queen Anne;' and Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite are portraits the vraisemblance of which no one has ever called in question. Here is a bit of dialogue between the two:—

KITE—Welcome to Shrewsbury, noble captain! from the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble captain, you're welcome.

PLUME—A very elegant reception indeed, Mr Kite. I find you are fairly entered into your recruiting strain—Pray, what success?

KITE—I've been here [the scene is laid in Shrewsbury] a week, and I've recruited five.

PLUME—Five! pray, what are they?

KITE—I have listed the strong man of Kent, the King of the Gipsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welsh parson.

PLUME—An attorney! Wert thou mad? List a lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him, this minute!

KITE—Why, sir?

PLUME—Because I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write can draw petitions—I say, this minute discharge him!

KITE—And what shall I do with the parson?

PLUME—Can he write?

KITE—Hum! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

PLUME—Keep him by all means.

[The Sergeant soon afterwards appears with a couple of yokels whom he has enlisted—Costar Pearmain and Thomas Appletree. All three are the worse for liquor. 'Hoy, boys!' says Kite; 'thus, we soldiers live, drink, sing, dance, play—we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes—why—why—you are a king—you are an emperor, and I'm a prince—now—ain't we?']

'No, Sergeant,' mumbles Thomas; 'I'll be no emperor.'

KITE—No!

THO.—I'll be a justice of peace.

KITE—A justice of peace, man!

THO.—Aye, wauns, will I; for, since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

KITE—Done; you are a justice of peace, and you (to Costar) are a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke, ain't I?

COST.—Aye, but I'll not be a king.

KITE.—What, then?

COST.—I'll be a queen.

KITE.—A queen!

COST.—Aye, of England, that's greater than any king of them all.

[Captain Plume enters, and enquires of his Sergeant, 'Who are these hearty lads?' Kite, turning to the two yokels, bids them take off their hats to the captain. They refuse. 'We have seen captains afore now, man,' says Thomas. 'Aye,' adds Costar, 'and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.' 'And I've scarcely doff mine,' says Thomas, 'for any captain in England. My orther's a freeholder.']

PLUME.—Who are those jolly lads, Sergeant?

KITE.—A couple of honest, brave fellows that are willing to serve the Queen. I have entertained them just now as volunteers under your honour's command.

PLUME.—And good entertainment they shall have; volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

COST.—Wounds, Tummas, what's this? Are you listed?

THO.—Flesh! not I; are you, Costar?

COST.—Wounds! not I.

KITE.—What! not listed? Ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i'faith!

COST.—Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

[An altercation follows between Kite and the two recruits, which Plume terminates by professing to take the part of the latter, and pretending to beat the Sergeant off the stage. He then addresses himself to the task of persuasion. 'Look'ee, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow; I came among you as an officer, to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper, to steal slaves.']

COST.—Mind that, Tummas.

PLUME.—I desire no man to go with me but as I went myself; I went a volunteer, as you, or you may do; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

THO.—Mind that, Costar. A sweet gentleman.

PLUME.—'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the King's money was in your pockets; my Sergeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing; you are, both of you, at your liberty.

COST.—Thank you, noble captain!—ecod! I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

THO.—Aye, Costar, would he always hold in this mind?

PLUME.—Come my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: You're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever; every man has his lot, and you have yours; what think you of a purse of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dashed out his brains with the butt-end of your firelock? eh?

COST.—Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

THO.—Nay, dear Costar, do'na be advised.

PLUME.—There, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do further for thee.

THO.—Do'na take it; do'na, dear Costar! (*Cries, and pulls back his arm*).

COST.—I wull—I wull—Waunds! my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

PLUME.—Give me thy hand, and now, you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your friend with you if you can. (*Aside*).

COST.—Well, Tummas, must we part?

THO.—No, Costar, I cannot leave thee—Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honest, simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

PLUME.—Here, my lad. (*Gives him money*). Now, your name!

THO.—Thomas Appletree.

PLUME.—And yours?

COST.—Costar Pearmain.

PLUME.—Well said, Costar! Born where?

THO.—Both in Herefordshire.

PLUME.—Very well. Courage, my lads! Now we'll—[*Sings*]

Over the hills and far away.

Courage, my boys—it is one to ten;

But we return all gentlemen:

While conquering colours we display,

Over the hills and far away.

[The dramatist next transports us to 'a court of justice,' and still further assists us in forming an idea of the material with which our generals had to win their victories. Justices Balance, Scale, and Scruple are seated on the Bench, with Captain Plume beside them. Sergeant Kite is in attendance, to pick up recruits among the offenders.]

JUSTICE SCRUP.—Now, produce your prisoners—there, that fellow there; set him up. Mr Constable, what have you to say against this man?

CONST.—I have nothing to say against him, an please you.

BAL.—No! What made you bring him hither?

CONST.—I don't know, an please your worship.

SCALE.—Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what men to take up?

CONST.—I can't tell, and please ye, I can't read.

SCRUP.—A very pretty constable, truly! I find we have no business here.

KITE.—May it please the worshipful Bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being the counsel for the King.

BAL.—Come, Sergeant, you shall be heard, since nobody else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

KITE.—This man is but one man: the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides, he's cut out by Nature for a grenadier; he's five feet ten inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the Cheshire round with any man in the country; he gets drunk every Sabbath day, and he beats his wife.

WIFE.—You lie, sirrah, you lie; an please your worship, he's the best natured pains-taking'st man in the parish—witness my five poor children.

SCRUP.—A wife and five children! You constable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and five children?

SCALE.—Discharge him, discharge him!

BAL.—Hold, gentlemen. Harkee, friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children?

PLUME.—They live upon wild fowl and venison, sir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five miles round.

BAL.—A gun! say, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't. He may be of use against the French, for he shoots flying, to be sure . . .

SCALE—There, you constable, the next. Set up that black-faced fellow; he has a gunpowder look; what can you say against this man, constable?

CONST.—Nothing, but that he's a very honest man.

PLUME—Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company, for the novelty's sake.

BAL.—What are you, friend?

MOB.—A collier; I work in the coal pits.

SCRUP.—Look'e, gentlemen, this fellow has a trade; and the act of parliament here expresses that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

KITE—May it please your worship, this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works under ground.

PLUME—Well said, Kite; besides, the army wants miners.

BAL.—Right; and had we an order of government for it, we could raise you, in this and the neighbouring county of Stafford, five hundred colliers, that would run you under ground, like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

SCRUP.—Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself?

MOB.—I'm married.

KITE—Lack-a-day! so am I.

MOB.—There's my wife, poor woman.

BAL.—Are you married, good woman?

WOM.—I'm married in conscience. . . .

BAL.—Who married you, mistress?

WOM.—My husband; we agreed that I should call him husband, and that he should call me wife, to shun going for a soldier.

SCRUP.—A very pretty couple! Pray, Captain, will you take them both?

PLUME—What say you, Mr Kite? Will you take care of the woman?

KITE—Yes, sir; she shall go with us to the seaside, and then, if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care nobody shall hinder her.

[Kite afterwards distributes 'the levy-money,' while Captain Plume reads the articles of war. And, finally, the constable, having been proved a rogue for suffering some impressed men to escape, is put into the sergeant's hands, with the understanding that he would be carried to Flanders, if his friends did not bring 'four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night.']

The difficulty experienced in filling up the ranks led to the introduction into Parliament, in 1704, of a bill to provide for a forced levy from each parish; but this attempt at a general conscription was rejected as unconstitutional. The legislature passed, however, a measure (2 & 3 Anne v. 18,) by which justices of the peace, and mayors or other head officers of boroughs, were empowered 'to raise and levy such able-bodied men as have not any lawful calling or employment, or visible means for their maintenance and livelihood, to serve as soldiers.' The

constables were to receive ten shillings per head for such as they brought before the justices, and the justices were to hand them over to the Queen's officer, who was to present each of these cankers of a calm world with twenty shillings, and then send them to the wars, to 'fill a pit as well as better.' The statute was renewed in 1705, and some of the abuses to which it gave rise Farquhar, as we have seen, severely satirised. There are numerous allusions in contemporary writers to the corruption and oppression of which it was the fertile source. All that can be said is that the men whom it sent into the ranks, however infamous their moral character, or however dense their ignorance, showed themselves to possess the fighting qualities of the race, and that faulty as was our recruiting system in the reign of Queen Anne, it was very little better in the reign of Queen Victoria, until within the last few years. We had always preferred to raise our army among the dregs of the population, and to content ourselves with such recruits as the recruiting sergeant's wiles can entrap, rather than to enlist men of a better class and a higher manhood by offering them the honourable inducements of promotion, distinction, and a sufficient livelihood. Of late we have proceeded on wiser and juster principles, and unquestionably with promising results; so that there is no reason to fear that the authorities will be induced to relapse into the old, bad, and indefensible policy.

That, forty years after the Battle of Blenheim, the morale of the English private had not greatly improved, we may infer from the degraded attitude in which he is represented by Hogarth in his 'March to Finchley,' a picture which almost justifies George II's dislike of it, and the influence of which on the public mind can hardly have been salutary.

The successful campaign of 1703 kept alive the military spirit in England; while in France it was keenly felt as a great and unexpected humiliation. The loss of the barrier

fortresses was more significant and even more serious than a defeat in the open field; and the humiliation was all the more intolerable to a proud people long accustomed to victory, because it was inflicted by those whom the wits of France had ridiculed as amphibious boors, in alliance with 'the islanders,' who for generations had not set an army in the field on the Continent, and had recently done nothing worthy of note, it was said, except to depose and banish their lawful king.

On the 3rd of November Marlborough quitted Maestricht, leaving in it a Dutch garrison, and, accompanied by the Dutch field-deputies, dropped down the Meuse with an escort of only twenty-five soldiers. Below Venlo, the boat was surprised by a company of French marauders, who had made an incursion from Guelder, and the tow-rope being cut, they leaped on board, and overpowered the guard. The Dutch commissioners were provided with French passes; but Marlborough had thought it beneath his dignity to solicit one. He was saved from capture, however, by a quick-witted servant, who slipped into his hand an old passport that had once belonged to his brother, General Churchill. The cool composure with which he presented it disarmed all suspicion; the plunderers, inspecting it carelessly, did not observe that its date had expired; and, retaining the escort as prisoners, they suffered Marlborough and his companions to proceed. A rumour of his supposed capture had got abroad, and the Dutch, who, with true popular instinct, had detected his fine qualities, were greatly discouraged; loud was the rejoicing therefore when he reached the Hague in safety.

On his return to London he received an address of thanks from both Houses of Parliament, and the Queen created him Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough. It can hardly be pretended by his warmest admirers that his services as yet had merited this elevation to the highest rank an English subject can enjoy; but prob-

ably the chief object of the Government was to strengthen and sustain his authority in an army where princes and personages of royal blood were acting as his subordinates.

We may venture here on a brief estimate of his character.

And, first, it is to be observed that his genius slowly came to maturity. Though much was predicted of coming fortune to Turenne's 'handsome Englishman,' no one at that time could have anticipated that he would develop into one of the most consummate captains the world had ever seen. This late maturity was owing, perhaps, to his want of a complete education. He had to acquire his knowledge by observation and experience, which, though safe and sure teachers, are necessarily slow. By common consent he stands in the fore front of men who have shown a supreme capacity for war; by the side of Cæsar and Hannibal, Wellington and Napoleon. Each of them had his distinctive qualities—probably the most eminent virtue of Marlborough was his patience. It was a favourite maxim of his that 'Patience will overcome all things,' and he acted upon it. Whether watching the operations of the enemy, or the disclosure of some political intrigue; whether he was debating with his fellow ministers at home, or with the Dutch field-dignities or foreign princes and cabinets abroad, that serene patience of his was never exhausted, could not be worn out. He knew that the gods smile on those who can wait; and having once laid down the plan of a campaign, and fixed the objective at which he intended to strike, thenceforward he was above all discouragement, and unaffected by misadventure. He moved onward steadily but irresistibly; always advancing, always gaining ground. His fertility of resource was so great that he did not manifest—because he did not feel—any irritation at the failure of a portion of his scheme; he set to work immediately to substitute some better design. No general ever undertook more daring enterprises, and no general was ever

more successful in consummating them; because he carefully calculated beforehand the means at his disposal, and how they might best be utilised.

Next to his patience we should dwell on his equability of temper, which was the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. It can be said of few men that they never lose their self control; yet it may and must be said of Marlborough. He was sorely tried by the impatience of his colleagues; he was the frequent victim of the most atrocious calumnies; in the later years of the war he was impeded and thwarted by the unjust action of the Home Government; but his majestic serenity was never disturbed. Success did not elate him; adversity did not depress him. He was always master of himself; his passions, his emotions were under strict control. With impartial judgment he weighed the advantages and disadvantages of a movement before entering into it; and this as precisely and as calmly as if it were simply a mathematical problem. In war the crown of laurel is reserved for him who makes the fewest mistakes himself, and most promptly profits by the mistakes of others. But on the part of this master of the military science errors of omission or commission are not recorded; while it is certain that if an adversary ever made a mistake in his presence or within his range of action, he met with immediate chastisement.

Voltaire said of him, in a passage which has often been quoted, that he never besieged a fortress which he did not capture, never fought a battle which he did not win, and never engaged in a negotiation which he did not bring to a successful issue. There is no exaggeration in this eulogium; yet its full significance, as Earl Stanhope remarks, can hardly be understood till we have considered how few are the generals to whom similar praise can be given. Not to the Black Prince or Turenne; not to Condé or Prince Eugene; not even to Wellington, when we remember the siege of Burgos; nor to Napoleon, even had he died before

the Battle of Leipzig, when we recall the disasters at Acre and Eylau.

It cannot, of course, be denied that his handsome person and charm of address were attributes of no little importance in the difficult position which he filled so splendidly. He was possessed of the finest manners imaginable; he could be deferential to a superior in rank without forfeiting his own dignity; to an inferior he was so gracious that the difference of rank was temporarily forgotten. He was equally at home in the court, the council, and the cabinet; and wherever he moved or sat he was the observed of all observers, the chief, the leader, and the supreme gentleman. We hear of no ungracious act of his, of no petulant speech; he moved among men with stately ease, and everything discordant and unbecoming seemed to vanish before his presence. His courage was of the highest order, because it partook of the equability and composure of his temper. He did not rush into danger, but when necessary he did not shun it, and when in it bore himself with unaffected indifference. He was as calm under the hottest fire as in a levée at court; and on the most fiercely-fought battle-field wore the air of being on a parade. 'Without fear of danger,' it is said of him, 'or in the least hurry, he gave his orders with all the coolness imaginable.'

As he sinned, except in his 'green and sallet days,' neither in the matter of wine nor women, his enemies were hard put to it to fix upon some mean vice that should degrade him to the level of lower men. They accused him, at last, of avarice. There was much ingenuity in the accusation; to us English, a thriftless and freehanded people, this vice has ever been more abhorrent than others of really greater heinousness. Yet all that can fairly be alleged against Marlborough is, that he took care of his money. The charges that he was unscrupulous in acquiring it will not bear unprejudiced examination. Like many men who in their earlier years have borne the burden of

poverty, he was economical in his ways and kept out of debt. Modern writers, when reproaching him for his avarice, bring forward little evidence in support of the reproach, except an old anecdote of Lord Peterborough, who, in the time of the great Duke's unpopularity, being mistaken for him and exposed to the risk of ill-treatment, diverted the crowd with a sorry jest:—'I will easily convince you that I am not my Lord Marlborough. In the first place, I have only two guineas about me; and in the second, they are very much at your service.' But the sarcasm of this sharp-tongued and sharp-tempered nobleman, who was half-mad with jealousy and arrogant self-conceit, can hardly be accepted as historical testimony. To such a man, Marlborough's prudence would not be less offensive than Marlborough's success.

That he was not a perfect man his biographer must needs admit, but, in making the admission, he will use the words of the brilliant Bolingbroke: 'I take with pleasure this opportunity of doing justice to that great man, whose faults I knew, whose virtues I admired; and whose memory, as the greatest general and as the greatest minister that our country, or perhaps any other, has produced, I honour.'

The campaign of 1703 was comparatively uneventful. On the 26th of May, Bonn was invested and taken, and afterwards Huy, on the Maas; but when the Duke proposed to attack Antwerp and recover French Flanders, he met with the opposition of the Dutch deputies. At the beginning of winter, he returned to England. So far the war had not gone well with the Allies; for while in Flanders little progress had been made, in Germany the Imperialists had been defeated by Marshal Tallard, and in Bavaria, by Marshal Villars. France probably never put better armies into the field, or produced more skilful commanders, than at this period of her history; and a long series of victories had inspired them with confidence in themselves and their fortunes. Louis himself was no mean strategist, and his

plan of action was well conceived and vigorously carried out. In 1704, he resolved on a great effort to break up the coalition which had been formed against him. He gave orders to his army in the Netherlands to act strictly on the defensive, and then finding in Bavaria a *point d'appui*, he prepared to strike at the heart of the empire with a mass of his best troops, while harassing it in the rear with an Hungarian insurrection. The capture of Vienna would compel the dissolution of the Grand Alliance. To execute this brilliant project, he had already a large army in Bavaria, under Marshal Marsin; and it would be necessary to reinforce it with another considerable body, which would have to cross the Rhine and traverse the Black Forest. The junction once completed, they would form an irresistible host, and Louis would be able to dictate his own terms. Thus, a war of sieges, as Alison says, was to be turned into one of tactics, and 1704 promised the triumphs which were realised on the same ground, and by following the same plan, by Napoleon in 1805. Louis was justified in counting upon complete success; and this success was prevented only by the genius and energy of Marlborough, who with profound military insight, saw into the secret of the French King's preparations, carefully as they were masked, and nullified them by a counter-movement of the most splendid audacity.

His design was to leave behind him Flanders and its fortunes, to cross the watershed of Europe, and, descending into the Danube valley, to fall upon the French in Bavaria before the intended junction could be effected. By this means, Vienna would be saved, and the Elector of Bavaria righteously punished for his desertion of the Empire. If secrecy were necessary for Louis XIV, it was indispensable for Marlborough, who had to conceal his plans not only from the enemy, but from the Dutch Government, who might be expected to oppose the transference of their army from the Maas to the Danube. He paid a visit to England,

where he obtained a reinforcement of 10,000 troops, and, returning to the Hague, obtained the consent of the States to an advance to the Moselle. On the 5th of May, therefore, the troops began to march out of the garrisons. On the 10th Marlborough had reached Roermonde, and he then felt at liberty to write to Mr Stepney, the English ambassador, and inform him of 'my resolution of marching with the English, some of our auxiliaries, and what other troops can with safety be spared, up to the Danube; but as I have not yet made any declaration to the States of my design of going so far, and as it behoves us to have particular management for them, I must not only desire your secrecy, but pray you will intimate the same thing to his Majesty the Emperor.' On the 10th he broached his plan to Henry St John (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke), Prince Eugene and Heinsius, the Dutch statesman, who had already been privately informed of it. Otherwise he maintained the most absolute reticence. 'Under the blind,' says Bishop Burnet, 'of the project of carrying the war to the Moselle, everything was prepared that was necessary for executing the true design.'

The States, greatly alarmed by Villeroy's passage of the Meuse at Namur, sent a pressing message to the great captain to halt. On the other hand, the Margrave of Baden was disconcerted by Tallard's movements, and solicited his assistance. He soothed them with those courteous and smooth phrases which he had always at his command, and steadily pursued his march. The French were lost in surprise: whither was he going? what was his object? Villeroy, who had received orders to observe him with vigilance, lost sight of him completely, and learned where he really was only when the news reached him of his first victory.

From the castled heights of Ehrenbreitstein, the 'Broad Stone of Honour,' Marlborough saw his cavalry—some ninety squadrons—cross the Rhine; and in a day or two his infantry followed. His artillery and stores, and his

sick, were embarked on board transports at Coblenz; and the army then moved along the vine-clad river bank, marching in the cool dawns and the still twilights of early summer. 'The Rhine was a great refreshment to the soldiers,' says Cunningham; and no doubt its leafy groves and verdurous hills were as welcome a change from the dull levels and poplar bordered canals of Holland, as was the fresh and pungent Rheinwein of its village inns, from the fiery schnapps of the Dutch 'lust hauses.' 'When the confederates,' says Cunningham, 'had drawn up their ships beyond Andernach, the Mouse Tower, Bingen, and Bacharach, there opened to them on the left hand a large plain, whereon the whole army was seen to march at once, making a glorious sight in their arms and new clothes.' At Cassel, the Elector reviewed them; and, looking upon the English officers, radiant in gold and scarlet, he exclaimed: 'These gentlemen seem to be all dressed for the ball.' That they could lead the enemy a dance they afterwards conclusively demonstrated!

On the 2nd of June, Marlborough passed the Neckar at Ladenburg, and halted for two days, to allow time for the allied troops, Dutch, Luxemburgians, Hessians, and Danes, to come up by their different routes. At Hippach, on the 10th, he met Prince Eugene of Savoy, and there initiated that cordial friendship and full confidence which has linked together in history the names of the two generals. There, too, he met with a less agreeable colleague in Louis, Margrave of Baden—a brave, rough, and experienced soldier, who, having been bred in the cautious school of Montecuculi, with its formal marches and counter-marches, was alarmed at Marlborough's bold and original mode of making war. His princely rank enabled him to claim the chief command; but this, the Duke as generalissimo of the British and Dutch forces, refused to surrender. He consented, after some debate, to a singular arrangement, by which he and the Margrave should command on alternate

days, while it was settled that Prince Eugene, with 30,000 Imperialists, should move westward across the Rhine, to intercept Tallard and guard Marlborough's communications.

BATTLE OF SCHELLENBERG, *July 2nd, 1704.*

On the 15th of June the Allies encamped at Giengen, or Gieslingen, a village situated among the wooded heights that overlook the Danube. Thence, unopposed, they descended into the valley, and thus successfully accomplished the great Duke's brilliant tactic by interposing between Vienna and the French army. To obtain command of the Danube, however, it was necessary to secure Donauwörth, a fortified town, advantageously placed at the confluence of the Danube and the Wörnitz. In its rear rises the hill of the Schellenberg, a branch, or spur, of the mountain ridge which here crosses the wooded Danubian plain. Marlborough perceived that it was already covered with formidable defences, though they were as yet incomplete, and that it was occupied by a strong detachment of French and Bavarians under Count Darcos, who were busily employed in converting it into an entrenched camp. He resolved on an immediate attack. It was his day of command (July 2nd), and with 6000 foot, English and Dutch, thirty squadrons, and three regiments of Imperial cuirassiers, he crossed the river. It was six o'clock when the affair began, and the men had marched some fourteen or fifteen miles. But they advanced gaily to the assault, the foot in four lines, the horsemen in two, and in the teeth of a terrible artillery fire ascended the rugged acclivity. They carried fascines to fill up the trenches, but by mistake flung them down into the hollow way in front of the works, and the enemy rushed from their entrenchments to charge a disordered host, who had lost most of their commanding officers. But then, as so often since, the English Guards staunchly stood their ground,

and rolled back the Gallo-Bavarian battle. Another attack and another repulse. Four times was the contest renewed, but, at length, the Margrave of Baden having carried the works on the right, where the defence was feeblest, our troops broke through the enemy, carried the lines, and with a terrible slaughter, drove the routed soldiery back upon the Danube, where, following the example of their generals, Count Darcos and the Elector himself, they tried to save themselves by swimming. Out of a garrison of 12,000 or 13,000, only some 3000 rejoined the Elector's standard. But the Allied loss was upwards of 5000 killed and wounded. Fourteen English infantry regiments and seven of cavalry were engaged, and they had no fewer than twenty-nine officers killed and eighty-six wounded. The Bavarians hastily retired from Donauwörth, which the Allies entered; and it was reported that the Elector had proposed to welcome them by burning them in their beds—the cellars of the houses, when taken possession of, being found stuffed with straw. Five days afterwards a great *Te Deum* was sung in Prince Louis's army, and a solemn day of thanksgiving celebrated by the British.

Daunted by this unexpected blow, the Elector of Bavaria showed a desire to open negotiations; but, ascertaining that Marshal Tallard had slipped past Prince Eugene, and, with 50,000 men, was swiftly advancing to his support, he renewed his hostile attitude, and, falling back upon the Lech, encamped under the guns of Augsburg. Marlborough determined to punish him for his loyalty to his ally. 'We are now going,' he writes, 'to burn and destroy the Elector's country, to oblige him to hearken to terms,' and on the 31st of July, 3000 horse were sent out 'to begin in the neighbourhood of Munich.' Next day, another detachment in a different direction. On this, the 'seamy side' of war, the Muse of History is careful not to dwell; eloquent upon victorious battlefields and sieges, on marches and counter-marches, she has little to say of 'burning

farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder.' But Marlborough knew on what kind of work he had sent his troopers; and declared to his Duchess that 'it is so contrary to my nature, that nothing but absolute necessity would have obliged me to consent to it, for these poor people suffer for their master's ambition. There having been no war in this country for about sixty years, these towns and villages are so clean that you would be pleased with them.' In his day, I suppose, such deeds were not, as they ought to have been, denounced as crimes. Even Mr Addison, in his complimentary poem, refers to them only with a kind of languid compassion, and represents both general and soldier as acting under compulsion:—

'The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
To see his just commands so well obeyed.'

On the 4th of August, hearing nothing more of Tallard's army, Marlborough despatched a force, under the Margrave Louis, to lay siege to Ingolstadt, while he remained encamped at Friedberg. But, in the meantime, Tallard had joined the Elector at Biberach, and on the 9th Prince Eugene rode into the English camp, to announce that the Franco-Bavarian army had advanced from Biberach towards Laningen, with the view, it was supposed, of passing the Danube. It was settled that the Prince should immediately be reinforced, and that the whole army should advance nearer the river, in order to join him. Tallard and the Elector crossed the Danube on the 10th, and rested at Dettingen. On that same day Marlborough was encamped at Schonefeldt. For the Allies the position was not without danger; had Tallard attacked either army before they could effect a junction, he must, with his superiority of numbers, have gained a victory.

Eugene had with him 20,000 men, composed of Imperialists, Danes, and Prussians; Marlborough, 36,000 men, English, Dutch, Hessians, Hanoverians, and Danes; but the Franco-Bavarian force consisted of 60,000 men. But on the 11th, Marlborough, breaking up from Schonefeldt, made a rapid march, crossing the Lech at Rain, and the Danube at Donauwörth, and united with Eugene.

BATTLE OF BLenheim, August 16, 1704

Having resolved to advance and encamp at Hochstadt, the two generals went out early on the morning of Tuesday, the 12th, to view the ground, and, finding it already occupied by the enemy, resolved to attack him. They then ascended the steeple of the church at Dapfheim, whence they could see the enemy marking out a camp upon a hill where their cavalry were stationed, and the infantry in full march towards it. The Allies were encamped to the north-west of the river Kessel; the French and Bavarians, beyond the river Nebel, in the broadest part of the valley of the Danube, their right resting upon the great river to which the Kessel and the Nebel are tributaries. The distance between the Kessel and the Nebel measures nearly five miles, with the leafy heights of the Schellenberg closing in the valley, until it debouches upon the fair and fertile plain of Blenheim.

At three o'clock in the morning on the 13th of August, the army of Eugene, filing by the right in four columns, and the army of Marlborough, also in four columns, crossed the Kessel on bridges constructed the day before. Two brigades, which had been thrown forward to Dapfheim on the previous evening, formed a ninth column. Largely reinforced, this column, under gallant Lord Cutts, nicknamed the 'Salamander,' from his indifference to fire,

marched along the Danube, on the extreme left, with orders to attack the village of Blenheim. Marlborough and Eugene, with the advanced guard, were close enough, by seven o'clock, to observe the position of the Franco-Bavarian army. Their right was posted near the village of Blenheim, where Marshal Tallard had his head-quarters; their line extending about four miles in front of Lutzingen, and up to a woody hill on the left, round the base of which, to oppose Prince Eugene, were distributed forty squadrons. Here was a village, which Tallard had burned, the wood affording a better shelter than any village. In front of these two villages, and of the French lines, ran the small stream of the Nebel, through marshy ground—which, however, was mostly dried up by the summer heat—and breaking into three or four ramifications on the Allied right. Apparently expecting that Blenheim and Lutzingen would be the chief points of attack, Tallard had strengthened them with great care. Into Blenheim, which was strongly palisaded and entrenched, he threw twenty-six battalions of infantry and twelve squadrons of cavalry, but they were 'so pent up and crowded that they had not room to make use of their arms.' At Lutzingen, Marshal Marsin and the Elector of Bavaria were posted with twenty-two battalions and thirty-six squadrons. The centre was occupied by fourteen battalions, including the famous Irish Brigade, and rested upon the hamlet of Oberglau. Thence, to Blenheim, extended eighty squadrons of cavalry in two lines, and seven battalions of foot. Ninety guns were disposed along the front, which, strong at each extremity, was unaccountably weak in its centre; though, if that centre should once be broken through, it would become possible for the victors to wheel round on the right wing, and drive it into the Danube, which, at that point, was not fordable, even for horsemen.

The strength of the two hostile armies may here be enumerated:—*

A.—THE ALLIES

I.—Right Wing, under Prince Eugene

	Battalions of Foot	Squadrons of Horse	Total
Prussians	11	15	
Danes	7	..	
Austrians	..	24	
Imperialists	..	35	
	18	74	20,000

II.—Centre and Left Wing, under Duke of Marlborough

	Battalions of Foot	Squadrons of Horse	Total
English	14	14	
Dutch	14	22	
Hessians	7	7	
Hanoverians	13	25	
Danes	..	22	
	48	90	36,000

Total: 66 Battalions and 164 Squadrons; or 56,000 men.
Guns, 52

B.—THE FRENCH AND BAVARIANS

I.—Left Wing, under Marshal Marsin

	Battalions of Foot	Squadrons of Horse	Total
French	29	50	18,000
Bavarians	13	37	12,000
	42	87	30,000

* From Kausler

II.—Centre and Right Wing, under Marshal Tallard

	Battalions of Foot	Squadrons of Horse	Total
French	42	60	30,000

Total: 84 Battalions and 147 Squadrons; or 60,000 men.
Guns, 90.

The French had other advantages, besides that of numerical superiority. The homogeneity of their troops, for, at least, four-fifths were of the same nation, spoke the same language, were animated by the same feelings, subjected to the same discipline, and accustomed to act together. They had, moreover, that confidence in themselves, that contempt of their enemy, which comes from the habit of victory. The Allies, on the other hand, were 'a strange medley,' like Hannibal's force at Cannæ, or Wellington's at Waterloo, composed of the troops of many nations, speaking different languages, trained in different systems, and commanded by a general, who, to the majority, was a foreigner. Englishmen, Austrians, Danes, Wurtembergers, Dutchmen, Hanoverians, and Hessians, were blended in such nearly equal proportions, that the army of no one state could be entitled by its numerical preponderance to the precedence. They had had no long career of success to inspire them with that fervent hope which is its own realisation. But the genius of Marlborough succeeded in fusing these various elements into a compact and concordant mass, and if the Allies had less reliance on themselves than the French exhibited, they placed a higher and deeper trust in their leader. Their belief in 'Corporal John,' as they called him, was complete. As for the general composition of the Allied army, it was personally distinguished by its courage and discipline, but its backbone was the English contingent—the 'thin red line'—which had already come to the front by right of its superior steadiness, resolution, and interpidity. We shall see that Marlborough regarded

it as the steel head of the lance, and employed it always when critical work was to be done.

The Duke did not fail to appreciate the formidableness of the French position, and to some of his officers, who commented upon it, he remarked,—'I know the danger, yet a battle is absolutely necessary; I rely on the bravery and discipline of my troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages.' Part of the night he spent in prayer, and towards morning received Holy Communion at the hands of Mr Stair, his chaplain and future biographer. Early next morning, Divine service was celebrated at the head of each regiment—a circumstance to which Macaulay refers with his usual picturesqueness of style:—'The English chaplains read the service at the head of the English regiments. The Calvinistic chaplains of the Dutch army, with heads on which the hand of Bishop had never been laid, poured forth their supplications in front of their countrymen. In the meantime, the Danes might listen to their Lutheran Ministers, and Capuchins might encourage the Austrian squadrons, and pray to the Virgin for a blessing on the arms of the Holy Roman Empire. The battle commences, and these men of various religions, all act like members of one body.'

After prayers, Marlborough indicated to the surgeons the positions most convenient for attending to the wounded, and then rode forward to inspect his array. As he passed along the front, a ball from a French battery struck the ground beneath his horse, and covered him with earth. A feeling of alarm thrilled through all the troops who saw the incident, but Marlborough's serenity remained undisturbed. Having completed his inspection, he sat down to breakfast with his principal officers. Then, soon after noon, he received intelligence from Prince Eugene, whose division had been delayed by the rough country and the numerous watercourses in their path, that he was ready.

'Now gentlemen, to your posts!' cried the Duke, as he rose and mounted his horse.

The fighting began immediately, 'Salamander' Cutts leading his column of infantry, with pike and bayonet, against the French at Blenheim, while the cavalry, led by Marlborough in person, prepared to charge the French centre, and Prince Eugene engaged the Bavarians under Marsin and the Elector. Descending to the beach of the Nebel, Lord Cutts, under a heavy fire of grape, took possession of the water-mills, and then moved on against the palisaded village, receiving when within thirty paces, the first volley of musketry. Many of his best men fell. Still the advance continued. General Rowe, who commanded the first brigade, stuck his sword into the palisades before he would give the word to fire. Soon the contest grew incredibly severe, and the slaughter became terrible, though chiefly on the side of the Allies,—one third of the troops in their front line being either killed or wounded. Down went the gallant Rowe; and in endeavouring to remove his body from the heap of slain, his lieutenant-colonel and major shared the same fate.

The assailants, unable to force their way by the bayonet, and unwilling to retreat, grappled the timbers with strenuous hands, and attempted, but in vain, to break them down. At length, when compelled by sheer stress of numbers to retire, some squadrons of *gens d'armes* charged them in flank, throwing them into disorder, and seizing their colours, which, however, were almost immediately recovered by a body of Hessians. A reinforcement of cavalry was then brought across the Nebel, and effected a successful charge;* but the French, with increased activity, poured in so destructive a fire from their enclosures at Blenheim, that the Allies, after a terrible loss, withdrew towards their lines. And Marlborough, perceiving that the village was

* The reader will recollect that it was in this charge Thackeray's hero, Harry Esmond, was wounded.

too strongly garrisoned to be carried by a front assault, ordered Lord Cutts to keep up a feigned attack, 'by firing in platoons over the crest of the rising ground,' until he had broken through the enemy's centre.

The passage of the Nebel and the morass was not accomplished without difficulty. As the horses struggled through the mud and mire, or across the fascines and bridges hastily made of planks, the French brought a part of their artillery to bear upon them and enfilade the crowded columns. After a while, however, the troops, under the immediate direction of General Lumley, were formed in two lines on the further side of the morass. At this time the news came that the Danish and Prussian cavalry were being sorely harassed by Marshal Marsin's right wing, bearing down from Oberglau; that the two foremost of their battalions had been nearly cut to pieces, and their chief, the Prince of Holstein, mortally wounded. Marlborough galloped at once to the scene of disaster. He passed the village of Anterglau, which the French had set on fire, and led the brigade of Bernsdorf against the enemy. He also rallied some of the wavering Imperial cavalry, and having driven back the French, and re-established his direct communication with Prince Eugene's divisions, rode back to the centre.

It was then about five in the afternoon; but before we detail the closing stages of the battle, we must trace the fortunes of the Allied right. Prince Eugene crossed the Nebel, opposite Lutzingen. His infantry suffered much from a hostile battery placed in front of that village; but the Prussian battalions, hurling themselves upon it, carried it, after a desperate encounter. The Imperialist horse then rode right against the cavalry of Bavaria, and broke the first line. Dashing upon the second, they in their turn were scattered and disordered, and gladly took refuge beyond the Nebel, and on the slopes of the wooded Eichberg. The Bavarian troopers pursued their advantage, spurred into the serried ranks of the Prussian infantry, recaptured the battery,

and drove its captors into flight. But at a distance of two hundred paces these intrepid men of Prussia rallied, nor did they again retire until compelled by the advance of ever-increasing numbers. Prince Eugene once more led his cavalry to the charge. Again they were beaten back. Reinforced by a Dutch brigade, Eugene moved for a third time against the foe. But this assault was feeble; the men were discouraged by their double repulse and by the gaps in their ranks, their line was speedily broken, and again they retreated beyond the Nebel. Leaving the Electoral Prince of Hanover (afterwards George II) and the Duke of Wurtemberg to rally the horse, Prince Eugene galloped off to put himself at the head of his infantry, which had also advanced with the cavalry. That well-disciplined body of veterans, encouraged by the presence of their chief, stood their ground with admirable tenacity, in spite of all the desperate efforts of a desperate foe. Eugene himself was in imminent danger of being shot by a Bavarian dragoon, who was cut down while deliberately taking aim at him within a few paces. But the wall-like steadiness of the Prussians, who, on this occasion, gave tokens of what they were to become under the great Frederick, prevented a total defeat in this quarter. Immovable, they stood their ground amidst the thundering charges of horse, the front rank kneeling, and the rear maintaining a ceaseless rolling fire, until at length the enemy wearied with prolonged exertions drew off, leaving the ground covered with their wounded, dead, and dying.

It was at this time that Marlborough, by one grand movement, decided the fortune of the battle. Eight thousand sabres were arranged in two strong lines facing the enemy, and supported in the rear, though chiefly to the left, by battalions of infantry, with intervals between them, so as to admit of the retreat of repulsed or broken squadrons. Tallard at the same time disposed nine battalions of infantry among his cavalry, between Blenheim

and Oberglaue, to sustain his feeble centre; but Marlborough brought up three Hessian battalions and several pieces of artillery to hold them in check. The sunset gleaming redly on their shining cuirasses, Marlborough's horsemen then thundered up the rising ground, and charged the enemy's masses, with a shock of such severity that they recoiled some sixty paces. The great guns renewed their awful volleys—there was a blare of trumpets—and the horsemen fell upon their adversaries with a vigour that would not be denied. The French cavalry, in truth, were by no means inflexible in their opposition. 'They did very ill,' wrote Tallard in his official report . . . 'and, firing off their carbines aimlessly, they turned their horses' heads and rode for their lives.' The infantry, left unprotected, were overwhelmed by a final charge of the Allies, and the battle was won. From right to left the French line was broken up; on one side the fugitives seeking safety in Höchstädt, on the other attempting to swim the Danube, and perishing by tens and hundreds in its deep, swift waters. Tallard, with his son and his chief officers, spurred in hot haste into the valley of Sonderheim, but was surrounded by a regiment of Hessians and taken prisoner. His son was killed at his side.

But the village of Blenheim, with its 12,000 soldiers, had still to be disposed of. The Marquis de Clerambault, who held command of this important post, had received no orders from Tallard. Late in the day he mysteriously disappeared. It has been supposed that he had crept out of the village to seek instructions from his superior, but getting involved in the wild stampede of fugitives from the main army, was swept into the Danube and drowned. Or it may be that he was drowned with some of his comrades in attempting to escape across the river. Others, who sought to break through in the direction of Höchstädt, were checked by the Scots Greys under their colonel, Lord John Hay. 'It is full of interest,' says Lord Stanhope, 'to find that gallant regiment bear a conspicuous part in

the Battle of Blenheim as a hundred and eleven years later it did in the Battle of Waterloo, when it drew from Napoleon the half-angry, half-admiring exclamation: '*Ces terribles chevaux gris !*'

Though surrounded by the Allied army, with not only their own guns, but those which they had captured, the garrison persisted in their defence, and justified Tallard's eulogium of them as 'the best troops of France.' It was a period of grim suspense for the assailants as well as the assailed, for the solemn question had to be decided, was the victor, according to the hard laws of a soldier's duty, to do the worst he could against the enemy, if that enemy continued obstinate? The troops in the village were packed so closely that they were glad to overflow even into the narrow area of the churchyard. Must the victor then shatter the village into ruin, beneath which should perish its eleven thousand gallant defenders? Fortunately, the French at last surrendered, perceiving the futility of further resistance; but one regiment (that of Navarre) in their despair, burnt their colours and buried their arms, to prevent such honourable trophies from falling into the hands of their victors.

In this great battle, the Allies lost 4500 killed, and 7500 wounded. As to the dead on the other side, the full record was never known. Hundreds were drowned in the Danube. The prisoners numbered between 13,000 and 14,000, and the enemy lost their tents and baggage, forty-seven guns, twenty-five standards, and ninety colours. Marsin led away the weakened regiments of the proud army of France in the direction of the Rhine,—the splendid host of 60,000 veterans, full of pride and exultation, which had mustered on that August morning on the field of Blenheim, having been reduced to some 20,000, worn with conflict, and broken with defeat. Of the world's decisive battles, Blenheim is one of the most striking. Its results were immediate and direct. No national pride, no official subtlety, could disguise or

affect to misunderstand them. Louis's schemes of ambition crumbled incontinently into the dust. The long-maintained prestige of the arms of France was swept aside. Germany was delivered from the fear of change, and the House of Austria saved. At one bound, England leaped into the front rank of military nations, and thenceforward, the wives and mothers of France, so many of whom had been deprived of fathers and brothers, were wont to silence their children with the dreaded name of 'Marlbrook.'

A national welcome was accorded to Marlborough when, on the 14th of December, accompanied by Marshal Tallard and some other general officers as prisoners, he returned to England. The Emperor had made him a prince of the Empire, and invested him with the principality of Mindelheim in Bavaria. His own sovereign could confer on him no higher rank, but she granted to him and his heirs the royal Manor of Woodstock, and ordered the erection of a stately palace that might commemorate, and bear the name of, the victorious field which had changed the fortunes of Europe. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. The cheers of applauding crowds mingled with the strains of panegyric poets; and Addison, at the request of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, celebrated the great captain's deeds in his poem of 'The Campaign.' Philips, the author of 'The Splendid Shilling,' sang them in blank verse, and Matthew Prior, in a 'Letter to Monsieur Boileau Despréaux,' retorted upon the latter his servile eulogy of Louis XIV. We find Prior exclaiming:—

'O Poet! had it been Apollo's will,
That I had shared a portion of thy skill!
Had this poor breast received the heavenly beam,
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme!
Yet, Boileau, yet, the labouring muse should strive
Beneath the shades of Marlborough's wreaths to live;
Should rule aspiring gods to bless her choice;
And to their favourite strains exalt her voice,
Arms and a queen to sing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wand'ring flood

Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To save the nations from invading bands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.'

The best remembered passage in Addison's poem is that in which he makes felicitous use of an illustration borrowed from the Great Storm of 1703, and, describing how 'Great Marlborough's mighty soul' inspired repulsed battalions to engage, and taught the doubtful battle where to rage, exclaims:—

'So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempest shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

Heavy as was the blow received at Blenheim, France could not be crushed in a single campaign. Louis sent a new army into the field in 1705, and placed at the head of it one of the best of his captains, Marshal Villeroy, who massed his forces behind the formidable defences constructed, with three years' labour, to cover the line of the Meuse, between Namur and Antwerp. By a brilliant series of manœuvres, Marlborough, though his army was inferior in strength, carried these lines at a point near Lenove, and broke into Brabant. Villeroy, rapidly retreating, took up a new base of operations, and posted himself between Heilixheim and Tirlemont, with the Dyle in his front, and his left protected by the guns of Louvain. This movement had been foreseen by Marlborough, who would have intercepted it, had not the Dutch deputies obstinately refused to allow their soldiers to advance. Heavy rains fell from the 19th to the 23rd of July, and Villeroy utilised the breathing-time thus afforded him to throw up defensive works of a very formidable character. When unable to persuade the Dutchmen to force the passage of the Dyle, Marlborough endeavoured to entice them into fighting the enemy, by

wheeling round the sources of that river. This movement conducted him through the forest of Soignies, and he would fain have given battle on the plain of Waterloo, where he occupied the position which, a hundred and ten years later, was held by the French under Napoleon, but again he was thwarted by the Dutch deputies. With reluctance, though with his usual serene impassiveness, he withdrew his troops into winter-quarters, concluding at an early date a campaign, which had been without glory and without result.

During the winter, Marlborough found occasion to exercise all his skill as a diplomatist in reconciling the differences of the Allies, who, relieved to some extent from their fear of the aggression of France, found time to quarrel with one another. On preparing to open his fourth campaign, he resolved to deliver the Netherlands from the incubus of the French; and, assembling 60,000 men at Tongres, had advanced as far as Ramillies, where he found that Villeroy had abandoned his lines behind the Dyle, and had thrown his army across his path.

BATTLE OF RAMILLIES, May 23, 1706

Ramillies is a village situated on the high ground of Brabant, about eighteen miles to the south of Louvain. In its close vicinity are the sources of three streams; of these, the Little Gheet and the Great Gheet flow to the north, unite in a single channel, and empty their waters into a tributary of the Scheldt. The strip of land between them, at first, about a mile wide, expands as they separate, to contract again when they approach their point of junction. To the south, with an easterly inclination, strikes the broader and deeper Mehaigne, an affluent of the Meuse. On the uplands overhanging this river, with its right wing at Tavières, was posted the French army, on Whitsunday the 22nd of May, 1706. Thence, in the shape of a crescent and in two lines, for three miles or more, it extended to

the village of Anderkirk, or Autre-eglise, on the Little Gheet. The centre was strengthened by the village of Ramillies, in which lay twenty battalions, while the cavalry was massed in two lines on the right, between Ramillies and the Mehaigne, so as to cover the old Roman Road known as the Chaussée of Queen Brunehaut. In the rear, an ancient burrow or tumulus of stone and turf, called the Tomb of Ottomond, rose conspicuous; destined to hold as important a part in the Battle of Ramillies as was held by Hougoumont, in the Battle of Waterloo, a century later.

Marlborough arrayed his forces in convex order, with his right thrown back from the Little Gheet, and his left stretching to the Mehaigne. This disposition gave him an initial advantage; he could move his troops from wing to wing, and much more quickly than the enemy. It was clear that the French right could not act on the offensive in the narrow space which the Little Gheet bounded; and that Tavières would not profit Villeroy, because it was too far off—a circumstance which would also prevent him from succouring Tavières. He decided, therefore, on seizing Tavières, turning the flank of the French cavalry, and carrying the Tomb of Ottomond, which would enable him to take the French in the rear, and enfilade their whole position. To mask these movements, he prepared a formidable false attack on Villeroy's left, in order to compel the Marshal to draw on his right for reinforcements, and consequently to weaken it.

His calculations were quickly justified. To support his left against the Allied attack, the French Marshal conveyed several infantry battalions from his right and centre, and his reserve. Marlborough kept up the deception by allowing his first line to hold their position in front of the enemy, while, under cover of the hilly ground, he withdrew his second, and formed it up in column to strengthen his main attack, which was first directed against Tavières and Ramillies. The former was quickly carried; but the latter

became the centre of a desperate resistance. There the celebrated *Maison du Roi*, or Household Brigade, composed of the best blood of France, met Overkirk's charge with chivalrous courage, and drove back the Dutch soldiers, reeling and disordered. Marlborough's keen eye detected the danger, and, with seventeen squadrons, he hastened to restore the fight. His person was recognised by some French dragoons, who, breaking from their ranks, closed round him in a ring of steel. He cut his way through the press, and attempted to escape by leaping his horse across a ditch, but it fell, and flung him. His aide-de-camp, Captain Molesworth, brought him another. While he was mounting, a cannon ball smote off the head of Colonel Bingfield, his equerry, who held the stirrups. The Duke though severely bruised, had no serious wound; and his soldiers alarmed at the peril to which their commander had been exposed, renewed their attack with increased vehemence.

At this juncture galloped up twenty squadrons, which Marlborough had summoned from his right wing. They passed in splendid array behind the Allied attack; and the entire mass of sabres, in three lines, broke like a thunderbolt upon the startled French. The ground shook beneath ten thousand hoofs; the bright steel flashed like lightning through the smoke-clouds of battle. The resistance yielded before this overwhelming avalanche of horses and riders; and the British cavalry, sweeping in a wild fierce gallop round the French flank, crowned the height of Ottomond, with the pomp of lance and sword and pennon. Assailed both in front and rear, Villeroy's fighting-men could no longer maintain the fight; a fresh advance of infantry seized the village of Ramillies at half-past six: and soon afterwards the final defeat was administered by a general charge of the British left and centre. The pursuit of the beaten troops was prolonged by the cavalry as far as Louvain, or eighteen miles from the battle-field; and even the Allied infantry would not halt until they had reached

Mildert, thirteen miles. The loss of the French in killed and wounded exceeded 7000 men; in prisoners and deserters, 8000; and they gave up to the victors their baggage and pontoon trains, eighty standards, and fifty-two guns. The Princes of Soubise and Rohan were among the prisoners. The Allies had 1066 killed and 2567 wounded, in all, 3633. Thus a battle not less decisive than Blenheim was won at two-thirds less cost. Not less decisive, for it accomplished the deliverance of the Netherlands. Villeroy and the Elector of Bavaria had retreated to Louvain; but on the approach of Marlborough, they resumed their flight, and the town surrendered. Brussels, Mechlin, Alost, Lenove, Ghent, Bruges, Daum, and Oudenard threw open their gates at once to the conqueror. 'So many towns,' wrote Marlborough, 'have submitted since the battle, that it really looks more like a dream than truth.' Only Dunkirk, Nieuport, Ostend, and Antwerp remained in the hands of the French, and even these were reduced before the campaign terminated. 'It is not to be expressed,' wrote the Duke to Lord Treasurer Godolphin, 'the great success it has pleased God to give us by putting a consternation in the enemy's army; for they had not only a greater number than we, but all the best troops of France.'

In settling the administration of Brabant, he showed the sagacity of a statesman. He prevented the Dutch Government from provoking the enmity of the inhabitants by imposing on them a war-contribution; and in the name of the Archduke Charles he guaranteed their liberties. He exerted all his address to calm their apprehensions and gain their confidence; and by preserving a rigid discipline among his troops he saved them from the misery too often attendant on the presence of a large body of victorious soldiery.

To consolidate his conquests, and guard the line of the Lys, Marlborough, towards the end of July, laid siege to Menin, one of the masterpieces of Vauban's skill, which was

amply garrisoned, strongly fortified, and possessed the advantage of being able to lay the surrounding country under water. As its strategic importance was great, Louis ordered Vendôme, his best general, to hasten to its relief. The Marshal found the French troops overwhelmed by the memory of Ramillies. 'Everyone here,' he wrote to the King, 'is ready to doff his hat if only the name of Marlborough is mentioned.' Menin was taken, and Marlborough then advanced against Dindermond. This was a fortress on the Scheldt, the waters of which could be let loose on the approach of an enemy; so that Louis, when apprised of its investment, sarcastically exclaimed: 'They will want an army of ducks to capture Dindermond.' It fell, however, to the attacks of the English General, but 'it could never have been taken,' wrote Marlborough to Godolphin, 'except by the hand of God, which gave us seven weeks without rain. The rain began the day after we had taken possession, and continued without intermission.' This was on the 5th of September. With the capture of Alt, a month later, ended a brilliantly successful campaign. To the great general whose genius had crowned it with victory, the Emperor and the Archduke Charles offered the government of the Netherlands, as Viceroy, with a salary of £60,000. Well had it been for Marlborough, and probably for the people of Brabant, if he had accepted the offer, nor did the English Government put forward any objection. But perceiving that it excited the jealousy of the Dutch, and fearing they might be induced to dissolve the alliance on which the future peace of Europe seemed to depend, he declined a post which would have furnished him with a splendid field for the exercise of his accomplished statecraft, and withdrawn him from the strife of English political parties.

The campaign of 1707, as Sir Archibald Alison remarks, opened under auspices very different to the Allies from any which preceded it. As Blenheim had saved Germany, so

Ramillies had saved Brabant. Reduced to the weakened resources of his own kingdom, and rudely awakened from the dream of foreign conquest, Louis thought only of the defences of the French frontier, and the arms which had formerly reached the gates of Amsterdam, and carried terror even into the heart of the empire, were confined to a painful defensive on the Scheldt and the Rhine. A gleam of hope, however, reached him from the North, where his diplomacy had induced Charles XII of Sweden, to assume an attitude disquieting to the Emperor. To prevent this new factor from disturbing his combinations, Marlborough repaired to the court of Charles, who had penetrated as far as Dresden, and by the charm of his address, and the skilful distribution of bribes to the Swedish Ministers, completely won him over to the Allied cause. He discovered, moreover, that the Swede was bent rather on the humiliation of the Czar of Russia than on the support of the King of France, and drew from him an admission that the power of France was not yet sufficiently reduced.

BATTLE OF OUDENARDE, *July 11, 1708*

The campaign of 1708 was the campaign of Oudenarde. With wonderful energy Louis had recruited his army, and sent it again into the field under the command of Vendôme and the Duke of Burgundy, who set to work to recapture the great Flemish fortresses—regained Ghent and Bruges—with the connivance of the inhabitants, whom Dutch misrule had sorely provoked; and had invested Oudenarde, which, from its position on the Scheldt, was the key to Brabant, when Marlborough, having summoned Prince Eugene to his assistance, marched against him. Vendôme immediately raised the siege of Oudenarde, and fell back towards Gavre, intending to cross the Scheldt, and shelter himself behind it. But he was anticipated by Marlborough, who pushed forward his army with astonishing rapidity,—

in those days armies were slow to move, and the art of war had not been revolutionised by Napoleon,—and threw it on the other side of the river, so as to interpose between Vendôme and France, and preclude him alike from receiving reinforcements or retreating. This was on the 11th of July. On that day he had already marched fifteen miles, but coming in sight of the enemy he resolved to engage them, and at three o'clock in the afternoon ordered his cavalry to advance. Their brilliant charge, in which the Electoral Prince of Hanover (afterwards George II) behaved with distinguished gallantry, compelled a French brigade to retreat, and Vendôme, seeing that a general action could not be avoided, drew up his forces in battle order, with some high ground behind them, and their front covered by a stream called the Neckar. Among the Allies, Prince Eugene commanded the right wing, comprising the British troops, and raised by Marlborough to a total of sixty-six battalions; he himself led the centre. The Allied left, owing to its comparative weakness, retired before the impetuosity of the French attack, and a desperate hand-to-hand combat ensued, in the course of which the French right was drawn so far forward as to suggest to Marlborough the idea of cutting it off from the main body. For this purpose he advanced Marshal Overkirk, with a strong body of infantry and cavalry, and the Dutch general pressed the charge with such determination that he carried the hill of Oyeke in the French rear, and severed the connection of the French right with their centre. Vendôme's army was thus split in two, and Eugene coming up victoriously from the French left, fell upon the separated centre and completely overwhelmed it. Continuing his advance, he met Overkirk marching up from the right, and, in the confusion, mistaking friends for foes, exchanged several volleys. A general halt was therefore ordered; an absolutely necessary step, but one which enabled a considerable portion of the French right and centre to

steal away, as it were, between the two wings of the victorious army.

The loss of the Allies, who numbered about 75,000 when they went into battle, was 3000 killed and wounded. The French, who at the outset were nearly 90,000 strong, lost 6000 killed and wounded, and 9000 taken prisoners, besides ninety-eight colours. Night alone saved their army from destruction. 'If we had been so happy,' wrote Marlborough, 'as to have had two more hours of daylight, I believe we should have made an end of this war.'

After this great victory, Marlborough crossed the Lys, and took up a position between Comines and Menin, which would have enabled him to mask the fortresses, invade France, and march upon Paris. But this bold movement alarmed not only the Dutch deputies but even Prince Eugene; and the Duke, relinquishing the project with his usual serenity, resolved to attack the strong fortress of Lille, which guarded the French frontier. The attempt excited the curiosity of all Europe; for the fortifications of Lille, designed by the great Vauban, were of immense strength, and the garrison consisted of 15,000 soldiers, under Marshal Boufflers, a commander of varied experience and consummate skill. It was known, too, that all the resources of France would be drawn upon for its defence. As the French army under Vendôme commanded the water-communication, Marlborough was compelled to collect his siege-guns, mortars, and ammunition at Brussels, and thence bring them to his entrenchments before Lille, a distance of five-and-twenty leagues, through a hostile army of nearly 100,000 men. The convoy consisted, it is said, of ninety pieces of artillery and 3000 ammunition waggons, drawn by 16,000 horses, and was fifteen miles in length. Yet so ingenious and so masterly were Marlborough's combinations, that, in spite of the Duke of Berwick's efforts, it reached the Allied lines in safety on the 14th of August. Not a gun was lost—not a barrel of powder—not a keg of

salted herrings. The French military historian, Fouquières, his sympathy with rare military conduct subduing his patriotic prejudice, exclaims:—'Posterity will scarcely believe that it was in the power of the enemy to convey to Lille all that was necessary for the siege, and all the supplies of the army; to conduct thither the artillery and implements essential for such an undertaking, and that these immense burdens should be transported by land over a line of twenty-five leagues under the eyes of an army of 80,000 men. Yet it is an undoubted truth. Never was a great enterprise conducted with more skill and circumspection.'

Prince Eugene opened his trenches against Lille on the 22nd of August; the force under his command numbered 40,000 men. Marlborough covered the siege with an army of 60,000 men.* Vendôme and the Duke of Berwick, who approached Lille on the 2nd of September, were at the head of 80,000 men, or, according to some authorities, 100,000 men. They had strict orders from Louis XIV to engage the Allies, but Vendôme, after full consideration, took upon himself the responsibility of disobeying them. For, in truth, he had been out-manceuvred by his great antagonist, who, between Peronne and Noyelles, had constructed a virtually impregnable camp. With the progress of the siege, however, Marlborough was not satisfied. 'It is impossible for me,' he writes to Godolphin, 'to express the uneasiness I suffer for the ill-conduct of my engineers at the siege, where I think everything goes very wrong. It would be a cruel thing, if, after we have obliged the enemy to quit all thoughts of relieving the place by force, which they have done by repassing the Scheldt, we should fail of taking it by the ignorance of our engineers and the want of stores; for we have already found very near as

* The interest excited by this memorable siege was very great, and among the illustrious spectators present in Marlborough's camp, were the ex-king of Poland, the Landgrave of Hesse, Maurice of Saxony, and the future Field Marshals, Schewrin and Munnich.

much as was demanded for the taking of the town and citadel; and, as yet, we are not entire masters of the counter-scarp.' During an assault on the night of the 20th of September, Prince Eugene was wounded in the hand, and thenceforward Marlborough conducted the siege, pressing it forward with so much energy as to compel Boufflers, after sixty days' defence, to capitulate on the 22nd of October. The citadel surrendered on the 11th of December. With the recovery of Ghent and Bruges the campaign ended.

We must note that during the siege of Lille, the Allies experienced a failure of *matériel*: and as the enemy occupied the road to Brussels, all their supplies had to be brought up from Ostend. A large convoy was accordingly got ready, and on the 27th of September, seven hundred waggons, escorted by General Webb, and 10,000 men, set out for the Allied camp. The French resolved on an attempt to intercept it, in the hope its loss would compel Marlborough to raise the siege; and Count de la Motte, with 12,000 men, was despatched on this important service. He came upon Webb in the wooded defiles of Wynendael. But the English general handled his inferior numbers with so much skill and resolution, that the French underwent a severe repulse, and hastily retreated with a loss of 2000 men. The convoy arrived in the Allied lines in safety on the 30th of September, much to the annoyance of the French, and greatly to the exultation of the Allies.

Marlborough was much pleased with Webb's spirited exploit, and warmly recommended him to the Queen's favour. At home the Duke's enemies elevated it into a most glorious victory, and placed its author at the head of all living generals. They even descended to insinuate that the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde, was jealous of the capacity and good fortune of his lieutenant, and would have been secretly pleased to have witnessed his discomfiture. To such extremes will political prejudice carry the malice of party.

The Allies had met with many successes, but their drain of blood and treasure was heavy,—in England the action of the State was paralysed by the strife of parties,—and it was resolved to enter into negotiations for peace with Louis XIV. Marlborough was entrusted with the conduct of them; and the instructions with which he was furnished stipulated—'That no treaty should be concluded with France, until the preliminaries were adjusted between England and the States. That no peace could be safe or honourable, unless the whole Spanish Monarchy was restored to the House of Austria. That the French King should be obliged to acknowledge the Queen's title and the Protestant succession to the Crown; the Pretender to be expelled from France: and, the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk destroyed. That a barrier should be provided for the security of the States, against the attacks of France.' This barrier was to be formed by the cession of Furnes, Ypres, Menin, Lille, Tournay, Condé, Valenciennes, and Maubeuge. France, sorely bleeding from the prolonged struggle, was willing to make large concessions, though she refused as too rigorous the terms of the Allies; but the Dutch persisted in their demands, and added to them the extravagant condition that the grandson of Louis XIV, the Duke of Anjou, was to surrender the kingdoms of Spain and Sicily in two months, and that, if he neglected to comply, Louis was to join the Allies in expelling him. The degradation involved in this last article of the proposed treaty the French King indignantly rejected. 'If I must wage war,' he said, 'it is better to wage it against my enemies than against my children.' And addressing a spirited manifesto to his subjects, he explained the concessions to which he had been agreeable in order to gain peace, and the insulting and rigorous terms which the Allies were desirous of enforcing. The national spirit was awakened. Nobles, peasants, soldiers, civilians, all felt that a supreme effort must be made to preserve the honour of their country;

and the Allies discovered, to their astonishment, that they had overrated the exhaustion of France, and under-estimated her resources. How immense these are, how capable of replenishment—even when they seem at the lowest ebb—we have had an opportunity of seeing within the present generation; and now, after some years of arduous warfare, after the loss of three great battles, of numerous smaller engagements, of her recent conquests, and most important fortresses—while suffering from poverty, famine, and disease—she nobly responded to her sovereign's summons, and Louis found himself able to put into the field no fewer than 115,000 men—not, it is true, such veteran and experienced soldiers as those who had contested Blenheim, but, perhaps, even more formidable in the ardour of their patriotism. To their command Louis appointed Marshal Villars, the most illustrious and the most fortunate of the French commanders; and Boufflers, though his senior, volunteered to serve under him. Carrying with them the hopes and prayers of their country and their King, the two great captains prepared to open the campaign of 1709. Marlborough had beaten Tallard, Villeroy, Boufflers, Vendôme: it was hoped that the French arms would retrieve their honour under a new captain, who, as yet, had not measured swords with the victor of Blenheim.

Marlborough had censured as offensive and impolitic the last arbitrary stipulation which the Allies had proffered to the French King. But when he perceived that the continuance of the war was inevitable, he made the most careful preparations for a successful campaign. Having obtained additional troops from England, and reinforcements from the Confederated Powers, he was soon at the head of 100,000 men. His plan was to capture the few fortresses, Tournai, Mons, and Valenciennes, that still belonged to France in the Low Countries, and then driving before him Villars and his army, to cross the frontier, advance upon Paris, and dictate peace in the palace of the Tuilleries. The excitement

and activity of his spirits at this juncture, contrasting wonderfully with his accustomed composure, hurried him into a fever; but he denied himself the repose enjoined by his physicians, and apparently conquered the disease by sheer force of will. Villars, comprehending that Marlborough's blows would be levelled at the great fortresses which still flaunted the *fleur-de-lis*, took up a strong position between Douai and Bethune, where he constructed an elaborate system of defensive works. To have thrown his army against these fortifications would have been to invite a tremendous slaughter; but Marlborough manoeuvred, to impress Villars with the idea that he contemplated such an attack, and so successfully that, to strengthen the point at which it seemed directed, the French Marshal drew upon the garrison of Tournai. Marlborough immediately wheeled his army, like a machine, round upon Tournai, and, on the 28th of June, began its siege.

Of all the fortresses constructed by the ingenious Vauban, Tournai was esteemed the *chef d'œuvre*. The great Condé declared that the citadel was the most perfect work of the kind. Villars relied so confidently on its defensive powers that he wrote: 'It is a great relief to me that the enemy have fixed on the siege of Tournai, which ought to occupy the whole of the campaign.' But Marlborough's admirable combinations had enabled him to surprise the town before it could be provisioned for a long blockade, and on the 29th of July it surrendered. The garrison, 6000 strong, withdrew into the citadel, which the Allies proceeded to invest. The arduousness of this effort was only too evident; for the garrison was more than adequate to the defence of so limited an area, and the underground works were of immense strength and extent. Some delay was caused by a proposal from the governor to surrender if not relieved within a month. Marlborough agreed, and a messenger was despatched to Versailles to obtain the King's consent; but Louis refused, unless the suspension of

hostilities was made general throughout the Netherlands—a condition so obviously to the disadvantage of the Allies that Marlborough and Prince Eugene at once declined to accept it. The assailants, therefore, vigorously prosecuted their works of attack. But from the numerous mines and subterranean galleries which the besieged brought into requisition, and the necessity of meeting them by counter-mines, the siege grew very distasteful to Marlborough's soldiers, who complained that they were made to fight like moles. To encourage them, the Allied commanders frequently visited the trenches, and with their own hands rewarded the bravest and most active. The miners, in their underground labours, sometimes mistook friends for foes, and engaged with their fellow-soldiers in mortal conflict. Explosions suddenly blew entire battalions into the air; at others, the galleries were unexpectedly inundated, and hundreds were drowned or suffocated. An officer, in command of a small detachment, was ordered by Lord Albemarle to occupy 'a lunette' which had been captured from the enemy; but was privately warned that the post was undermined, and that the whole party would probably be blown up. With all the coolness in the world he proceeded to perform his duty, and having entered the mine, served out wine and provisions to his men. Then he pledged them: 'A health to those who die the death of the brave!' Soon afterwards the mine was sprung, but happily, the explosion failed, and the officer lived to be rewarded for his courage.

'The shattered walls of the citadel of Tournai,' says Dr Hill Burton, 'still attest the peculiar nature of this warfare. On the usual turf mound faced with stone, a breach made by cannonading will show that it has been battered until the face falls outwards, and, until by this fall or further cannonading, a breach is made with a slope, not too steep to give some chance of mounting it to a storming party. A dismantling that removes the embrasures and the wall

facings, as at Dunkirk, silenced under stipulation at the Treaty of Utrecht, is another feature of a fortress that is no longer available. But the rents in the strong citadel of Tournai are all from within, casting down the walls, and showing the chambers where the explosives had been piled. It is interesting also to note the vaulted galleries, low and narrow, for communication, between the several places that, occupied by the garrison, might fall into the hands of the enemy, to place them in the way of destruction.'

BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET, September 11, 1709

At length, the spirit of the besieged gave way before the tenacious resolution of the besiegers. As a general rule, a besieged fortress must inevitably be captured unless relieved from without—provided, of course, that the attacking army is of sufficient strength. Tournai capitulated on the 31st of August. Without delay, Marlborough resolved on the investment of Mons, the capital of Hainault, but as a preliminary it was necessary to break through the formidable lines which Villars had constructed. By a series of subtly-devised movements, Marlborough succeeded in turning these lines without loss; and, passing Mons, interposed between that town and France. It was then obvious enough to Villars—'the Invincible,' as his royal master loved to call him—that if Mons were to be saved he must risk a battle, and rapidly moving up from the south he chose a strong position near Malplaquet, in face of the Allied army.

The relative strength of the two combatants thus brought into dread opposition is given by Kausler, as follows:—

A.—THE ALLIES, UNDER MARLBOROUGH AND EUGENE

Battalions	129
Squadrons	252
In all, 93,000 men, with 105 guns.	

B.—THE FRENCH, UNDER VILLARS AND BOUFFLERS

Battalions	130
Squadrons	260

In all, 95,000 men, with eighty guns.

The arena upon which these two mighty hosts were to contend for victory, may be thus described:—A wooded plateau rises from 100 to 200 feet above the rich meadow-banks of the river Trouille, with Mons to the north-west, Quivrain, south-west, Buvay, south-east, and Givry, north-east. Near Malplaquet, which is situated on the hilly ridge between Buvay and Givry, that forms the eastern boundary of this plateau, extends a small heath, and south of it the ground slopes rapidly towards the Hon, a sinuous tributary of the Trouille. North of Malplaquet, the Trouille is fed by several little streams that break up the plateau with their winding channels. Behind the village, that is to the east, lies the wood of Lanière, with the historic causeway of Bruneault running through it. In front, that is to the west, expands the irregular and dense-growing tract of the wood of Taisnières. Malplaquet, therefore, occupies a high ground between two woods, and is—or was—accessible only by two hollow ways or defiles, locally known as *Trouées*; on the east, the Trouée d'Aulnoit; on the west, the Trouée de la Louvière. As Malplaquet was the key of the French position, these two approaches were necessarily of vast importance, and Villars had distributed his army so as to command them, extending his left along the skirts of the wood of Taisnières. Across the plateau, from south-east to north-west—from Bleron to Francières—stretches much hilly and wooded ground, which was occupied by the Allies, their masses covering the great road from Mons to Buvay. So that if the French lost the battle, they also lost Mons, and the command of the road to France.

In no previous campaign—at least since Blenheim—had

the French met their formidable adversaries with more vivacity. A spirit of enthusiasm had been kindled by the arrival in their camp (September 7th) of Marshal Boufflers, to serve as a volunteer under Villars, though his senior in rank. They were the picked troops of France—the Gardes du Corps, mousquetaries, light horse, horse grenadiers, and gens-d'armes. Among the cavalry of the line were the famous Carbineers; among the infantry, the French and Swiss Guards, the Bavarian and Cologne Guards, and the famous Irish Brigade. No wonder that they felt confident of success; believing in the genius of their leaders, animated by an eager patriotism, and refreshed by a long period of repose. Villars, their commander, was supported by the ripe experience of Boufflers, and under him served Lieutenant-Generals D'Artagnan, Laval, Chemerault, Puysegur, Guébriant; Counts Villars, Albergotti, and Palavicini. The names of St Hilaire and Tolard are still preserved on the page of history and in the records of science. With these were young Coigny, the Duke de Guiche, and, let us add, Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, under the name of the Chevalier de St George, combining the physical qualities and graces with the hereditary courage of the Stuart race.

The Allies, on the other hand, were wearied by a protracted siege and a succession of rapid marches; but, then, they derived encouragement from the recollection of a hundred successes, and placed a just reliance in the supreme genius of their illustrious chief. It is true that they were drawn from different nations, and were not, like the French, united by a common language and a common end; but they were bound together by the ties of discipline, and by the glorious memories in which they had a common share. With Marlborough, the hero of a hundred fights, was associated Prince Eugene, and under them were such tried soldiers and lieutenants as the Princes of Orange and Hesse-Cassel, the daring Earl Cadogan, the gallant Lumley, Argyll and Stair,

Oxenstjerna, Ratzaky, and Spaar. And apt, if youthful, scholars in the art of war were the future Marshals, Saxe, Munnich, and Schewrin.

About two in the afternoon of September the 9th, the Allied left converged so closely upon the French right that a smart cannonade was exchanged between them. Marlborough—and Prince Eugene was of the same opinion—desired to attack at once; but the Dutch field-deputies insisted that the action should be delayed until reinforcements could be brought up from Tournay. But, as Marlborough had foreseen, the time thus given to Villars, he utilised to surround his position with the most formidable entrenchments. The wooded heights, where his army was posted, forming a semi-circle which completely brought the plain of Malplaquet under fire, bristled with redoubts and palisades, stockades and abattis. Cross batteries flanked the Trouées, or approaches already described, in such a manner as to sweep them with hurricanes of shot. A battery of twenty guns crowned an eminence near the centre of the plain, and other batteries were planted at favourable points, so as to render the position almost impregnable.

The 9th and 10th were passed by the Allies, in patiently waiting for the expected reinforcements. 'Meanwhile,' says Alison, 'Marlborough and Eugene had repeatedly reconnoitred the enemy's position, and were fully aware of its growing strength. Despairing of openly forcing such formidable lines, defended by an army so numerous and gallant, they resolved to combine their first attack with a powerful demonstration in the rear. With this view, the rear guard of nineteen battalions and ten squadrons, which were coming up from Tournay under General Withers, received orders not to join the main body of the army, but, stopping short at St Ghislain, to cross the Haine there, and, traversing the wood of Blangrès by a country road, assail the right flank of the enemy at the farm of La Folie, when the combat had been seriously begun in front.' Baron

Schulemberg was ordered to carry the wood of Taisnières, with forty of Prince Eugene's battalions; while a dense column of infantry, under the command of the Prince of Orange, moved against the front of the French right. Villars admitted the inferiority of his fighting men to Marlborough and Eugene's veterans by the care and skill with which he had fortified his position, but, at the same time, he sacrificed to this sense of inferiority that power of ready and rapid movement by which battles are often gained. No doubt, if his men had been armed with the weapons which modern science has placed in the soldier's hands, the Allies could never have been able to approach their lines. As it was, the carnage in the ranks of the Allies was awful; but their experience in war and desperate courage finally prevailed, and nothing could resist the fury with which they charged the breast-work.

Much useless slaughter was due to the impetuosity of the Prince of Orange. He had been ordered to delay his advance for half-an-hour, so as to give time for the arrival of General Withers. But the heat of battle inflamed his martial spirit. He waited with impatience the passage of the appointed minutes, and then, though Withers had not arrived, and without the consent of his superior, Marshal Tilly, ordered the trumpets to sound. His left wing, chiefly composed of the Scots Brigade, was led by Major-General Hamilton and the Marquis of Tullibardine; the Dutch, on his right, by Generals Spaar and Oxenstjerna. The reserve consisted of twenty-one squadrons, under the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, formed in two lines, preceded by their cannon. This compact column moved forward, with irrepressible ardour, into an awful storm of grape and musketry. The gallant Oxenstjerna fell dead by the side of the Prince, whose aides-de-camp were either killed or wounded. His own horse was shot under him, but he marched on a-foot, and with a wild shout his men clambered up the breast-work, which they carried it at the point of the bayonet.

Before they could deploy, Marshal Boufflers hurled his fresh battalions upon their front; a powerful battery swept their flanks; the Dutch general, Spaar, was killed, Hamilton severely wounded; they lost their footing; they were driven out of the entrenchments. In vain did the Prince of Orange seize a standard, and flinging himself before them, cry aloud: 'Follow me, follow me, my friends; here is your post.' In vain did the gallant Tullibardine bring up his faithful Highlanders to the rally. The French defences shone with a dense line of deadly steel, and blazed with a ceaseless rolling fire. The Prince was compelled to retire his men, with the loss of several colours, and an advanced battery, with 2000 killed, and twice that number wounded. Then the French, believing victory to be within their grasp, pressed from their entrenchments with furious shouts, until they were gallantly met by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel's cavalry, and, after a brief and breathless struggle, driven back.

While the fortune of the day was still trembling in the balance, Marlborough galloped up from the left, where the attack upon the wood of Taisnières had been completely successful. As the great captain rode along, he perceived with mingled admiration and regret, the wounded Dutch and Hanoverian soldiers returning from the hands of the surgeons, though pale and bleeding, to take again their places in the ranks. He was now joined by Eugene. The two chiefs brought up their reserves, and re-formed the disordered battalions of the Prince of Orange. Meanwhile, to meet the formidable Allied attack upon his left, Villars had drawn support from his centre, and Marlborough, detecting its weakness, hurled against it a fresh column of infantry, under Lord Orkney, supporting their bayonets with numerous squadrons of sabres. By this time the French began to feel the pressure of Withers on their right flank, and Villars, hastening to their assistance, was severely wounded above the knee, and carried senseless off the field.

Their misfortune on this side was not relieved by any success in the centre, where Lord Orkney's men had carried all the redans; and the great central 40-gun battery of the Allies, plunging into the confused masses a cannonade of grape, did fearful execution. The cavalry coming up at a gallop slashed and hacked at will. Boufflers saw that the battle was lost, and at once prepared to make retreat possible. Calling up the horsemen of the *Maison du Roi*, he addressed them in few but stirring words, and led them, 2000 sabres strong, to the charge. With a shock like that of thunder—like 'a disciplined thunderbolt,' to use the pregnant phrase of Mr Archibald Forbes—that splendid body fell upon the Allies, already wearied by their arduous service. They broke through the Prince of Hesse-Cassel's fatigued troopers, like a storm through a pinewood, and rode straight against Lord Orkney's infantry. There the swift and steady fire of the footmen arrested their impetuous career, and the dragoons of Prince Eugene coming up, the wave of battle was rolled back into the rear of the French position. The Prince of Orange seized the opportunity to renew his attack on the French right, and weakened by death and wounds and desertion, the beaten enemy sullenly abandoned the field, retiring upon Buvay, and re-assembling his broken battalions between Quesnay and Valenciennes, twelve miles in the rear.

Such was the bloody battle of Blarignies, or Malplaquet, the last and the hardest earned of the victories of the great Duke of Marlborough. 'In that tremendous combat,' says Thackeray, in the character of his hero, Henry Esmond, 'near upon two hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged, more than thirty thousand of whom were slain or wounded (the Allies lost twice as many men as they killed of the French, whom they conquered). The gallantry of the French was as remarkable as the furious bravery of their assailants. We took a few more of their flags, and a few pieces of their artillery, but we left twenty thousand of

the bravest soldiers of the world round about the entrenched lines, from which the enemy was driven. He retreated in perfect good order, the panic spell seemed to be broke, under which the French had laboured ever since the disaster of Hochstedt, and, fighting now on the threshold of their country, they showed an heroic ardour of resistance, such as had never met us in the course of their aggressive war.

'Every village and family in England was deploring the death of beloved sons and fathers. We [the officers] dared not speak to each other—even at table—of Malplaquet, so frightful were the gaps left in our army by the cannon of that bloody action. 'Twas heart-rending for an officer who had a heart to look down his line on a parade-day afterwards and miss hundreds of faces of comrades—humble or of high rank—that had gathered but yesterday full of courage and cheerfulness round the torn and blackened flags. Where were our friends? As the great Duke reviewed us, riding along our lines with his fine suite of prancing aides-de-camp and generals, stopping here and there to thank an officer with those eager bows and smiles of which his Grace was always lavish, scarce a huzzah could be got for him, though Cadogan, with an oath, rode up and cried—"D— you, why don't you cheer?" But the men had no heart for that, not one of them but was thinking, "Where's my comrade? where's my brother that fought by me, or my dear captain that led me yesterday?" 'Twas the most gloomy pageant I ever looked on; and the Te Deum sung by our chaplains, the most woeful and dreary satire.'

The loss of the Allies was fearfully heavy; of the infantry alone, 5544 were killed, and 12,706 wounded or missing, making a total of 18,250, put *hors de combat*. Among these were 286 officers killed, and 762 wounded. Including the cavalry, the total cost to the Allies cannot be computed at less than 20,000 men. The French estimated their own loss at from 6000 to 8000, though it was more probably 12,000. Not more than 500 prisoners were made,

but 3000 were left on the field, whom Marlborough proposed to Villars to remove to the French quarters, on condition that they should be considered prisoners of war.

The slaughter on this bloody day affected Marlborough with profound regret. 'I am so tired,' he wrote to the Duchess, after the battle, 'that I have but strength enough to tell you that we have had, this day, a very bloody battle; the first part of the day we beat their foot, and afterwards their horse. God Almighty be praised, it is now in our power to have what peace we please, and I may be pretty well assured of never being in another battle.' To Godolphin he wrote of it as 'a very murdering battle.' Its immediate effect, the capture of Mons (October 26), did not seem to the public mind to justify the tremendous loss; but it left open the road to France, and a victory won against odds so formidable, produced a deep impression on the French nation.

Meanwhile, political intrigues at home were rapidly undermining Marlborough's authority, and unfavourably influencing his position; and, though liberal supplies were voted for the army, and an increase of the British forces on the Continent, the Duke was too sagacious not to perceive that the immense power he had so long exercised was slipping from his grasp. The country was growing weary of the war; and literature now, for the first time, affecting the course of politics, a swarm of Tory pamphlets and periodicals assailed the great general, accusing him of ambition, cowardice, avarice, cruelty, and almost every vice which humanity is heir to. At Court so many mortifications were heaped upon him—including an unwarrantable interference with his military patronage in the appointment of Colonel Hill, brother of the Queen's favourite, Mrs Masham, to the command of a vacant regiment—that he determined to forward a letter to the Queen, insisting upon Mrs Masham's dismissal or his own. This bold measure, which might, perhaps, have temporarily replaced him in power, as the Queen, at that time, could hardly have dispensed with his

services, was overruled by the timidity of Godolphin and the caution of Lord Somers. They felt that the stability of their administration depended on the Duke's continuance in office, and succeeded in patching up a superficial accommodation between him and the Queen. Anne no longer insisted upon Colonel Hill's appointment, and the Duke withdrew his threat of resignation. But, virtually, the victory was with the Queen; and from that moment Marlborough's fall could easily have been predicted. His departure for the Continent was expedited, that he might no longer be a check upon the designs of the Court party, though the Queen, in announcing to Parliament her intention of immediately despatching him to Holland concealed her real object by a graceful compliment: 'I shall always esteem him,' she said; 'the chief instrument of my glory, and of my people's happiness.'

He arrived at the Hague on the 18th of March, 1710, and was immediately engaged in negotiations which, from the rigorous conditions exacted by the Allies, and the obstinate attitude of Louis, were destined to fail. He was now sixty years old; and seven years of unremitting exertion, added to the mortification he experienced from his treatment by the Queen, made him long for rest. Perceiving that the French were simply diplomatizing to gain time, he resolved on a vigorous prosecution of hostilities, in order to compel them to make peace. 'I am very sorry to tell you,' he wrote to the Duchess, 'that the behaviour of the French looks as if they had no other desire than that of carrying on the war. I hope God will bless this campaign, for I see nothing else that can give us peace either at home or abroad. I am so discouraged by everything I see, that I have never, during this war, gone into the field with so heavy a heart, as at this time.'

Marlborough's object in this campaign was to reduce the few fortresses which still defended the frontier of France, and then to advance upon Paris. Accordingly Douai was captured on the 26th of June. Villars, with an

army of 100,000 men, moved to its relief; but though the Allies had only 80,000 men, his experience at Malplaquet made him shrink from a general engagement. 'You will have seen,' wrote Marlborough to Godolphin, 'that the Marshal de Villars has not been able to keep his word to the King of France, in giving a battle. If their resolution holds of venturing one, this country being all plains, it must be very decisive. I long for an end of the war, so God's will be done. Whatever that event may be, I shall have nothing to reproach myself, having with all my heart done my duty, and being hitherto blessed with more success than was ever known before.'

Arras was the next object of attack; but as Villars had covered it with an immense line of entrenchments, extending to the Somme, and garrisoned by 100,000 men, Marlborough rapidly wheeled his army round and invested Bethune, which surrendered on the 20th of August. He then fell upon Aire, the siege of which was begun simultaneously with that of St Vincent on the 6th of September; the latter capitulated on the 29th, the former held out until the 12th of November. By these successes, the road to Calais was uncovered, and the capture of that famous sea-port, might, perhaps, have re-kindled the war enthusiasm in England. But the weather was inclement, and the time had arrived when, according to the old traditions, the army must go into winter-quarters. Moreover, at home, the Whig ministry had been overthrown, and replaced by a ministry of which the most conspicuous members were Harley and Bolingbroke, Marlborough's bitterest opponents; and the Duke might reasonably doubt whether they would have supported him in an enterprise which was not without its dangers. On his return to England, he found that in the new Parliament called by the new Ministers, the peace party was in the majority; and he was apprised by the Queen that if his friends moved a vote of thanks for the late campaign, it would certainly be opposed by her Cabinet. He was

attacked in the public press by the most scurrilous libels, which the Government were known to encourage. At the end of the year, the Duchess was dismissed from her appointments in the Queen's household; an insult which Marlborough felt so keenly, that it was with difficulty his friends prevented him from throwing up his command.

Once more he proceeded to direct the course of war—not, indeed, with his former glory, for the French were careful to avoid a pitched battle—but with all his old energy and skill. He arrived at the Hague on the 4th of March, 1711. His effective force in the field numbered 80,000 men, but he had to regret the loss of Prince Eugene, whom the Emperor Charles had recalled to Ratisbon with the Imperial contingent. Marlborough opened the campaign on the 1st of May, concentrating his battalions in the neighbourhood of Douai. To oppose his advance, Marshal Villars had thrown up a most formidable series of entrenchments, from Namur on the Meuse to the coast of Picardy, which he boastingly designated Marlborough's '*Ne Plus Ultra*.' These were equipped with ninety heavy guns and twelve howitzers, and lined with 70,000 infantry and 20,000 horse. Against such an iron belted rampart, Marlborough was too consummate a captain to wreck his army, yet was he by no means disposed to submit to a checkmate. Having induced Villars, by a series of brilliant manœuvres which extended over the early days of August, to prepare for an attack in front, he, on the night of the 4th, suddenly and swiftly penetrated the left of the French lines at Aubanchail without firing a shot, and laid siege to Bouchain. In all the great Duke's campaigns no more admirable illustration of his genius in war is to be discovered than this bloodless passage of Villars's '*Ne Plus Ultra*.' Bolingbroke, one of his strongest adversaries, was constrained to acknowledge its masterly skill. 'My Lord Stair opened to us,' he says, 'the general steps which your Grace intended to take, in order to pass the lines in one part or another. It was,

however, hard to imagine, and too much to hope, that a plan, which consisted of so many parts, wherein so many different corps were to co-operate personally together, should entirely succeed, and no one article fail of what your Grace had projected. I most heartily congratulate your Grace on this great event, of which I think no more need be said than that you have obtained, without losing a man, such an advantage as we should have been glad to have purchased with the loss of several thousand lives.' And again: 'I look upon the progress which the Duke of Marlborough has lately made to be really honourable to him, and mortifying to the enemy. The event cannot be ascribed to superior numbers or to any accident, it is owing to genius and conduct.'

Bouchain surrendered on the 12th of September. Its capture proved to be the last of Marlborough's victories, and the closing military event in the war of the Succession; for, fifteen days later, the preliminaries of peace, afterwards developed into the Treaty of Utrecht, were signed by the representatives of France and England. In this conclusion Marlborough was not consulted, and the government of the United Provinces experienced a similar neglect. To facilitate the pacific settlement on which the English cabinet had determined, the great captain was summarily dismissed from all his offices. As a pretext for this abrupt action, he was accused of having received perquisites from a Jew contractor who had supplied the army with bread, and it was said that in the ten years of the war these perquisites had amounted to £63,000. He was also accused of having deducted 2½ per cent. on the subsidies paid to foreign powers, and of having pocketed in this way £177,000. In a calmly worded document the Duke replied, that the payments were simply such as all commanders-in-chief had been allowed to receive, and that they had been expended in obtaining secret intelligence, a service on which William III had expended £50,000 annually. His defence is now

accepted by impartial judges as conclusive; but the ministerial majority in the House of Commons carried a resolution condemning the Duke of illegal appropriation of the public moneys.

On the 6th of June, 1713, was signed the Treaty of Utrecht. It did not give all that the Allies might justly have claimed after ten triumphal campaigns; but, on the whole, England had no reason to complain of it. France recognised the title of Queen Anne and the Protestant succession to the English throne; and ceded Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the Hudson's Bay territory. Spain gave up Gibraltar and Minorca, and abandoned on the part of her King all pretensions to the French crown. She also surrendered Milan, Naples, and the Spanish Netherlands to Austria; and Sicily (afterwards exchanged for Sardinia) to Savoy, whose sovereign became King of Sardinia. Certain towns were handed over to Holland, which also gained in the Austrian occupation of the Netherlands a barrier against France.

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CHAPTER II

THE WAR OF THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION

As a motto to this section of our history, we may prefix a characteristic passage from Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great': 'It is singular,' he says, 'into what oblivion the huge phenomenon, called Austrian Succession War, has fallen; which, within a hundred years ago or little more, filled all mortal hearts! The English were principals on one side; did themselves fight in it, with their customary fire and customary guidance, ("courageous Wooden Pole with Cocked Hat," as our friend called it), and paid all the expenses, which were extremely considerable, and are felt in men's pockets to this day; but the English have more completely forgotten it than any other people. "Battle of Dettingen, battle of Fontenoy, what, in the devil's name, were we ever doing there?" the impatient Englishman asks; and can give no answer, except the general one: "Fit of insanity; *Delirium Tremens*, perhaps *Furens*;—don't think of it!" Of Philippi and Arbela educated Englishmen can render account; and I am told young Englishmen entering the army are pointedly required to say who commanded at Aigos-Potamos, and wrecked the Peloponnesian

war; but of Dettingen and Fontenoy, where is the living Englishman that has the least notion, or seeks for any? The Austrian-Succession War did veritably rage for eight years, at a terrific rate, depressing the face of Earth and Heaven; the English paying the piper always, and founding their National Debt thereby: but not even that could prove inconvenience to them; and they have dropped the Austrian-Succession War, with one accord, into the general dust-bin, and are content it should lie there. They have not, in their language, the least approach to an intelligible account of it: How it went on, whitherward, whence; why it was then at all, are points dark to the English, and on which they do not wish to be informed. They have quitted the matter, as an unintelligible, huge English-and-Foreign Delirium (which in good part it was); Delirium unintelligible to them; tedious, not to say in parts, as those of the Austrian subsidies, hideous and disgusting to them; happily now fallen extinct; and capable of being skipped in one's inquiries into the wonders of this England and this world. Which, in fact, is a practical conclusion not so unwise as it looks.'

It is necessary, however, to trace the origin of this half-forgotten war in order to explain the part which was played in it by England and her Thin Red Line—her army; an army which, by its supreme courage and constancy, generally contrived to repair the errors of its leaders, and to avert their worst consequences.

The monopoly of American commerce, to which Spain pretended, had aroused in England an indignation which forced the reluctant Walpole into a Spanish war in 1739. The outbreak of hostilities was everywhere celebrated with blazing bonfires and merry peals, extorting from the Minister the cynical remark: 'They may ring their bells now but they will soon be wringing their hands.' The well-known expedition against Spanish America followed, in which Admiral Vernon earned a transient reputation by his

capture of Portobello. France immediately appeared on the scene, and, in accordance with the secret conditions of the Family Compact, declared that she would not consent to any English settlement on the South American mainland, supporting her declaration by the despatch of two squadrons to the West Indies. The union of the two Bourbon Courts, which thus stood revealed, boded ill for the tranquility of Europe. The Emperor, Charles VI, was dying; and though France was pledged to the Pragmatic Sanction, there was good reason to apprehend that she would now recall her pledge. It was with manifest unwillingness that she had given it—Cardinal Fleury observing that France ought first to have lost three great battles. United with Spain, she might be expected not to lose the opportunity of breaking up the Empire, and thereby constituting herself the arbiter of Europe. To prevent this danger, Walpole proposed to form a coalition with Austria, Russia, and Prussia; but when Charles VI died, in October, 1740, his project vanished into the limbo of political failures. The new King of Prussia, Frederick II, far from showing any desire to support the House of Hapsburg, became its strenuous assailant, and put in his claim for Silesia, while the Elector of Bavaria claimed the Austrian Duchies, which, with the other hereditary dominions, passed, according to the Pragmatic Sanction, to Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary. France immediately promised her assistance and support to Prussia—unable to foresee that by so doing she was contributing to build up a great military power, which, in the next century, would inflict upon her a deadly humiliation—and Sweden and Sardinia took sides with France. In the summer of 1741 two French armies entered Germany, and the Elector of Bavaria advanced upon Vienna, unopposed. Never had greater peril threatened the house of Hapsburg, whose territories its numerous adversaries undertook to divide among themselves. France was to have the Netherlands; Prussia, Silesia; Bavaria, the kingdom of Bohemia;

leaving to Maria Theresa only Hungary and the Duchy of Austria. In this conjuncture, Walpole advised her to give up Silesia, and obtain Frederick's assistance against France and her Allies. But the patriots, as Walpole's opponents called themselves, encouraged her to refuse, by promising England's aid in the recovery of all the possessions of her house. Thus Frederick was driven to conclude the alliance with France which had otherwise formed no part of his policy. Maria Theresa, who had the heart of a heroine if she lacked the brain of a statesman, threw herself on the loyalty of her Hungarian subjects, who responded to her appeal with the well-known '*Moriamur pro nostro rege Maria Theresa*,' and assisted by British subsidies she marched at the head of an Hungarian army to the rescue of Vienna and the invasion of Bavaria. The fall of Walpole in the spring of 1742 did not materially affect the cause of English policy; for Lord Carteret, who assumed the direction of foreign affairs, perceived that only by the union of Austria and Prussia, could be removed the grip upon Germany which France had obtained by the election of her puppet, the Elector of Bavaria, as Emperor. The pressure which he strenuously exercised, and Frederick's great victory at Chotusitz in Bohemia, on the 17th of May, ultimately compelled Maria Theresa to purchase peace, as Walpole had proposed, by the cession of Silesia. On the 15th of July, George II, in closing the session of the British Parliament, referred to his successful endeavours 'to bring about an accommodation between those princes whose union was most necessary in this critical conjunction. The treaty lately concluded * between the Queen of Hungary and the King of Prussia, under my mediation, and so highly to the honour of Great Britain, must undoubtedly produce the best consequences to the common cause.'

* The Treaty of Breslau, signed July 18, and confirmed by the Treaty of Berlin, July 28.

Carteret's hopes were realized by this arrangement. The Austrian army, no longer held in check by Prussia, succeeded in driving the French from Bohemia before the winter of 1742 put a stop to military operations. An English force blockaded Cadiz; another anchored in the Bay of Naples, and forced Don Carlos to conclude a treaty of neutrality; while a liberal expenditure of British gold prevailed upon Sardinia to throw over the French alliance. It then became the object of Carteret and the Vienna Government, not only to re-establish the Pragmatic Sanction, but to compel Vienna to disgorge the annexations she had made in 1736. Naples and Sicily were to be taken from Spain; Alsace and Lorraine were to be taken from France; and the imperial dignity was to be restored to the Hapsburgs. And thus England came to be drawn into the War of the Austrian Succession, or Pragmatic War, as it is sometimes called. A force of 16,334 infantry and cavalry, under General Earl Stair, was landed at Ostend, and uniting with 16,000 Hanoverians and 6000 Hessians, began, early in 1743, to advance Rhine-wards. In the last days of April the British contingent crossed at Neuwied, and joined by the Hanoverians and 12,000 Austrians, manœuvred for some weeks in the Frankfort country, with the Marshal de Noailles, at the head of 60,000 Frenchmen, not far distant from them. In June, Lord Stair crossed the Main, and encamped at Aschaffenburg, where King George II, accompanied by the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Carteret, arrived on the 20th. The so-called Pragmatic Army, at this period, consisted of 16,000 English, 16,000 Hanoverians, and 8000 to 12,000 Austrians (under the Duke of Ahremburg); with a rear guard of 6000 Hessians and 6000 Hanoverians on the march. Its chief magazine was at Hanau. Though greatly inferior in force to Noailles, it would have fought him, if Lord Stair could have had his way, but he was opposed by D'Ahremburg, and lying at Aschaffenburg, in inaction, and suffering from scarcity of pro-

visions, was in no very auspicious condition when the King arrived. He would fain have held his ground, but the French cutting off his provision convoys, and preventing supplies from coming in, the imminent hazard of a famine compelled him, on the 24th of June, to give orders for retreat upon the magazine at Hanau.

The last red coat had scarcely left Aschaffenburg before Noailles—a skilful and experienced commander—pushed across the Main and occupied it. The King, who remained with the rear division, had some artillery with him, and repulsed the attacks in the rear, which might otherwise have been serious. As it was, from his batteries on the other side of the river, Noailles maintained a harassing fire; while at Dettingen, about eight miles westward, he had prepared a trap—*souricière*, as he humorously called it—for the Pragmatic army, which, he thought, would ensure its destruction.

Dettingen is, or was, a poor peasant village, on the south side of the Main, close to the confluence of a brook which comes down from the Spessart mountains. This brook flows through a kind of ravine, on the right or west bank of which stands the village with its barnyards and piggeries. Except that of the high road, Dettingen Brook has no bridges. Above the village its banks are boggy, and the western widens out into a considerable space of scrubby moor; so that, for the march of a column of men, with horses and great guns, the ground is bad enough.

A short distance below Dettingen, at a place called Seligenstadt ('City of the Blessed'), Noailles had thrown across 24,000 horse and foot, under his nephew, the chivalrous Duke of Grammont; and his plan of operations—a well-conceived plan, according to military critics, only that Noailles took no account of the inconceivable obstinacy of English infantry!—was this: Grammont was to occupy the villages, and array his troops to the left, on the moor just mentioned, behind the brook, its ravine, and boggy banks; not to move from thence until the Anglo-Hanover-

ians had got well out the said ravine, and were struggling with its many obstacles. Then, harassed on the left by the French batteries from the river—on the right by Grammont's troops—with the garrisoned village of Dettingen in the front—and his retreat to Aschaffenburg cut off, it might reasonably be expected that George II, King of Great Britain and Elector of Hanover, would be compelled to surrender with all his brave fighting men.

On Thursday, June 27th, at early morning, the English with their Allies, all much in want of a satisfactory breakfast, advanced steadily towards Noailles's *souricière*, sullenly disregarding of the French batteries on their left. 'They have one fine quality,' says Carlyle, 'and Britannic George, like all his Wolf race from Henry the Lion down to these days, has it in an eminent degree. They are not easily put into flurry, into fear. In all Wolf Sovereigns, and generally in Teuton populations, on that side of the Channel or on this, there is the requisite unconscious substratum of taciturn impregnability, with depths of potential rage almost unquenchable, to be found when you apply for it. Which quality will much stand them on the present occasion, and, indeed, it is perhaps strengthened by their "stupidity" itself, what neighbours call their "stupidity," want of idle imagining, idle flurrying, nay want even of knowing, is not one of the worst qualities just now? They tramp on, paying a minimum of attention to the cannon; ignorant of what is ahead; hoping only it may be breakfast in some form, before the day quite terminate. The day is still young, hardly eight o'clock, when their advanced parties find Dettingen beset, find a whole French army drawn up on the scrubby moor there; and come galloping back with this interesting bit of news! Pause hereupon; much consulting; in fact, endless hithering and thithering, the affair being knotty. "Fight, yes, now at last! But how?" . . . Some six hours followed of their intricate deploying; planting of field pieces, counter-batteries,

ranking, re-ranking, shuffling hither and thither of horse and foot; Noailles's cannonade pounding all the while; the English, still considerably exposed to it, and standing it like stones; chivalrous Grammont, and with better reason the English, much wishing these preliminaries were done.'

King George hastened up from the rear to take council with Lord Stair, and in due time the infantry were formed in six (some authorities say eight) lines, with the cavalry in their rear as well as on flank; the King taking command of his Englishmen and Hanoverians, who bore the stress of the battle, on the right, and his son, the Duke of Cumberland, on the left. The fire of the allied cannon, and some cavalry charges, so roused the impatient temper of the Duke of Grammont, that, disobeying the Marshal's orders, he quitted his secure position, and with the *Maison-du-Roi*, the Household Cavalry or Black Mousquetaires, dashed across the ravine, and swept in a storm of sabres on the British foot. So furious was the charge that, the English firing their volley too soon, they broke at several points through the first three lines, and De Grammont, exulting in their disorder, brought up his infantry, thinking to seize a victory as complete as speedy. But the fourth line checked the onset of the troopers, and remained immovable. George, whose horse ran away with him, dismounting, put himself at the head of his troops, who had rallied and re-formed, and led them forward, exclaiming: 'Steady, my boys, for the honour of Old England; fire, my brave boys, give them fire; they will soon run!' And after four hours of steady fighting, the battle was decided in favour of the English.

The French infantry did not behave well. When Grammont ordered the *Gardes Francaises* to take the English in flank, they could hardly be persuaded to advance or to stand one push. Throwing away their arms, they plunged into the river, and were drowned in large numbers, so that their comrades nicknamed them *Canards du Mein*

(Main Ducks,) and in English mess rooms the grim joke ran, in allusion to Noailles's two timber bridges at Seligenstadt, that 'the French had, in reality, three bridges, one of them *not* wooden, and carpeted with blue cloth.' The French uniform was blue.

'The English, it appears, did something by mere shouting. Partial huzzahs and counter-huzzahs between the infantries were going on at one time, when Stair happened to gallop up. "Stop that," said Stair; "let us do it right. Silence, there. One and all, when I give you signal!" And Stair, at the right moment, lifting his hat, then burst out such a thunder-growl, edged with melodious ire in alt, as quite seemed to strike a damp into the French, says my authority, "and they never shouted more." . . . "Our ground, in many parts, was under rye," hedgeless fields of rye, chief grain crop of that sandy country. "We had already wasted above 120,000 acres of it," still in the unripe state, so hungry were we, man and horse, "since crossing to Aschaffenburg."'

In Frederick the Great's letters on the battle, a sarcastic picture is drawn of King George II, who, finding his way to breakfast barred by the enemy, devises no tactical plan or manoeuvre, but goes straight at them. As he rides to the front, his horse runs away with him, terrified by the cannon; whereupon he hastily gets down, draws his sword, puts himself at the head of his infantry, and stands with left foot drawn back, and sword pushed out—like a fencing master doing lunge—immovable and invincible, until the French run away, and victory is gained. Here is Thackeray's version of the incident: 'Whenever we hear of dapper George at war, it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valour. At Dettingen his horse ran away with him, and with difficulty was stopped from carrying him into the enemy's lines. The King, dismounting from the fiery quadruped, said bravely: "Now, I know I shall not run away;" and placed himself at the head of the foot, drew his sword, brandishing it at the whole of the French

army, and calling out to his own men to come on, in bad English, but with the most famous pluck and spirit.'

It is true that the King's charger ran away with him, but he had repeatedly been on horseback in the earlier stages of the fight, galloping along the ranks, and encouraging them to hold their ground. Latterly, there can be no doubt, he stood in the above attitude of lunge; no fear in him, and no plan; like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England—like England itself, and its ways, in those German wars.

'The English officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual way, without knowledge of war, without fear of death or regard to utmost peril or difficulty; cheering their men, and keeping them steady upon the throats of the French, so far as might be. And always, after that first stumble with the French horse was mended, they kept gaining ground, thrusting back the enemy, not over the Dettingen Brook and moor ground only, but, knock after knock, out of his woody or other coverts, back and ever back, towards Welzheim, Kahl, and those two bridges of his [at Seligenstadt]. The flamy French found that they had a bad time of it; found, in fact, that they could not stand it; and tumbled finally, in great torrents, across their bridges on the Main, many leaping into the river, the English sitting dreadfully on the skirts of them. So that had the English had their cavalry in readiness to pursue, Noailles's army, in the humour it had sunk to, was ruined, and the victory would have been conspicuously great.*

The victors remained on the ground until ten at night. The surgeons were incessantly active, but there were not enough of them to dress the wounds of the rank and file. When they went to the Duke of Cumberland, he pointed to a young Frenchman, more seriously wounded than himself, and generously said, 'Dress *him* first.' Leaving a letter to the French Marshal, requesting him to bury the dead and

* Carlyle, iv. 61, 62.

take care of the wounded, the army pressed on to Hanau, where they obtained supplies, and were reinforced by 12,000 Hessians and Hanoverians.

The French in this action lost 2659 men; probably the loss of the British army was about equal, and all their wounded became prisoners of war. The success of the Allies in the campaign was completed by Prince Charles of Lorraine, who cleared Germany swiftly of all the French armies. An invasion of Alsace-Lorraine was thereafter contemplated, but the dilatory proceedings of the Allies rendered it impossible; and in October the King returned to England, to air his laurels in the presence of an admiring court.

In the following year the command of the Allied army was given to the Duke of Cumberland, hereafter to be known as the hero of Culloden and of Kloster-Zeven. A man of indubitable bravery, and of some military knowledge, but with no intuitive genius for the art of war. In 1745 he was pitted against the brilliant soldier of fortune, Marshal Saxe, who, early in May, suddenly invested Tournay at the head of an army of 76,000 men. The siege was entrusted to a division of 15,000 men, and with the remainder of his forces the Marshal took up a formidable position to prevent the Allies from effecting its relief. The Allies numbered 56,000 men, with the Duke of Cumberland at their head, Count Königseck commanding the small Austrian contingent, and the Prince of Waldeck the Dutch. Taking his departure from the Plain of Anderleet, near Brussels, on the 4th of May, the Duke slowly advanced towards the beleaguered fortress; and, on the 9th of May, arrived at Vezon, about six miles to the east of it. He encamped his army at Maubray, opposite the village of Fontenoy, with Antoine on its left and Barry on its right.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY, *Tuesday, May 11, 1745*

The French army was posted across the Brussels road, with Fontenoy in its front—on its right the village of Antoine and the river Scheldt, and on its left the wood of Barry. Each of these villages was strongly fortified; Antoine and Fontenoy with redoubts, batteries, and connecting redans; the wood with an abattis of felled trees, besides cannon; while at the point of the wood, within double range of Fontenoy, stood the *Redoute d'Eu*, so called from the regiment which occupied it. A hundred guns were distributed along this area with consummate skill, and behind them Saxe had arranged 56,000 of the best soldiers of France, according to the best rules of tactics. The position was almost impregnable, and the Austrian General, a grey-haired veteran, advised that it should not be attempted; but that the Allies should pursue a kind of guerilla warfare—cutting off the enemy's convoys, and harassing him with desultory attacks, until he was wearied into abandoning the siege, or giving battle on more favourable ground. But the impetuous young Duke was all for an immediate assault; and Waldeck, it is said, supported him in this courageous but unmilitary view. His cannon having come up, the Duke arrayed his forces in line of battle; the Dutch and Austrians to the left, opposite Antoine; the English and Hanoverians in the centre and to the right. The infantry were in the front, facing Fontenoy; the cavalry in the rear, flanking the Bois de Barry. At five o'clock on Tuesday morning the cannonading began; almost the first volley slaying the chivalrous De Grammont, of whom we have heard at Dettingen, and three hours later the Allies advanced to storm the various batteries which protected the enemy's position.

On the extreme left, the Dutch and Austrians directed their efforts against Antoine, co-operating also, on their right,

in the general attack upon Fontenoy. They advanced in the teeth of heavy volleys of grape-shot, but with a steady step, until a battery opening upon their flank from across the river, threw them into disorder, and they hastily fell back under the shelter of a mound or earthwork, which they had thrown up the night before. There they waited for a more favourable moment, which, however, never arrived; for as soon as they showed themselves in the open, the batteries plunged their shot in amongst them, and they did nothing all day 'but patiently expect when it should be time to run.'

The English attack upon Fontenoy was made with admirable vigour, and at various points. On the right, Brigadier Ingoldsby, with Sémple's Highlanders, and other infantry, attempted to silence the *Redoute d'Eu* at the corner of the Wood of Barry; but after losing thirty or forty of his Highlanders, found it could not be reduced without artillery. The Duke, in person, led his battalions against the village; but after three desperate charges, was compelled to desist, the tremendous fire with which he was assailed strewing the ground with the dead and dying. Mortified at his ill success, and at the failure on each wing, he resolved to force his way, at whatever cost, through the narrow space, certainly not more than 900 yards, between Fontenoy and the *Redoute d'Eu*—a space swept by a withering cross fire. Rallying his gallant men, he re-arranged them in three thin columns, which, afterwards melted into one, under the pressure of those deadly batteries. Marshal de Saxe afterwards admitted that he should have filled up the interval with another redoubt, if it had ever occurred to him that an army would be found to try such a thing—which to be sure no army but an English one would have tried!

'Cannon to left of them, cannon to right of them'—through bushy hollows, across brooks and ditches—dragging with them their heavy guns, and occasionally halting, where the ground serves, to thunder forth from them, our columns, with a sublime persistency, cross the shot-swept area, get

behind the French batteries, and present themselves in front of the French line of battle. There, on a ridge of rising ground, are posted the *Gardes Françaises*, who view their steady advance with astonishment, and make a dash at the field-pieces, but are received with a volley of musketry that sends them reeling back to their position with the loss of sixty men. The British advance continues, and Lord Charles Hay, lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Foot Guards, when within twenty or thirty paces, coolly steps forward, salutes the *Gardes Françaises* with a polite bow, drinks to them from his pocket pistol, smilingly informs them that his men are the English Guards, and expresses a hope they will stand until they (the English,) come up with them, and not swim the Scheldt as they did the Main at Dettingen.* Thereafter he turns to his Guards, addresses them in soldierly words, and calls for a cheer—which is given heartily. A French officer (the Marquis D'Auteroche), comes out of his ranks, and tries to make his men huzzah in reply—but not more than three or four respond to the appeal. The three Guards regiments now break out with a tremendous rolling fire which the French prove wholly unable to withstand. The British column moves onward with its wonderful, almost mechanical steadiness, apparently irresistible, invincible, beating down all opposition, clearing its path with ceaseless heavy volleys, occasionally pausing to re-dress its ranks, as if on parade ground, a compact column of 14,000 infantry, some thirty or forty abreast,—moving forward like a colossal engine of fire, such a sight as, perhaps, the world had never before seen! The French make almost frenzied efforts to break up its superb order, they send against it battalions and squadrons, infantry and horse, charging vehemently, angrily, but only to fall back

* There seems no truth in the old story that Lord Charles Hay exclaimed: '*Monsieur, faites tirer vos gens* (bid your people fire!) Or that D'Auteroche, the French officer, replied: '*Non, Monsieur, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers*' (no, we never fire first.) See Carlyle, '*Frederick the Great*,' iv 195.

defeated. The *Regiment du Roi* dashes forward full gallop, but receives a volley which sends it reeling back with four hundred and sixty empty saddles.

'The terrible column, with slow inflexibility, advances; cannon (now in reversed position) from that *Redoute d'Eu*, and irregular musketry from the Fontenoy side, playing upon it; defeated regiments making barriers of their dead men and firing there; column always closing its gapped ranks, and girdled with insupportable fire. It ought to have taken Fontenoy and *Redoute d'Eu*, say military men; it ought to have done several things! It has now cut the French fairly in two—and Saxe, who is earnestly surveying it a hundred paces ahead, sends word, conjuring the King to retire instantly—across the Scheldt, by Calonne Bridge and the strong rear guard there—who, however, will not. King* and Dauphin, on horseback both, have stood "at the justice (*gallows*, in fact) of our Lady of the Woods," not stirring much, occasionally shifting to a windmill which is still higher—ye Heavens, with what intrepidity, all day!—"a good many country folk in trees behind them." Country folk, I suppose, have by this time seen enough, and are copiously making off: but the King will not, though things do look dubious.

'In fact, the battle hangs now upon a hair; the battle is as good as lost, thinks Maréchal de Saxe. His battle lines torn in two in that manner, hovering in rugged clouds over the field, what hope is there in the battle? Fontenoy is firing blank, this some time, its cannon balls done. Officers, in Antoine, are about withdrawing the artillery, then again (a new order,) replacing it a while. All are looking towards the Scheldt Bridge; earnestly entreating his Majesty to withdraw. Had the Dutch, at this point of time, broken heartily in, as Waldeck was urging them to do, upon the redoubts of Antoine; or had his Royal Highness

* Louis XV, who was present in the French camp during the siege of Tournay.

the Duke, for his own behoof, possessed due cavalry or artillery to act upon these ragged clouds, which hung broken there, very fit for being swept, were there an artillery-and-horse besom to do it, in either of those cases, the battle was the Duke's. And a right fiery victory it would have been, to make his name famous, and confirm the English in their mad method of fighting, like Baresarks or Janizaries rather than strategic human creatures.

'But neither of these contingencies had befallen. The Dutch-Austrian wing did evince some wish to get possession of Antoine, and drew out a little, but the guns also awoke upon them, whereupon the Dutch-Austrians drew in again, thinking the time not come. As for the Duke, he had taken with him of cannon a good few, but of horse none at all (impossible for horse, unless Fontenoy and the *Redoute d'Eu* were ours), and his horse have been hanging about in the wood of Barry all this while, uncertain what to do; their old commander being killed withal, and their new a dubitative person, and no orders left. The Duke had left no orders, having indeed broken in here, in what may be called a spiritual white heat, without asking himself much what he would do when in: "Beat the French, knock them to powder if I can!" Meanwhile the French clouds are re-assembling a little; Royal Highness too is re-adjusting himself, now got "300 yards ahead of Fontenoy," pauses there almost half-an-hour, not seeing his way further.

'During which pause, Duc de Richelieu, famous black-guard man, gallops up to the Maréchal, gallops rapidly from Maréchal to King, suggesting: "Were cannon brought ahead of this close deep column, might not they shear it into beautiful destruction, and then a general charge be made?" So counselled Richelieu. It is said the Jacobite Irishman, Count Lally of the Irish Brigade, was prime author of this notion. Whoever was author of it, Maréchal de Saxe adopts it eagerly, King Louis eagerly; swift it becomes a fact. Universal rally, universal simultaneous

charge on both flanks of the terrible column; this it might resist, as it has done these two hours past, but cannon ahead, shearing gaps through it from end to end, this is what no column can resist; and only perhaps one of Frederick's columns (if even that), with Frederick's eye upon it, could make its half-right-about (*quarte de conversion*), turn its side to it, and manœuvre out of it, in such circumstances. The wrathful English column, slit into ribbons, can do nothing at manœuvring, blazes and rages, more and more clearly in vain, collapses by degrees, rolls into ribbon coils, and winds itself out of the field. Not much chased—its cavalry now seeing a job, and issuing from the wood of Barry to cover the retreat. Not much chased, yet with a loss, they say in all, of 7000 killed and wounded and about 2000 prisoners, French loss being under 5000.

'The Dutch and Austrians had found that the fit time was now come, or taken time by the forelock—their part of the loss, they said, was a thousand and odd hundreds. The battle ended about two o'clock of the day; had begun about eight. Tuesday, 11th May, 1745, one of the hottest half-day's works I have known. A thing much to be meditated by the English mind. King Louis stepped down from the Gallows-Hill of our Lady, and *kissed* Maréchal de Saxe, Saxe was nearly dead of dropsy, could not sit on horseback, except for minutes; was carried about on a wicker bed; has had a lead bullet in his mouth all day to mitigate the intolerable thirst. Tournay was soon taken; the Dutch garrison, though strong, and in a strong place, making no due debate.*

The Duke of Cumberland retired upon Ath and Brussels. He had won no fame as a captain, but he had shown that he possessed the inexpugnable courage of the race. As for the English soldiery, Fontenoy astonished Europe by its revelation of their splendid fighting qualities, extorting from

* Carlyle, 'Frederick the Great,' iv, 197, 199.

military critics the epigrammatic eulogium, that the English army, with its heroic rank and file, and brave incapable leaders, 'had the heart of a lion and the head of an ass.' During the remainder of the war, it sustained its brilliant renown on more than one desperate field; bearing always the stress of the fight, and deprived always of the honour and fruits of victory by the misconduct of its Allies. At Roucoux, October 11, 1746, Prince Charles commanding, the British battalions repulsed all the efforts of the French, under the Marshal de Saxe, but, from want of effectual support, their intrepidity availed them nothing. In the following year the French invaded Brabant. Their independence menaced, the Dutch people exhibited the old patriotic spirit. They proclaimed Prince William of Nassau Stadtholder, and placed at his disposal, as Captain General and Lord High Admiral, all the national resources. The help of England was solicited, and a British contingent was immediately despatched to the Low Countries, under the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke and the Stadtholder, however, did not agree; the Prince was frank, resolute, and a trifle hot-tempered: the latter imperious, ratiocinating, and pedantic. Divided counsels in warfare mean disaster. At the end of July, at Laufelt or Lauffeld, the two young heroes, with an Austrian auxiliary force, under Marshal Bathiany, were attacked by the French under Marshal de Saxe. The superiority in numbers and generalship was on the side of the French, but the British soldiers fought with a desperate courage which almost retrieved the errors of their leaders, and would have gained the battle, had their Allies rendered them a loyal support. Prince William, with his Hollanders, however, fell out of the fight as speedily as possible, and the Austrians at no time could be persuaded to move from their entrenchments. The victory, such as it was, remained with Saxe, but was purchased so dearly that it was little better than a defeat. Sir John Ligonier, the commander of the English horse, was taken prisoner; and to him Louis XV, who

was present at this battle as he had been at that of Fontenoy, and had learned to respect the tenacious intrepidity of England's fighting-men, hinted his wish for peace. Negotiations were opened between the belligerents, which resulted in the meeting of a Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, in April, 1748, and the conclusion, on the 18th of October, between France, England, and Holland, of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle—a treaty of which almost everybody was glad, but nobody felt proud.

Note.—The Battle of Dettingen.

Mr Charles Knight was the first to publish the following letter, descriptive of Dettingen fight, from the Hon. Henry (afterwards Marshal) Conway, to his brother Lord Conway. It is dated June 30, 1743, N. S., from the camp at Hainault.

'On Thursday last, the 26th, we marched at daybreak from our camp at Aschaffenburg, the Guards making the rear-guard of the Army, which in a retreat is looked upon as the post of honour, but proved quite the contrary on this occasion by throwing us entirely out of the action; which happened thus:—Before we were marched much above a league from Aschaffenburg the enemy's cannon began playing very briskly upon our vanguard from the other side of the river, and continued flanking us as we advanced towards a village called Detting on the Main; here the French to the number of 40,000 had passed the river upon two bridges of boats, and drew up as we advanced upon a plain before the village. Our army formed in two lines upon the plain, the first consisting of English, and the second of Austrians and Hanoverians. Our brigade, which I told you made the rear-guard with another of Hanoverians and a few horse, marched off to the right, to avoid being flanked by the French camp, and were posted upon a hill with a large wood between us and the rest of the army. This wood covered the right flank of our army,

and the river was on the left. The attack was begun by the French horse, chiefly of the *Maison du Roi*, upon our foot, who broke them entirely and repulsed them with great loss. Some of our horse and dragoons suffered a good deal, particularly Bland's dragoons, of which but one squadron out of three remained fit for service, and very few of the officers escaped. Major Honeywood, who commanded them, received five wounds, and is thought in a dangerous way. They behaved with vast resolution, and broke five squadrons of the enemy. Ligonier's horse suffered a good deal, as did Pembroke's (Honeywood's now) from the cannon. The Blues suffered more in their reputation than otherwise; as did Honeywood's at first, by doing what is vulgarly called running away—in the military phrase retreating with too much precipitation. The English foot, particularly Johnston's, Onslow's, and the old and new Buffs, behaved with astonishing bravery, and contributed greatly to our gaining what may be properly called a victory, as the enemy suffered a good deal in the flower of their troops, and left us master of the field, by retiring very precipitately over the river Main. As soon as the attack began, the Guards were missed, and sent for in great haste, but being ill-conducted by our guide, the enemy were retired before we came upon the plain, where we had the honour of sharing the victory by passing one of the coldest and wettest nights I ever felt, upon the ground amongst the slain and wounded of both sides. Our loss is said at most not to exceed a thousand, and that of the French may, I believe, moderately be called four or five; some say seven or nine. What made it heavier to them was, that it fell amongst the best of their troops, as the Mousquetaires, of whom they say but fourscore remained out of 400. The Gendarmerie, Chevaux Legers, and Cuirassiers suffered vastly, as we might know from the vast number of breast-plates that were found upon the field.

[The author of this letter was a soldier of high repute,

who served throughout the Seven Years' War, and commanded with much success the British forces in Germany, in 1761, under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. On his return to England he entered Parliament, and became favourably known as an honest, intelligent, and consistent politician. From 1765 to 1768 he held the office of Secretary of State. Weary of the intrigues of the senate, he returned to the exercise of his profession, and in 1782 was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces. He died in 1795, at the age of seventy-five. Conway is best known, perhaps, as the intimate friend of Horace Walpole, who seems to have entertained a very sincere admiration of his capacity and character, and has drawn a pleasing portrait of this high-minded, courageous, and enlightened English gentleman.]

As a lieutenant in the 12th regiment of foot, Wolfe was present at Dettingen, and in a letter to his father describes the action:—'The third and last attack,' he says, 'was made by the foot on both sides. We advanced towards one another, our men in high spirits, and very impatient for fighting, being elated with beating the French horse, part of which advanced towards us; while the rest attacked our horse, but were soon driven back by the great fire we gave them. The major and I (for we had neither colonel or lieutenant-colonel), before they came near, were employed in begging and ordering the men not to fire at too great a distance, but to keep it till the enemy should come near us—but to little purpose. So soon as the French saw we presented, they all fell down, and when we had fired they got up and marched close to us in tolerable good order, and gave us a brisk fire, which put us into some disorder, and made us give way a little, particularly ours and two or three more regiments, who were in the hottest of it. However, we soon rallied again, and attacked them with great fury, which gained us a complete victory, and forced the enemy to retire in great haste.'

It was in celebration of this victory that Handel composed his 'Dettingen *Te Deum*.'

The Battle of Laffeldt

Of this desperately-fought action Horace Walpole writes, — 'Though we have no great reason to triumph, as we have certainly been defeated, yet the French have as certainly bought their victory dear; indeed, what would be very severe to us is not so much to them. However, their least loss is 12,000 men, as our least loss is 5000. The truth of the whole is, that the Duke was determined to fight at all events, which the French, who determined not to fight at great odds, took advantage of. . . . A French officer said to an English private who had been made prisoner, "Had there been fifty thousand men like you, we should have found it difficult to conquer." "There were men enough like me," was the reply, "but we wanted *one* like Marshal Saxe."

CHAPTER III

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR

THE Seven Years' War, which exercised so powerful an influence on the fortunes of Great Britain, originated in the growing antagonism between Prussia and Austria, and their struggle for the leadership of the German race. At first it might seem that in such a struggle England had no immediate concern, but as a colonial Power she needed an ally to check the expansion of France, and that ally, it was clear, must be either Prussia or Austria. The old traditional policy of the British Government, and the personal antipathy between George II and Frederick the Great, had inclined England towards an Austrian alliance, and during the eight years' war of the Austrian Succession, she fought on the side of Austria. But circumstances are stronger than traditional policies or individual prejudices; and the league which was formed in 1755 between France and Spain, Russia and Austria, compelled Great Britain to take part with the new Protestant Power which the genius of Frederick the Great had already rendered formidable. On the 16th of January, 1756, a treaty was concluded at Westminster between the King of Great Britain and the King of

Prussia, by which each was bound not to suffer any foreign troops to enter Germany, and their several dominions were reciprocally guaranteed. On the surface there was nothing bellicose in these provisions. But Russia was indignant at Frederick's open opposition to her presence in Germany; France resented his compact with England, and his strenuous efforts to renew her friendship; and Maria Theresa, the Empress Queen, profited by this hostility to carry out the one passionate hope and desire of her heart, the recovery of Silesia. Into the coalition thus formed entered Augustus, King of Poland, and the King of Sweden, so that Prussia confronted a confederacy of the principal European Powers, with no friend but England. Thus begun the Seven Years' War.

'No war,' says Mr Green, 'has had greater results on the history of the world, or brought greater triumphs to England; but few have had more disastrous beginnings.' The Prime Minister, that Duke of Newcastle, of whose ignorance and incompetency Walpole has preserved so many anecdotes, was 'too weak to rule without aid, and yet too greedy of power to purchase aid by sharing it with more capable men.' His efficiency as an administrator may be inferred from the fact that, at the opening of 1756, only three regiments in England were fit for service. France, on the other hand, acted with great vigour. Port Mahon, in Minorca, which England had held for half-a-century, was besieged by the Duke of Richelieu; and Englishmen, with rage and shame, saw that the fleet sent to its relief under Admiral Byng, withdrew before a scarcely superior force (May 21). In Germany, at the outset of the war, Frederick seized Dresden, and forced the Saxon army to surrender. In 1757, his great victory at Prague made him master temporarily of Bohemia; but a defeat at Kolin (June 18) compelled him to retreat again into Saxony. In America, England had to reckon with misfortunes due to the incapacity of her generals; the French drove our garrisons from

the fortified positions which commanded Lakes Champlain and Ontario, so that they ruled supreme in all the vast region which stretches from the St Lawrence to Louisiana.

In April, 1797, the Duke of Cumberland left England to take command of an Anglo-Hanoverian army charged with the defence of Hanover. He was not ignorant of military science, and his personal courage was undoubted; but his Hanoverian and Hessian troops were no match for the French veterans under the Duc de Richelieu, and he gradually retired northward by way of Verden, Zeven, and Bremenvörde, until, on the 5th of August, he arrived at Stade, on the tidal waters of the Elbe. The King of Denmark then intervened, and between Cumberland and Richelieu, after much negotiation, was concluded the notorious Convention of Kloster-Zeven (September 9), by which Cumberland agreed to disband all his Hessians and Brunswickers, and to dismiss his Hanoverians into their various cantonments. A storm of indignation broke forth in England when this Capitulation became known; and the Duke, on his return, was insulted by his royal father, who exclaimed, before all his Court, 'He has ruined me and disgraced himself.' A despondency, 'without parallel in our history,' took possession even of our ablest and coolest statesmen. Even the impassive Chesterfield despaired, and cried out, 'We are no longer a nation.' Defeated in America, disgraced on the sea—her own field of fame—and dishonoured in Germany, never had England's outlook seemed so hopelessly overclouded.

But, fortunately for the country, a strong man was at the helm. From July, 1757, we date the four years' administration of William Pitt. If not in name, he was, in reality, chief minister, and the military dictator of England. He disposed of its resources at pleasure; its fleets and armies obeyed his will. His first object was to infuse something of his own activity and enthusiasm into those on whom he relied to execute his fertile conceptions. Colonel

Barré, though no friend of the great minister, justly said, that he possessed the happy talent of transferring his own zeal into the souls of all those who were to have a share in carrying out his projects. No man, he added, ever went into the Minister's closet, who did not feel himself, if possible, braver at his return than when he entered. Pitt perceived that both the army and navy had sunk into a state of depression, and accomplished nothing because they dared nothing. To raise their energies it was necessary to give them work. He began with continued naval and military expeditions against various parts of the French coast, Cherbourg, St Malo's, and Rochefort; and these, though they showed a singular want of capacity among our generals, helped to infuse a new and more vigorous life in both services. It was not Pitt's policy, however, to make efforts on a large scale in Europe. His great aim was the expansion of England's colonial dominion, and he supported Frederick the Great because 'in Germany he hoped to conquer America.' The alliance between England and Prussia he strengthened by all possible means, assisting Frederick with large annual subsidies, without which he could not have prolonged the war. It may seem inconsistent that Pitt, who had once so strongly protested against the subsidy system, should adopt it on a colossal scale; but Pitt could reply that he did not waste his money on half-a-dozen small and impotent German principalities, which did nothing and could do nothing, but expended them profitably in aid of a power which was contending indirectly for the freedom of Europe. And in justification of his policy he could point to the battles of Rossbach and Leuthen, the former of which annihilated a French army, while the latter delivered Silesia from the Austrian forces.

A recent historian has summed up in picturesque language the events of the memorable year 1759:—'In September,' he says, 'came the news of Minden, and of a victory [Admiral Boscawen's] off Lagos. In October came

tidings of the capture of Quebec. November brought word of the French defeat [by Admiral Hawke] at Quiberon. "We are forced to ask every evening what victory there is," laughed Horace Walpole, "for fear of missing one." But it was not so much in the number as in the importance of its triumphs that the war stood and remains still without a rival. It is no exaggeration to say that three of its many victories determined for ages to come the destinies of the world. With that of Rossbach began the re-creation of Germany; its intellectual supremacy over Europe; its political union under the leadership of Prussia and its kings. With that of Plassey the influence of Europe told for the first time since the days of Alexander on the natives of the East. The world, in Burke's gorgeous phrase, saw "one of the races of the north-west cast into the heart of Asia new manners, new doctrines, and new institutions." With the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham began the history of the United States of America.'

The two principal events with which we have here to deal are the Battle of Minden and the Conquest of Canada, events the importance of which it is easy to differentiate, but both holding a conspicuous place in the records of the British Army.

THE BATTLE OF MINDEN, August 1, 1759

In November, 1707, Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, a man of energy, steadfastness, and keen military insight, was appointed to the command of the Anglo-Hanoverian army, and in a wonderfully brief period effected a complete change in the aspect of the war in West Germany. 'An astonished Richelieu and his French,' says Carlyle, 'lying scattered over all the West of Germany, in readiness for nothing but plunder, had to fall more or less distracted in their turn, and do a number of astonishing things. To try this and that, of futile, more or less frantic nature; be

driven from post after post; be driven across the Aller first of all; Richelieu to go home thereupon, and be succeeded by one still more incompetent.' The French rapidly retreated across the Aller, and on its 'safe side' encamped for a few weeks during the wild winter weather. In the middle of February, 1758, Duke Ferdinand resumed hostilities, and with such vigour that the once triumphant French army, 'much in rags, much in disorder, in terror, and here and there almost in despair,' fled before him, across the Weser, across the Ems, and finally across the Rhine itself, 'like clouds of dragging poultry, caught by a mastiff in the corn.' In August, the victorious Prince was reinforced by a welcome contingent of 12,000 English troops, increased gradually to 20,000, and supplied with abundant *matériel*. The effect of all which was, to borrow from Frederick the Great's famous historian, 'that Pitt, with his Ferdinands and reinforcements, found work for the French even onwards from Rossbach; French also turning as if exclusively upon perfidious Albion; and the thing became, in Teutschland, as elsewhere, a duel of life and death between these natural enemies. Teutschland the centre of it; Teutschland and the accessible French sea-towns; but the circumference of it going round from Manilla and Madras to Havana and Quebec again. Wide-spread furious duel; prize, America and life. By land and sea; handsomely done by Pitt on both elements. Land part, we say, was always mainly in Germany, under Ferdinand; in Hessen and the Westphalian countries, as far west as Minden, as far east as Frankfort-on-Mayn, generally well north of Rhine, well south of Elbe; that was, for five years coming, the cockpit or place of deadly force between France and England.

In February, 1759, a formidable French army, under the Duke de Broglie and the Marshal de Coutades defeated Duke Ferdinand and his Hanoverians at Bergen; the English contingent, under Lord George Sackville, being left at the time in charge of Münster. This was but the beginning

of misfortunes. The French had got into good fighting order, and their two leaders were skilful captains in their way; while the Duke could place little reliance either on his Hanoverians or his Hessians. In the summer, Coutades, with a strong body of infantry and cavalry, invaded the Weser countries, and captured town after town with considerable celerity; while the Duc de Broglie, with another army, conquered Hesse, and pushed into the very heart of Hanover. Ferdinand found himself confronted by a difficult dilemma; if he moved forward against Broglie, he would lose Westphalia, and Coutades could take in succession the important towns of Osnabruck, Münster, and Lippstadt. The capture of Minden, however, by Broglie, decided him to move in that direction; and, at the same time, to entice Coutades into a skilfully baited trap.

In the last days of July, the positions occupied by the French Generals were as follows: Coutades, with 30,000 men, was posted about two miles to the south-west of Minden, with his right wing covered by the Weser, his left by impassable peat bogs and quagmires; Dutzen in his rear; and in his front the black, quaggy stream of the Bastau, which, at Minden, pours its black waters into the Weser. On the other side of Minden, and across the Minden, lay the Duc de Broglie, with some 20,000 men. French divisions, whose strength is nowhere recorded, were engaged in the siege of Münster and Lippstadt, and the occupation of Osnabruck. Such was the general distribution of the enemy, and a glance at the map will show that, if Ferdinand had ceased to watch De Broglie, the latter would at once have had Hanover at his mercy. The public opinion of the day, as rash and ignorant as public opinion generally is, would fain have had the Prince cross the Weser, attack, and drive back Broglie; but the Prince had in view a more important movement, and held to Minden firmly, while, by a series of masterly combinations, he seized upon Bremen city, which enabled him to open up communications with the British

fleet, recover Osnabruck, and cut off Coutades from his supplies from the South.

This last brilliant success forced Broglie and Coutades to give battle, in order to drive away their persevering enemy, and re-open their line of supplies. They were encouraged in this resolution by the fact that the movement to the South had exposed Prince Ferdinand's left wing, which, under General Wangenheim, was posted at Todtenhausen, and separated from the centre by a considerable interval. They did not understand that the Prince had purposely so manoeuvred in order to draw Coutades from his unassailable position. The bait took; and on the evening of Tuesday, July 31, the French commanders gave orders for a general advance. 'Coutades has nineteen bridges ready on the Bastau Bank in front of him; *tattoo* this night, in Coutades' camp, is to mean *general march*—"March, all of you, across these nineteen bridges, to your stations on the plain or heath of Minden yonder, and be punctual like the clock!" Broglie crosses Weser by the Town Bridge, ranks himself opposite Todtenhausen; and through the livelong night there is, on the part of the 50,000 French, a very great marching and deploying.' Coutades and Broglie together are 51,400 foot and horse. Ferdinand's entire force will be near 46,000; but at Minden he did not assemble more than 36,000, having detached, as we have seen, a column to the southward.

Ferdinand's posts extend from the Weser river and Todtenhausen round by Stemmen, Holzhausen, to Hartence and the Bog of Bastau (the chief part of him towards Bastau,) in various villages and woody patches, and favourable spots, all looking in upon Minden, from a distance of five or seven miles; forming a kind of arc, with Minden for centre. He will march up in eight columns, of course, with wide intervals between them, wide, but continually narrowing as he advances, which will indeed be ruinous gaps if Ferdinand wait to be attacked, but which will coalesce close enough if he be speedy upon Coutades. For

Coutades' line is also of arc-like, or almost semi-circular form, behind it Minden as centre; Minden, which is at the intersection of Weser and the Brook; his right flank is on Weser, Broglie *versus* Wangenheim the extreme right; his left, with infantry and artillery, rests on that black Brook of Bastau with its nineteen bridges. As the ground on both wings is rough, not so fit for cavalry, Coutades puts his cavalry wholly in the centre. They are the flower of the French army, about 10,000 horse in all; firm open ground ahead of them there, with strong batteries, masses of infantry to support on each flank, batteries to ply with cross fire any assailant that may come on. Broglie, we said, is right wing, strong in artillery and infantry. Broglie is to root out Wangenheim; after which,—or even before which, if Wangenheim is kept busy and we are nimble—what becomes of Ferdinand's left flank, with a gap of three miles between Wangenheim and him, and 10,000 chosen horse to take advantage of it? Had the French been of Prussian dexterity and nimbleness in marching, it is very possible something might have come of this latter circumstance; but Ferdinand knows they are not, and intends to take good care of his flank.

'Coutades and his people were of willing mind, but had no skill "in marching up," and, once got across the Bastau by their nineteen bridges, they wasted many hours. "Too far, am I? not far enough! Too close, not close enough?" and twisted about in much hurry and confusion all night. Fight was to have begun at five in the morning. Broglie was in his place, silently looking into Wangenheim, by five o'clock, but unfortunately did nothing upon Wangenheim, except cannonade a little; which surely was questionable conduct, though not reckoned so at Versailles when the case came to be argued there. As to the Coutades people across those nineteen bridges, they had a baffling confused night, and were by no means correctly on their ground at

sunrise, nor at 7 o'clock, nor at 8; and were still mending themselves when the shock came, and time was done.

The morning is very misty; but Ferdinand has himself been out examining since the earliest daybreak; his orders last night were, "Cavalry be saddled at 1 in the morning"; having a guess that there would be work, as he now finds there will. From 5 A.M. Ferdinand is issuing from his camp, flowing down eastward, beautifully concentric, closing on Coutades; horse *not* in centre, but English infantry in centre (six battalions, or six *regiments*, by English reckoning;*) right opposite those 10,000 horse of Coutades, the sight of whom seems to be very animating to them. The English cavalry stand on the right wing, at the village of Hartence; Lord George Sackville had not been very punctual in saddling at 1 o'clock; he is there, ranked on the ground, at 8, in what humour nobody knows; sulky and flabby, I should rather guess. . . .

Soon after 8, the fight begins; attack, by certain Hessians, on Hahlen and its batteries; attempt to drive the French out of Hahlen, as the first thing—which does not succeed at once (indeed took three attacks in all); and perhaps looks rather tedious to those six English battalions. Ferdinand's order to them was, "You shall march up to attack, you six, on sound of drum"; but, it seems, they read it, "*by* sound of drum." "Beating our own drums; yes, of course!" and, being weary of this Hahlen work, or fancying they had no concern with it, strode on, double quick, without waiting for Hahlen at all! to the horror of their Hanoverian comrades, who nevertheless determined to follow as second line. The Coutades' cross-fire of artillery, battery of thirty guns on one flank, of thirty-six on the other, does its best upon this forward-minded infantry, but they seem to heed it little; walk right forward; and, to the astonish-

* These regiments, which still bear inscribed on their colours, the name of 'Minden,' were the 12th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 27th, and 51st.

ment of those French horse, and of all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made on them, and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 horse feel astonished, insulted; and rush out again, furiously charging; the English halt and serry themselves; "No fire till they are within forty paces"; and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or man can endure. Rally after rally, there is, on the part of those 10,000; mass after mass of them indignantly plunges on—again, ever again—about six charges in all, but do not break the English lines; one of them (regiment Maestro-de-Camp, raised to a paroxysm) does once get through, across the first line, but is blown back in dreadful circumstances by the second. After which they give it up, as a thing that cannot be done. And rush rearward, hither, thither, the whole seventy-five squadrons of them; and "between their two wings of infantry, are seen boiling in complete disorder."

This has lasted about an hour: this is essentially the soul of the Fight,—though there wanted not other activities, to right of it and to left, on both sides; artilleries going at a mighty rate on both wings; and counter artilleries (superlative practice by Captain Phillips on our right wing); Broglie cannonading Wangenheim very loudly, but with little harm done or suffered, on their right wing. Wangenheim is watchful of that gap between Ferdinand and him, till it close itself sufficiently. Their right-wing Infantry did once make some attempt there; but the Prussian Horse shot out, and in a brilliant manner swept them home again. Artillery, and that pretty charge of Prussian Horse, are all one remembers, except this of the English and Hanover Foot in centre: "an unsurpassable thing," says Tempelhof (though it so easily might have been a fatal!)—which has set Coutades' centre boiling, and reduced Coutades altogether to water, as it were. Coutades said bitterly: "I have seen what I never thought to be possible,—a single line of

infantry ['the thin red line!'] break through three lines of cavalry, ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin."*^{*}

As the French, broken and dispirited, retired, Duke Ferdinand sent orders to Lord George Sackville to charge with the cavalry, who had not been engaged, and convert their retreat into a rout.† It is one of the enigmas of history that Lord George Sackville, to his eternal dishonour, refused to obey, and, moody and silent, remained on his ground. He cannot justly be accused of want of courage, and his failure to do his duty arose, we may surmise, in his jealousy of his commander-in-chief, and his reluctance to contribute to the completeness of his victory. But that an English officer, if this surmise be correct, should have thus permitted his private feelings to prevail over his sense of what the public interest required, is almost incredible. On the evening of the battle, he had the audacity to present himself at the Duke's table. In the General Orders issued the next morning, which thanked the troops and some distinguished officers for their brilliant services, Sackville's name did not occur; but reference was made to the Marquis of Granby, his lieutenant, as one who, if he had been at the head of the cavalry, would have made the success of the day more absolute.

Sackville resigned his command, and returned to England. In the following year he was tried by court-martial, cashiered, and declared incapable of again serving the crown 'in any military capacity.' George II remarked that this was 'a sentence worse than death,' and with his own hand struck the unfortunate man's name from the list of

* Carlyle, 'Frederick the Great,' vi, 41-44.

† The loss of the Allies in killed and wounded was 2822—one half of which fell on the immortal Six Regiments. The French loss was 7086 (with all their heavy guns, several colours, baggage, tents, etc.)

Privy Councillors. The rage and execration of the public pursued him in a hundred forms; yet he contrived to outlive the national contempt, and in the next reign made his way to civil employment.

CHAPTER IV

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN INDIA

IN 1599 an association of 'Adventurers' was established in London with the view of securing for England a share in the commerce of India. In the following year they received from Queen Elizabeth a charter of incorporation, under the name of 'The Governor and Company of Merchants of London, trading to the East Indies.' A fleet of five ships, under Captain James Lancaster, sailed from Torbay on the 2nd of May, 1601, and the voyage was sufficiently successful to encourage the Company in further ventures. Their progress was so rapid that, in 1613, they obtained from the Great Mogul a firman which authorised the first English establishment on the mainland of India. A year later, and Sir Thomas Roe was sent on an embassy to the Mogul's Court, where he was treated with great distinction, and had the good fortune to obtain permission for the English merchants to trade and plant factories in any part of the Mogul's dominions,—Surat, Bengal, and Sindy being particularly named.

In 1617, the Company, which then owned thirty-six ships, of 100 to 1000 tons burden, raised a capital of

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN INDIA

201

£1,600,000. Its operations, however, were not unimpeded; on one side it encountered the jealous competition of the Portuguese, and on the other that of the Dutch, who finally succeeded in monopolizing the commerce of the Spice Islands. What we lost in that quarter, however, was more than counter-balanced by their successes against the Portuguese, whom they totally defeated at Jasques in 1620, and expelled from Ormuy in 1622. In 1640, the Company obtained a footing on the Coromandel coast, and Fort St George was erected at Madras Patam, on land ceded by the Raja of Chandragharee. This settlement was constituted a presidency in 1653.

Inadequate pecuniary resources compelled the directors to conduct for many years their operations on a very modest scale; and, consequently, their influence at Surat and on the Coromandel coast declined, while that of the Dutch increased. Yet were their territorial annexations by no means inconsiderable. In 1668 Charles II made a grant of the island of Bombay which had formed part of Queen Catherine's dowry; and the factory which they had established at Hugli or Hooghly, in 1644, threw off branches at Balasore and Cossimbazar. The natural vigour and living force of our race asserted itself on every favourable occasion; until, at last, when the increasing wealth of the country enabled the Directors to augment their capital, the Company emerged from the cloud in which it had been so long involved. Their yearly fleets became larger; their cargoes proved more profitable. In 1687 Bombay was elevated into a Presidency. There were reverses experienced in Bengal; but these were afterwards retrieved through the courage and skill of Mr Charnock, who deserves recognition as the first of the long line of able and energetic leaders who have built up our Anglo-Indian empire.

A new Nawab, favourably disposed towards the English, having ascended the vice-regal throne of Bengal, Mr Charnock was permitted to re-establish the Company's

factories, and compensation was awarded to the English settlers for the losses they had sustained. On August 24th, 1690, Charnock hoisted the English standard on the bank of the Hugli—where, except for a brief interval, it has ever since waved; and eight years later, the Company's agents obtained from the Nawab, for 16,000 rupees, a grant of the three villages of Calcutta, Chuttanulty, and Govindpur, on the site of which now stands Calcutta, 'the city of palaces,' and the centre of British civilisation and power in the Indian peninsula. The new capital rose rapidly into importance, and was protected by the erection of Fort William in 1703. About the same time our government in India was regularly organized under the Presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, which were wholly independent of each other, and responsible only to the Company at home. In each, the administration consisted of a President and Council, the latter composed of nine or twelve members. Law and order were preserved among the natives dwelling in the Company's territories, by the usual Zemindary courts: namely, the Forydary court, for criminal law; the Cutcheray, for civil causes; and the Collector's court, for deciding issues of a financial character. The judges in these courts were servants of the Company, appointed by the President and Council, and removable at pleasure. The Company's commercial business was carried on through agents called factors, or chiefs of factories, who resided at convenient points, and took charge of the factories and warehouses there erected. The Company also maintained a small body of troops, partly Europeans, regularly trained and clothed in uniform, and partly native Sepoys (from *spahi*, a soldier), who were armed principally with sword and shield, though accustomed to the use of the musket, and commanded by native officers.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, another European Power manifested a desire to secure a footing in India. 'La Compagnie des Indes,' founded in 1642, under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, purchased a plot of ground

north of the Coleroons, which, in 1674, was occupied by a handful of adventurers under François Martin. This able and daring man contrived to win the favour and confidence of the native governor, who sanctioned the erection of such buildings as were necessary for the accommodation of his followers and himself, and of the works indispensable for their security. His prudently considerate treatment of the natives induced many of them to settle within the walls of the new town, which was at first called Phortchery, but was afterwards (and is still) known as Pondichery.

Under his energetic administration, the French settlement grew so strong and wealthy as to provoke the commercial jealousy of the Dutch, who resolved on its reduction, and sent against it in August, 1693, a formidable expedition. After a bombardment of twelve days they compelled its surrender. Baffled in his patriotic ambition, Martin returned to France. He met with an honourable reception; and his vivid representations of the value of Pondichery made such an impression on the French Government that, when the Peace of Ryswick was concluded, its restoration was firmly insisted upon (1697). Martin was sent out as Governor of the recovered settlement; and, with indefatigable energy, proceeded to enlarge and strengthen the fortifications, collect a strong garrison, and lay out the town on a new and extensive plan. And such was his success in dealing with the natives that, at his death in 1708, crowned with years and honours, the population of the town amounted to 40,000. 'It was a remarkable result,' observes the historian, 'of Martin's skilful policy, that the progress of Pondichery caused neither envy nor apprehension to any of the native rulers of the country. It is a result which can only be ascribed to the confidence which that policy had inspired. The guns on the ramparts were regarded, not as threatening to a native power, but as a means of defence against one of the rival nations of Europe. When a native prince visited Pondichery, he was received as a friend; he was carefully

waited upon, he was pressed to stay. The idea of regarding the natives as enemies was never suffered, by any chance, to appear. Acknowledging them as the lords paramount of the country, the French preferred to regard themselves as their best tenants, their firmest well-wishers. Pondichery rose, therefore, without exciting a single feeling of distrust.

For some years after Martin's death the prospects of the French in India were greatly obscured by the uncertainty attending the fortunes of their East India Company. After many vicissitudes, however, it was placed on a comparatively stable basis; and its prosperity was, for a time, assured by the courage and sagacity of Joseph Francis Dupleix, who had been appointed to the Government of Pondichery. He was a man of resourceful and inventive brain; and he conceived the idea of making the Franco-Indian settlement the centre of a large coasting and inland trade, as well as a depot for foreign commerce (1741). When he assumed office he found the province suffering from the disastrous effects of a Marathi invasion. Though war between England and France was daily expected to break out, Pondichery had no defences which would resist the attack of European ordnance. The whole territory of the Carnatic, moreover, was convulsed with anarchy, and its native ruler threatened with hostilities by two powerful enemies, Chunda Sahib and Nizam-ud-Mulk, the Subadar of the Deccan. Dupleix proved himself equal to the exigencies of the situation. With a firm hand he reduced the expenditure, and reorganised the administration; with incessant activity he superintended the construction of fortifications on a scientific plan. These tasks accomplished, he felt himself free to embark in the daring enterprise his imagination had fostered—the foundation of a French empire on the ruins of the old Mogul Power. As a preliminary, it was indispensable that the English should be expelled from India.

Great was his indignation, therefore, when La Bourdonnais, an able and accomplished officer, who at the head

of a combined naval and military expedition, had obtained the surrender of Madras and Fort St George on the 20th of September, 1746, agreed to ransom the town for forty-four lakhs of rupees, and to withdraw the French garrison in three months. He was Governor-General and refused to endorse these conditions. In support of the English, interposed Anwar-ed-din, Nawab of the Carnatic, who, when Dupleix refused to give up the town, despatched his son with an army of 10,000 men to compel its surrender. As the French garrison did not exceed 1000 men, an easy victory was anticipated. The French, however, did not wait to be attacked; but, on November 2nd, pushed forward a body of 400 men, with a couple of field-pieces, who encountered the Nawab's cavalry, and put them to the rout. Notwithstanding their numbers they could make no stand against the discipline and training of Europe. The young Nawab, mounted on a huge elephant which bore the standard of the Carnatic, was among the first to flee. This swift overthrow of a large native army by a single European battalion marks a turning-point in Indian history. 'It dissolved at once and for ever the spell which had hitherto kept Europeans in dread of native armies. It demonstrated their inherent weakness, however strong in numbers; and it gave the English that confidence in their own valour and strategy which contributed more than anything else to the successive subversion of the native thrones.' Three considerations will help to explain the victories of European troops over greatly superior numbers: First, their effectiveness of discipline, which gave them cohesion, solidity, and confidence in one another; second, their superiority in weapons, the native Indian soldiers being armed only with rusty matchlocks or with sabres useful only in hand-to-hand encounters; third, the advantage of race. They possessed a vigour and a vitality and a force almost unknown to the children of the East, enfeebled as they were by an enervating climate, a meagre diet, and a life of apathetic

indolence. The Englishman believes in his superiority, and this belief strengthens his perseverance in war.

Dupleix, elated by his victory, hastened to announce to the Governor of Madras his refusal to ratify the terms accepted by La Bourdonnais, and his intention of razing Madras to the ground. So gross a breach of faith naturally excited the anger of our countrymen; nor was it mitigated by his unworthy treatment of the principal servants of the Company, whom he removed under armed escort to Pondichery, and paraded in a triumphal procession before the eyes of Europeans and Hindoos. Holding that his unchivalrous conduct absolved them from their engagements, they succeeded in effecting their escape to Fort St David. Among them was a young writer, now known in history by the name and title of Lord Clive.

The French next turned their arms against Fort St David, but were foiled in their design by the arrival of an English squadron from Calcutta. They retreated in hot haste to Pondichery, which the English admiral blockaded for several months. In August, 1748, he was joined by a large fleet, under Boscawen, who assumed the command, and disembarked an army which, with the troops at Fort St David, numbered 3720 Europeans, and about 2300 Sepoys. Of this considerable force, however, Boscawen made no effective use. The siege lingered on for weeks, while disease wrought havoc in his ranks; and at length, having most ingloriously failed, he re-embarked the stores and artillery, while the army, dispirited and humiliated, returned to Fort St David. But the successes of her lieutenant in India, France did not know how to value, and to his intense mortification, she restored Madras to the East India Company by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Down to 1746 the reader will observe that the English and French in India had adhered in the main to the role of 'the inoffensive trader,' whose great aim was the opening up of new commercial channels. But the military opera-

tions so rapidly summarised in the foregoing pages, kindled into flames the traditional jealousy of the two races. In 1749 they transferred to Asia the rivalries of Europe, and entered upon that arduous struggle which gave to England the position of the Paramount Power in India. At first their opposition did not take a direct form. As Mr Owen remarks 'the war had brought to Pondichery and Fort St David a number of troops greatly superior to any which either of the two nations had assembled in India; and as if it was impossible that a military force which feels itself capable of enterprises should refrain from attempting them, the two settlements, no longer authorised to fight with each other, took the resolution of employing their arms in the contests of the princes of the country.' In these contests it was a matter of course that they should take opposite sides, and thus gratify their mutual rivalry and animosity without issuing any formal declaration of war.

In 1749 the Carnatic was under the rule of the Nawab Anwar-ed-din, or as English contemporary records call him, Anaverdy Khan. The viceroyalty of the Deccan, in which was included the province of the Carnatic, was held by Nazir Jung. Both princes, however, were threatened by competitors: Nazir Jung, by a certain Mozuffer Jung, grandson of a former viceroy; and Anwar-ed-din by Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nawab. It was natural enough that the two princes should enter, in these circumstances, into an alliance offensive and defensive; and that Dupleix should intrigue to support them, and despatch to their assistance a force of 400 Europeans and 2000 Sepoys. At the head of 36,000 men they attacked the Nawab at Amboor (August 3rd), and completely overthrew him. He perished in the lost battle; but his two sons, Muphaz Khan and Mohamed Ali, afterwards ominously known as the Nawab of Arcot, survived the defeat. Muphaz Khan was made prisoner, Mohamed Ali effected his escape, retired to Trichinopoly, and applied to the English for assistance.

Chunda Sahib marched against Trichinopoly, but lingered a good deal on the road; so that Nazir Jung had time to collect a formidable army—300,000 men, it is said, with 800 guns and 1300 elephants—and to receive the welcome support of 600 English troops, under Major Lawrence. He advanced to Valdaur, but Chunda Sahib did not dare to force him. Nazir Jung therefore, assumed the position of viceroy of the Dekkan, and appointed Mohamed Ali, Nawab of the Carnatic. He did not long enjoy his triumph, being shot through the heart by the Nawab of Kuddapah. Mozuffer Jung was then acknowledged as ruler of the Deccan, and concluded an intimate alliance with the French Governor-General, whom he lavishly rewarded for his support. Dupleix commemorated the apparent success of his policy by raising a tall and stately column, on the four sides of which, in four languages, was engraved the record of his achievements. Around it speedily sprung up a town which he boastingly entitled Dupleix-Futtehabad, 'the place (or city) of the victory of Dupleix.' But in the East events change with the rapidity of the kaleidoscope; and the star of Dupleix, having reached its zenith, was to sink as rapidly as it had risen.

In February, 1751, Mozuffer Jung was slain in a mutiny of his troops, and the French appointed Salabut Jung as his successor. Almost at the same time that Mohamed Ali refused to give up Trichinopoly, Dupleix sent Chunda Sahib against him, strengthening his army with a French detachment of 400 men.

By this time the English had come to perceive that their very existence in Southern India was endangered by the rapid increase of the French power; and it was obvious to Mr Saunders, then Governor-General of Madras, that the only hope of retrieving the past lay in an active support of Mohamed Ali. Yet, to avert the fall of Trichinopoly seemed impossible; though the fall of Trichinopoly signified the collapse of English interests. The full extent of the emergency

was realised by the clear, strong intellect of Robert Clive, who was now twenty-five years old, and, by his services, had obtained the post of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. Clive had a natural genius for war; as William Pitt said of him, he was 'a heaven-born general.' He knew that to raise the siege of Trichinopoly, by attacking the investing army, was impracticable with the small force at the disposal of the English; but he conceived that it might be raised if the war were suddenly carried into the enemy's country, by operating at some distant point of too much importance to be neglected by the enemy. To the Madras Government he submitted, therefore, the bold plan of an attack upon Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the seat of the Nawab's sovereignty, supporting his proposal by arguments of so much weight that they prevailed over the apathy of officials, who were slaves to tradition and routine. A small force of 200 Europeans and 300 Sepoys was hastily got together, and placed under the orders of the young captain—who, on the 6th of September, set out from Madras amid a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, and pushed forward on the road that led to Arcot and—a peerage.

The news of his march went before him; and its daring, character so intimidated the native garrison that, though upwards of one thousand strong, they surrendered at the first summons. Clive, however, apprehended that, on recovering from their sudden panic, the enemy would not leave him long unmolested; and he proceeded to extend and strengthen the fortifications, and make other preparations for withstanding a siege. His expectation was fulfilled. The garrison gathered up reinforcements from the country round about, and with their numbers increased to 3000, took up a threatening position close to the town. With great alacrity, one night, Clive and his little band sallied out and attacked them, inflicting upon them a complete defeat.

Ascertaining that a couple of 18-pounders which he had

ordered from Madras were on their way, and that a force of 4000 Mussulmans had occupied Conjeveram, for the purpose of intercepting them, Clive despatched the greater part of his troops to reinforce the convoy. Whereupon the enemy, whose spies kept them well informed, broke up their camp, and advanced against Arcot. During the night they completed their investment of the fort, where Clive had with him only thirty Europeans and fifty Sepoys, and on the following morning delivered an assault. But the convoy from Madras arrived while the action was in progress, and the assailants immediately retreated.

Chunda Sahib now despatched his son, Raja Sahib, with an army of 10,000 men, including a contingent of 150 Frenchmen. They soon gained possession of the town of Arcot, and then surrounded the citadel, the walls of which were sadly dilapidated, the ditches dry, the embrasures too narrow to admit the guns, and the ramparts too low to protect the gunners. The little garrison, weakened by disease and casualties, consisted of only 120 Englishmen and 200 Sepoys, with four officers. The stock of provisions had been considerably diminished. Clive, however, had lost nothing of his ardour and resolution, and he conducted the defence with unfailing resource and intuitive military skill. He was admirably supported by the courage and fidelity of his soldiers, on whom his example acted like an inspiration. If the enemy's artillery effected a breach, it was immediately repaired; if, in spite of every effort, the breach grew wider, they were always on the alert to defend it and drive back the assailants. When the supply of rice began to fail, the Sepoys solicited Clive that the remainder should be reserved for the use of the white men, who, they said, required more nourishment than Asiatics; for themselves the liquor in which the rice was steeped would suffice.

For fifty days this heroic attitude was maintained; but Clive knew that unless relief came, the defence must

ultimately fail, from the exhaustion of his men, and the want of provisions and ammunition. His hope lay in the speedy arrival of a body of 6000 Marathis, whose services had been secured for Mohamed Ali. For some time they had kept their camp at the foot of the hills, about thirty miles from Arcot, unwilling, like all Orientals, to commit themselves to a doubtful cause; but Clive's splendid exploits filled them with a great admiration of the fighting qualities of the English, and they moved to his assistance. Raja Sahib then endeavoured to bribe Clive into surrender. His offers being contemptuously rejected, he swore by his most solemn oath that he would immediately storm the fort, and put every one of its defenders to the sword. Clive epigrammatically replied that the Raja's father was an usurper and his army a rabble, and that it would be well for him to think twice before he sent such cravens into a breach defended by English warriors.

Raja Sahib ordered a general assault, fixing it for the day on which the great Mohammedan festival in memory of Hosein, the son of Ali, is celebrated. Drunk with *bang*, and mad with fanaticism, his swarm of fighting men rushed to the attack (November 14th), preceded by a troop of ponderous elephants, whose foreheads were armed with huge plates of iron, that they might break down the gates of the fort. A deserter had carried to Clive the news of their approach, and he was well prepared to receive them. The breaches were mounted with cannon, spare muskets were loaded and kept in readiness, while his small force was so disposed as to command each salient point of attack. The glimmer of dawn fell upon the mass of spear and sabre and matchlock, which, in four columns, two directed against the practicable breaches, and two against the gates, rolled rapidly onward. The bravest among the besieged held their breath for awhile, and then a volley of musketry rattled through the air, and mowed down the foremost ranks of the advance. The fire was renewed—was main-

tained with vigour and precision—and so galled and alarmed the elephants that they swung round on the ranks behind them, trampled them to the ground, and rushed wildly from the field. Through the north-western breach, however, the enemy made their way; climbing with desperate effort the shattered walls, and gaining the palisade before a shot was fired. Then all at once Clive opened upon them with his musketry, and with two pieces of cannon which he had skilfully planted on a vantage ground. The dead and dying soon lay in bleeding heaps; the muddy waters of the ditch ran red with blood. Thrice the infuriated Mohammedans braved that remorseless fire. Thrice they were driven back with frightful carnage, and at last they retired beyond the moat.

At the south-west breach not less desperate was the struggle. There the water in the ditch was too deep to be forded, and the assailants attempted to cross upon a raft. Clive hastened to the post of danger; and observing that his gunners were uncertain in their aim, took into his own hands the management of a field-piece, and with three or four discharges threw the enemy into such confusion that the raft was capsized. Some were drowned, some shot, others succeeded in swimming back. Dismayed, the army could not be induced to renew the attack, and with a loss of 400 killed and wounded, sullenly retired to their camp. The casualties of the besieged were only four Europeans killed, and two Sepoys wounded.

Next day Raja Sahib broke up his camp and retired. It was well for Clive that he did so; his little garrison, reduced to 200 effectives, could hardly have resisted another assault. During the siege they had expended 12,000 cartridges, besides serving five pieces of artillery. Four guns, four mortars, and a large supply of ammunition were found in Raja Sahib's quarters. 'Thus ended,' says Orme, 'this memorable siege, maintained fifty days under every disadvantage of situation and force, by a handful of men in their first campaign, with

a spirit worthy of the most veteran troops, and conducted by the young commander with indefatigable activity, unshaken confidence, and undaunted courage; and, notwithstanding, he had at the time neither read books nor conversed with men capable of giving him much instruction in the military art, all the resources which he employed in the defence of Arcot were such as were dictated by the best masters of the art of war.'

Reinforced by 200 Europeans and 700 Sepoys from Fort St George, together with 300 Marathi horsemen, Clive was able to assume the offensive, and pursuing Raja Sahib's army, he attacked and defeated it on the bank of the Arnee. Afterwards he recaptured Conjeveram, and finding that the enemy had hastened to attempt the recovery of Arcot, he marched after them, overtook their advance, and broke in storm upon them at Coverpunk. The action was sharply contested, and at one time the issue doubtful; but Clive finally prevailed, and the enemy fled in great confusion, leaving nine guns, three colours, and many prisoners in his hands. Their loss in killed and wounded exceeded 450. Clive's was about seventy.

Recalled to Fort St David, he was appointed second in command to an expedition, under Major Lawrence, which had been organized for the relief of Trichinopoly. The French were defeated in a succession of briskly fought actions; and finally, having taken refuge in the island of Seringham, in the river Kavery, were closely invested and starved into surrender. Despite the intrigues of Dupleix, who with inexhaustible artifice, stirred up all the elements of Indian confusion, the French influence continued to decrease, while the repute of the British as great and successful warriors spread far and wide. A strong impression was produced on the native mind by the courage and conduct which Clive displayed in the reduction of the strong fortresses of Covelong and Chingleput, both of which were garrisoned by the French (1752). The force

with which he performed these exploits was such as few officers would have ventured to lead against a brave and powerful enemy. But Clive's motto was that which Danton afterwards formulated as the true principle of political action—'*L'audace ! toujours l'audace !*' Two hundred recruits, recently imported from the gaols of London, and five hundred newly raised Sepoys, imperfectly disciplined, were the raw material out of which this extraordinary man contrived in a few weeks to develop a corps of steady and trustworthy fighting-men. At first, indeed, the whistle of the bullets scared them into running away, and one of them was actually found concealed at the bottom of a well, but by setting them an example of cool intrepidity, by accustoming them gradually to stand firm under fire, by judicious encouragement and patient discipline, he succeeded in making them admirable soldiers, confident in themselves and in their leader.

Clive returned to Madras victorious. Soon afterwards, acting upon his physician's advice, he made a voyage to England, where he met with the reception due to his extraordinary services. In 1756 he was back again in India, having been appointed governor of Fort St David, and, at the same time, promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He arrived at Fort St David, on the 20th of June; and in the following August was summoned to Madras, to advise on the adoption of measures for the recovery of the Company's territory at Calcutta, and the punishment of the massacre of the Black Hole. An expedition was rapidly got ready: it consisted of five of the Company's vessels and five of Admiral Watson's squadron of men-of-war, together with a military force of 900 English soldiers and 1500 Sepoys. Clive took the command, and set sail on the 10th of October. Contrary winds delayed his progress, and he did not reach the mouth of the Ganges until the 15th of December. Ascending the Hugli branch of India's sacred river, Clive captured the Mohammedan

fortress of Budge-Budge on the 2nd of January, 1757, and, a week later, made himself master of the town of Hugli. He then pushed forward upon Calcutta. Surajah Dowlah, who was at that time Nawab of Bengal, was furious at the re-appearance of these irrepressible Englishmen, and collecting an army of 40,000 men, threatened to drive them into the sea. The messengers whom Clive despatched with pacific proposals he treated contemptuously, behaving with the confidence of a man who saw before him an easy victory. In Asiatic warfare Fortune follows the footsteps of the adventurous; and Clive, reinforcing his small army with 600 marines from Admiral Watson's ships, marched against the Nawab's camp, which covered Calcutta on the north-east. In the dense fog which prevailed he wandered from his intended route, and unwittingly plunged into the midst of the Nawab's host; but, after a most desperate and prolonged struggle, he succeeded in cutting his way back into the town, with a loss of 200 men. The Nawab was alarmed by the daring and resolution of this attempt, and hastened to conclude a treaty with its author, by which he, on his part, agreed to restore the English to their original position, and to compensate them for their losses; while they, on their part, undertook that his friends should be their friends and his enemies their enemies. Each, however, continued to mistrust the other; and while the Nawab was secretly negotiating with the French generals in the Deccan, Clive was strenuously pressing the Home authorities to send a considerable military force to Bengal.

News of the declaration of war between England and France reaching Calcutta, Clive prepared to defend the English settlements in India against French plans of conquest. He knew that M. Bussy, with a body of veteran troops, was posted in the Northern Circars, at less than 500 miles from Calcutta, and that a French garrison held possession of Chandernagore. If these two divisions joined

the Nawab, Calcutta would again be in danger. With characteristic promptitude of decision, Clive resolved to attack Chandernagore before Bussy could reinforce its garrison, or the Nawab conclude any new combinations. As he led his little army to the scene of action, he dropped some significant words: 'If we take Chandernagore, we cannot stop there.' Nor did we.

After a siege of only nine days, Chandernagore surrendered, and several heavy guns, a large amount of military stores, and five hundred prisoners fell into Clive's hands. The rapidity and force of this blow alarmed the Nawab: without the French to keep them in check, whither might not these English advance? With the instability that characterizes the Oriental temper, he vacillated between arrogant assurance and unmanly fears. One day he despatched a gift of money to Calcutta as a peace-offering; the next day he forwarded some jewels to Bussy, and implored him to march against Clive—'the daring in war! on whom,' added the Nawab, 'may all ill-fortune descend!' Encamping with his numerous army on the plain of Plassey, he seemed to be meditating an immediate forward movement. But his vacillation still continued. He tore Clive's letters into fragments, like a petulant child, and yet replied to them in language of the grossest adulation.

Towards his subjects, however, all classes of whom he plundered and oppressed, his mood never changed; his capricious cruelty knew no check. His ministers and officers never felt secure. So heavy was the burden of his tyranny that Meer Jaffier, his principal general, and Roydullub, his minister of finance, conspired with the Seits, the richest bankers in India, to depose him. They took into their confidence a Calcutta merchant, named Omichund, not less distinguished by his ability than notorious for his avarice, who had grown into favour with the Nawab, and acquired an influence over him which made him an impor-

tant factor in any political intrigue. The object of the conspirators was to place on the Nawab's throne some Mohammedan noble of capacity and character; and as Jugget Seit, the banker, insisted that nothing could be done without the co-operation of the English, they entered into communication with the authorities at Calcutta. Clive at once perceived how favourable an opportunity was offered for establishing English ascendancy in Bengal; and ignoring or overruling the hesitation of the Council, he promised his support to the conspirators. In the necessary negotiations that ensued, Omichund played a leading part, and imposed himself upon Clive as the inspiring spirit of the projected revolution. Eventually a secret treaty was concluded, by which Clive promised military assistance to Meer Jaffier, whom the conspirators had resolved to place on the throne; while Meer Jaffier promised compensation to the English for all their losses, public and private. So far, perhaps, there was nothing in Clive's action to deserve censure. He was supporting, it is true, a secret revolt against a legitimate sovereign; but that sovereign's crimes and excesses towards his subjects, and his treachery towards his ally, may be held to have merited punishment. His subjects were certainly justified in endeavouring to remove him; and the English knew, to use Clive's words, that while such a monster reigned, they could not hope to enjoy security or peace. But from a prince placed on the throne, and maintained there by English bayonets, what might not be expected?

The treachery of Omichund suddenly threatened the plans of the conspirators with failure. Throwing off the mask, he declared that he would make known to the Nawab their designs, unless they inserted an article in the treaty guaranteeing to him a sum of thirty lakhs of rupees, and a commission of five per cent. on all disbursements. This duplicity aroused the indignation of Clive, who, professing no very elevated system of morality, declared that 'art and

policy were warrantable to defeat such a villain.' For Omichund, who was equally ready to betray both parties, and whose greed of gold blinded him to every sentiment of honour or of loyalty, no commiseration will be felt; but one cannot but regret that the fair fame of English gentlemen should have been sullied by the fraud which Clive conceived and executed. That his position had its difficulties we will not deny; but better had it been for his character, in the judgment of posterity, if he had dared Omichund to do his worst. Unfortunately, Clive is not the only English statesman who has acted on the mistaken policy of fighting an Oriental with his own foul weapons.

To the confederates who sought his advice he replied: 'Promise Omichund all that he asks, and draw up any form of engagement which will satisfy him, and secure us against his treachery.' Meanwhile his fertile brain had devised an astute expedient, which he thus described to Mr Watts: 'I have your last letter, including the articles of agreement. I must confess the tenure of these surprised me much. I immediately repaired to Calcutta, and, at a committee held, both the Admiral (Watson) and gentlemen agree that Omichund is the greatest villain upon earth, and that now he appears, in the strongest light, what he was always suspected to be—a villain in grain. However, to counterplot this scoundrel, and at the same time to give him no cause to suspect our intentions, enclosed you will receive two forms of agreement—the one real, to be strictly kept by us, the other fictitious. In short, this affair concluded, Omichund shall be treated as he deserves. This you will acquaint Meer Jaffier with.' From the genuine treaty, which was engrossed upon white paper, Omichund's name was omitted; the false, which conceded all he asked, was upon red. It was not without hesitation that the members of council attached their signatures to the latter document. Admiral Watson positively refused; and as the absence of so prominent a name would have excited Omichund's suspi-

cions, Clive had the audacity to forge it. Of conduct so unscrupulous, so contrary to the traditions of the English gentleman, the public conscience of the present generation refuses to accept any extenuation. He himself declared, in after life, that 'he would do it a hundred times over,' in similar circumstances, and loudly asserted the integrity of his motives. But a man's motives are not always in harmony with his actions.

BATTLE OF PLASSEY, *June 23, 1757*

Having drawn from Meer Jaffier a solemn oath upon the Koran that he would adhere to his engagements, and on or before the day of battle withdraw his division from the Nawab's army, Clive issued a manifesto, setting forth the grievances of the English, and set out on his march, with 1000 Europeans, 2000 Sepoys, and eight pieces of cannon. He arrived at Cutwa on the 17th; but Meer Jaffier, who had already awakened the Nawab's suspicions, cautiously held aloof. On the 19th the rains began—the flood-gates of heaven were opened; and such torrents descended, swamping rice field and pasture, plain and valley, that Clive—perhaps for the first and only time in his life—hesitated to move forward. The hesitation soon passed away; Clive was not the man to retrace his steps when he had once committed himself to an enterprise. He determined to cross the Ganges, and try conclusions with his enemy. In his passing mood of indecision, he had had the weakness to call a council of war, which, as is customary with such bodies, recommended the retreat of the army, by a majority of nine to seven. Strange to say, Clive himself was in the majority; not, we may suppose, from any of the timid considerations which governed his colleagues, but because he recognized the immense value of the stake for which he was playing. When the council broke up, he wandered away alone from the camp, and sitting down under a clump of mango-trees,

remained for upwards of an hour absorbed in silent thought. Suddenly he started to his feet; he had made up his mind; he would put everything to the hazard of the die. The vote of the council was quietly put aside; and he issued orders for the passage of the river next day.

At daybreak on the 22nd of June his little army was in motion; and by four o'clock in the afternoon the last gun and the last soldier were on the opposite bank of the Ganges. The boats were steadily towed up stream, and the infantry and the artillery marched along the bank for about fifteen miles, when having come upon the enemy's position, Clive bivouacked for the night in a grove or small wood near the village of Plassey. The clash and clang of clarion and cymbal warned him of the proximity of the Nawab; and to guard against surprise he planted sentries and threw out vedettes before he permitted his troops to lie down and enjoy a brief repose.

Under the Nawab's standard were assembled about 35,000 foot and 1500 horse, with fifty guns. Clive's force did not exceed 3000 horse and foot. So vast a numerical disparity might well have suggested an unwonted degree of caution to the English commander. For though it must be admitted that the Nawab's host was composed of badly armed and undisciplined battalions—levied from among a people who have never been famous for their fighting qualities—and not welded into cohesion by the influence of the genius of a great captain, yet even when we allow these considerations their full weight, we cannot but feel that the superiority in numbers was a formidable element of the situation. And that Clive fought and conquered in such circumstances justifies his claim to be remembered as a daring and accomplished soldier,—not one of the great masters of the art of war, like Turenne and Marlborough and Wellington, but a general of rare ability, clear in perception, and resolute and strong in action.

At about eight o'clock, on the morning of the 23rd of

June, the Nawab drew out his troops, covering their evolutions with an irregular artillery fire, from the effect of which the English were sheltered by a high grassy bank. A swarm of cavalry was thrown out against the English lines, which, however, stood firm as a rock, and received them with well aimed volleys of musketry which emptied many a saddle. Towards noon the Nawab retired his guns, and his troops began to show palpable signs of confusion and discouragement. Clive seized the happy moment to move forward his compact little column, whose steady pressure quickly told upon the incoherent defence. The Nawab's commander-in-chief was mortally wounded in the heat of the conflict, and soon afterwards expired in the presence of his sovereign, who, panic-stricken, mounted a swift camel, and, escorted by two thousand horsemen, took to ignominious flight. This was the signal for the break-up of the whole army, for Meer Jaffier, perceiving that victory was with the English, had already carried his division over to their side. The rout was complete; before sunset the Nawab's army, as an army, had ceased to exist, and Clive was the virtual master of Bengal.

This singularly decisive victory was obtained without any considerable bloodshed. The loss of the English did not exceed seventy-two in killed and wounded; even that of the enemy was not more than 500.

Suraja Dowlah reached his capital in safety, but only to find that his Court had deserted him. After a day given up to the gloomiest thoughts and apprehensions, he disguised himself in a peasant's dress, escaped his palace, with no other attendants than an eunuch and a favourite concubine; and, favoured by the night, embarked in a small river boat for Behar, where he hoped to obtain the protection of a French force. But landing at Rajmahal to obtain some refreshment, an evil destiny guided him to the hut of a Fakir, whose ears he had cut off some months before. The man rejoiced in the unexpected opportunity of revenge,

and betrayed the fugitive to his pursuers, who carried him back to Moorshedabad, and secretly put him to death.

On the 29th of June Clive entered Moorshedabad, and formally installed Meer Jaffier as Subadar of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. Only a year had elapsed since the expulsion of the English from Calcutta, and in that short time they had recovered their capital, driven the French out of their possessions in Bengal, defeated and dethroned the Nawab, and placed the government of three rich provinces, with a population of twenty-five millions, in the hands of an ally and instrument of their own. History records few examples of a revolution so swift in its operation, and so tremendous in its effects. In the far reach and vast importance of its consequences Plassey may justly be ranked with Arbela.

CHAPTER V

THE WAR WITH MYSORE

MYSORE is a highland state situated between latitude 10° 30' and 11° 15' N., and longitude 74° 45' and 78° 45' E. Like most mountainous districts it breeds a hardy and courageous race of people. Its ruler, in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, was a certain Hyder Ali, a man of great force of character, who, by a combination of energy, daring, and craft, had raised himself to an absolute throne from the low rank of a private soldier. The vicissitudes of his career were many and romantic; and would furnish the story-teller with material for an exciting narrative. In 1766, however, he felt himself securely seated, and entered upon extensive schemes of aggression. These, in 1768, brought him into collision with the government of Madras; and our military operations being conducted with a deplorable want of vigour and judgment, Hyder actually advanced within a mile or two of the walls of Fort St George. A treaty was then concluded by which both of the contracting parties agreed to restore whatever conquests had been made, and to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive.

He was not so successful in his warfare with the Marathis. The Peishwa's hordes overran his dominions, and with his small army he could make no effectual stand against them. But, in 1771, they were under the command of one Trimbuk Mama, of whose military capacity he entertained no very high opinion. He resolved, therefore, to take the field; and having seized a strong position among the hills, he entrenched it, and held it tenaciously for some weeks. The Marathi general, finding that it could not be stormed, opened a heavy cannonade upon it, and kept it up day after day, until Hyder's severe losses constrained him to attempt his escape. In order to deceive the enemy he set his troops in motion as soon as darkness came in; but the accidental discharge of a gun betrayed his design, and clouds of the Marathi cavalry harassed his line of retreat. Hyder, as was his habit in the latter years of his life, had been drinking heavily, and from the effects of his debauch had not had time to recover. Sodden with wine, he inveighed against his son Tippoo in the most violent terms, accusing him of negligence and cowardice; and, seizing a stout cane, dealt him a succession of blows on his back, the marks of which were visible for some days. Tippoo, who had inherited much of his father's impetuosity, flung on the ground his turban, his sword, and his robe, exclaiming: 'My father may fight his own battle, for, by Allah and his prophet, I swear I will not draw sword this day!' Deprived of both its leaders, the army fell into the most wretched disorganisation, and fled before the Marathis in such confusion, that it escaped annihilation only through their love of plunder. Next morning Hyder recovered his senses and felt his humiliation. He rode away to Seringapatam; his son, in disguise, begging his way through the enemy's ranks, arrived there some hours later.

Trimbuk Mama drew his forces around the Mysorean stronghold, but he was ignorant of the conduct of a siege, and his delays enabled Hyder Ali to rally and recruit his

scattered army. For many months the war lingered on, until the Marathis grew weary of an unprofitable struggle, and made peace with the Sultan, on condition that he ceded his northern provinces, and paid an annual tribute of fourteen lakhs.

Having delivered his kingdom from the invasion of the Marathis, Hyder, with indefatigable patience, began the work of reconstruction. His energies seemed as inexhaustible as his resources. After re-conquering Coorg, he subdued Calicut; and having thus accustomed his troops to battle and victory, he ventured once more to try conclusions with his old Marathi enemies, whose new Peishwa, Ragoba, was reputed to possess neither personal influence nor military capacity. Fortune favoured Hyder in 1779 as signally as it had discomfited him two years before; and after a disastrous campaign, Ragoba found himself compelled to restore all the conquests made by his predecessor, south of the Kistna.

More powerful than at any previous epoch of his singular and varied career, Hyder began to meditate the punishment of the English for abandoning him in his long contention with the Marathis. The latter eagerly offered to join him in an alliance offensive and defensive against their common enemy. Our rulers by this time had learned the possible value of Hyder Ali as a friend, and his capability of doing mischief as an enemy, and had intimated their readiness to enter into an amicable arrangement with him. But now that he felt the strength of his position, their offers of assistance—withheld when he was in urgent need of it—exasperated his fierce temper, and he treated the English envoy with undisguised rudeness. The latter saw enough to convince him that Hyder was getting ready a formidable expedition, and hastened to warn the authorities at Madras; but they were then as determined not to suspect him as previously they had been obstinate in disbelieving him. They had soon reason to regret their mistaken confidence.

Early in June, 1780, Hyder Ali opened the campaign at the head of a splendid army, consisting of 40,000 peons, 15,000 regular infantry, and 28,000 cavalry, besides 2000 rocket men, 5000 pioneers, and about 400 Europeans. The plan of the Allies was that Sindia Holkar and the Marathis should at the same time advance upon Bombay and the Raja of Nagpore invade Bengal. But Hyder Ali was ready before his confederates, and through the Pass of Changama hastened to pour his thousands and tens of thousands into the Carnatic, where the heavens soon grew dark with the smoke of burning villages. The Madras government on recovering from its first alarm, made preparations to resist the threatened attack, and ordered the various detachments of its little army to concentrate at Conjeveram, under Sir Hector Munro. But before Colonel Baillie's division of 2800 men could arrive at the point of rendezvous, it had to fight Hyder Ali, who had interposed between him and Conjeveram. Munro despatched Colonel Fletcher to his assistance with 1000 men; and the little army, scarcely 4000 strong, boldly encountered Hyder Ali's immense host, and with such steadfastness and heroic daring that had it been more skilfully guided, it might probably have carried off a victory. Colonel Baillie, however, instead of leading his men to the charge with that levelled steel which no Oriental troops have ever successfully faced, suffered them to be mowed down for hours by the fire of half-a-hundred heavy guns. The result was a carnage. The greater portion of the little army perished on the field; the remainder, including about 200 Europeans, were taken prisoners.

It was fortunate that the chief of the executive in British India, at this conjuncture, was a man of undaunted resolution. No sooner was Warren Hastings apprised of the disaster than, without impatience or alarm, he took prompt steps to repair it, and to restore in the native mind that belief in our military ascendancy which was so essential to the maintenance of our position. He suspended the Governor of Madras,

and appointed to the command of the army Sir Eyre Coote, a veteran officer of proved capacity, while he largely reinforced it with Bengal Sepoys. By consummate diplomatic ability he detached several of Hyder's Allies, and contrived to bring over to his side the Marathis. Sir Eyre Coote, with 1700 Europeans and 5300 Sepoys, entered the territories which had been ravaged by Hyder Ali, and speedily regained the more important fortresses. At first the Sultan avoided an engagement in the open field; but on the appearance of a French fleet off the coast, he gained confidence, and posted his army near Cuddalore, where he could intercept the supplies of the English General, while maintaining his own communication with the sea. There he was attacked by Sir Eyre Coote, who successfully turned the flank of Hyder's army, and then, breaking in upon its centre, drove it into disorderly flight. Hyder, seated upon a portable stool on an eminence in the rear of his army, fell into a frenzy of rage when he witnessed the success of the English attack. At first he refused to quit the lost field, but a faithful old servant forcibly drew his slippers on his feet, and mounted him on a swift horse, which quickly bore him to a place of refuge.

At Sholinghur the Mysorean army was again defeated, with a loss of 5000 killed and wounded, and Hyder reluctantly entered into negotiations with the Anglo-Indian Government. Before they could be concluded, he was seized with a dangerous illness, and died on the 7th of December, 1782, at the age of eighty. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Tippoo Sahib, who resembled him in character and ability, and surpassed him, perhaps, in hatred of the English. Finding himself at the head of an army of 88,000 men, he marched against Bednore, which was garrisoned by the English under General Matthews. With astonishing rapidity he massed his troops around this important city, completely surprising Matthews, and interrupting his communications with the sea. After a gallant defence the garrison surren-

dered, on condition that they should be conducted safely to the coast. As soon as the gates were opened, Tippoo repaired to the treasury; but, finding it empty, he broke out into a frenzy of rage, and ordered the English officers to be searched. A considerable sum in money and jewels was discovered upon them; Tippoo considered this a breach of faith, and refused to fulfil the terms of capitulation. The prisoners were loaded with irons, and thrown into the different gaols of Mysore.

Tippoo next invested the fortress of Mongalore, where Colonel Campbell was in command, with 1800 men. His defence was of the most spirited character, nor did he surrender until, after a siege of nine months, his force was reduced by nearly one half. While Tippoo's energies and resources were concentrated on this one point, Colonel Fullerton, with a mixed force of 13,000 Europeans and Sepoys, penetrated into the very heart of the Sultan's dominions. He captured Palghaut and Coimbatore in succession, and was about to cross the Ghats and attack Seringapatam, when he was recalled by Lord Macartney, the Governor of Madras, who had entered into negotiations with Tippoo, and concluded peace, though on terms which could hardly be considered satisfactory. (1782).

In 1790, Tippoo again came into collision with the English, through his encroachments upon the dominions of an ally, the Raja of Travancore. At this time the reins of power in British India were in the capable hands of the Marquis Cornwallis, who, both as soldier and statesman, exhibited no ordinary ability and resolution. During the three years he presided at Calcutta, he had observed the restless ambition, relentless cruelty, and increasing influence of Tippoo, and had come to the conclusion that it was absolutely necessary to curb his pretensions. Having concluded alliances with the Nizam and the Marathas, he proceeded to concentrate a large military force at Madras, to the command of which General Meadows was appointed.

(1790). But though Meadows was one of the most chivalrous of captains and the bravest of men, he possessed few of the qualities which make a successful General. He knew nothing of the country, nothing of the native soldiers, and but little of the resources of his enemy. It was soon evident that he was unequal to the conduct of a campaign on a large scale. He divided his force into too many small detachments, each of which was liable to be cut off by the superior numbers of the enemy. At length, the Governor-General was compelled to take the command in person. In February 1791, he concentrated his army at Vellore, and distracting Tippoo's attention by some ingenious manœuvres, he carried it unopposed through the pass of Muglee, and on the 7th of March, invested Bangalore. Two days afterwards he stormed the town or pettah. By forced marches, Tippoo succeeded in saving his seraglio and treasures, which had been deposited in the fortress; but Lord Cornwallis laid siege to the latter without delay, and on the 21st, it was taken by assault. Not less surprised than discouraged by this swift capture of an important stronghold, Tippoo retreated rapidly upon Seringapatam.

Cornwallis continued to advance; for, apprehending that hostilities between England and France must speedily break out, and that the French forces in India would be thrown on the side of Tippoo, he was anxious to bring the war to a speedy conclusion. Before the middle of May he was within ten miles of Tippoo's capital, but was at once compelled to own that his force was inadequate to the attack of so formidable a position. It happened, however, that Tippoo, in opposition to his own opinion, but yielding to the remonstrances of his officers and the entreaties of his women, had resolved to venture a battle in the open, and posted himself in front of Seringapatam, at Arikora, with his left protected by a range of hills, and his right by the river Kavery. Cornwallis immediately attacked him, and inflicted a severe defeat. Want of provisions prevented him from profiting by his victory.

He was reinforced by General Abercromby, with the Bombay army; but found it impossible to advance further than Camiamheddy (May 20), and there he was compelled to admit that the safety of his soldiers demanded a rapid retreat. Large numbers of the cattle which had been collected for their use perished by an epidemic disorder. The supply of grain had failed, and the unfortunate camp-followers fed upon the diseased carcasses of the bullocks; the cavalry horses, starved and exhausted, could no longer carry their riders; the tents were burnt up to tinder; the clothes of officers and men were reduced to rags. 'The ground at Camiamheddy,' writes the historian of the war, 'where the army had encamped but six days, was covered in a circuit of several miles with the carcasses of cattle and horses; and the last of the gun carriages, carts, and stores of the battering train, left in flames, was a melancholy spectacle, which the troops passed as they quitted the deadly camp.'

At Milgota, Cornwallis was joined by the Marathis, and the English army was placed at once in the enjoyment of plenty. The Marathis charged enormous prices, but they had everything to sell, and were only too glad to find buyers. Their 'lines' soon exhibited the appearance of an immense bazaar, where you might purchase 'the spoils of the East and the industry of the West—from a web of English broadcloth to a Birmingham pen-knife, from the shawls of Cashmere to the second-hand garment of the Hindu, from diamonds of the first water to the silver earring of a poor plundered village maiden;' while money-changers' tables, glittering with the coins of every Eastern country, indicated an extent of mercantile activity inconceivable in any camp where plunder was not conducted on an unlimited scale.

While the bulk of his army was resting at Milgota, Cornwallis despatched General Meadows, with a well equipped force, to reduce the hill-fort of Nundydroog, which stands perched on the crest of a rocky precipice, 1700 feet

high. This was just the kind of desperate work in which Meadows delighted, and he animated his men with the spirit of his own daring. The storming party he led in person, and though a torrent of granite boulders was continually rolled down upon them, his heroic followers climbed from steep to steep, entered the breach, and bayoneted the defenders (October 18th.) Another and more formidable hill-fort, that of Savindroog, was captured on the 22nd of December, after a twelve days' siege. This speedy conquest of a place which they had confidently regarded as impregnable, filled the minds of the Mysoreans with alarm, and prepared them to believe in the invincibility of the English.

Early in 1792, Cornwallis, at the head of 22,000 men, with forty-two battering guns and forty-four field-pieces, resumed his march upon Seringapatam. He came in sight of its walls on the 5th of February, and determined upon an immediate attack. Seringapatam occupies one extremity of an island which is formed by a fork of the Kavery river. Between the northern bank of the river and 'a strong bound hedge' was posted Tippoo's army, protected by the guns of the fort and the batteries of the island. As a preliminary to the assault of the fortress, it was necessary to dislodge and defeat the enemy's army. Accordingly, on the night of the 6th, Cornwallis drew out his infantry, placing the right wing under General Meadows, the left under Colonel Maxwell, and himself taking command of the centre.

'To our native allies,' says the historian, 'this movement seemed to be nothing less than a spasm of madness. That a few regiments of infantry, without guns, should be sent forward to attack the enemy in position in a fortified camp, under the shelter of their guns, and that the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief should go with the fighting party, as though he were a common soldier, were eccentricities of warfare unaccountable, save by the hypothesis of the insanity of the Lord Sahib.' Cornwallis, however, knew the difficult character of the work that had to be

done, and knew that it would be best done under his personal direction. The three divisions advanced with alacrity to the attack. The right wing, unfortunately, lost its way, but the centre and the left struck direct at the points intended, and struck with such force that, before morning, they had gained possession of all the enemy's redoubts, and were firmly established on the island. Such a victory was not lightly won; the British loss amounted to 530 killed and wounded, of whom thirty-one were officers. But Tippoo's losses were infinitely greater; not only did his killed and wounded exceed 4000, but fully 16,000 or 17,000 of his recent levies fled in the confusion, and never again joined their standards. He retired in haste from the north bank of the river, and prepared for a final effort in defence of his capital.

Yet he was not without a feeling of despondency. The men who had accomplished so much, might easily accomplish more, and plant the British flag on the ramparts of Seringapatam. Could the danger be averted by any expedient? In the eyes of an Oriental, an army is nothing without its chief, and Tippoo concluded that the defeat of the British army would be assured if its general could be removed. That in such an event, there were men ready to take his place and avenge him, was an idea which his mind could not realize. 'So he sent,' says Kaye, 'a party of Mohammedan horsemen, drugged to the point of fury with bang, to make their way into the English camp, and cut the English leader to pieces in his own tent. A man of simple and unostentatious habits, and ever disinclined, for the sake of his own safety or comfort, to give trouble to others, the Governor-General and Commander-in-chief had always been content with a guard consisting of a couple of troopers of his own escort. If, then, Tippoo's horsemen—who might easily have escaped observation in such a heterogeneous assembly as that which composed the forces of the confederates—had taken their measures with any calmness and collectedness,

they might have accomplished their object. But they went about their work wildly, and they failed. A party of Bombay Sepoys turned out against them, and they fled in dismay from the English camp. After this, Lord Cornwallis was reluctantly persuaded to allow a party of English soldiers to mount guard over his tent.'

Tippoo was forced to submit, and made peace with Cornwallis on terms as moderate as he had any right to expect, namely, that he should cede half his territory, pay three crores of rupees towards the expenses of the war, and give up two of his sons as hostages.

For six years the Sultan brooded sullenly over his humiliation, nursing in secret his bitter hatred of the English. He made various attempts to improve his military system, and to educate his soldiers into greater efficiency, with a view of renewing the war at some favourable opportunity. His chief trust, however, was in the alliance he had formed with the French, and in the assistance which he expected from them. His intrigues in this direction attracted the attention of the Marquis Wellesley, who, in May, 1798, had been appointed Governor-General, and he determined to reduce him to a position in which he would be no longer dangerous. An expedition for the invasion of Mysore was organised early in 1799; it consisted of 6000 Europeans, and 14,800 Sepoys, with a battering train of 40 guns, and 64 field pieces and howitzers. The auxiliaries included 10,000 of the Nizam's cavalry, and 10,000 foot, officered by Europeans, and commanded by Colonel Wellesley and Captain Malcolm. The command of the whole was given to General Harris, an officer of long experience and considerable military capacity.

Tippoo Sahib had by this time awakened to a sense of coming peril. Bent upon striking a decisive blow, which might divert the energies of his adversaries, he left two of his generals to watch General Harris's movements, and hastily crossed the peninsula in order to fall upon a force of

6500 troops, under General Stuart, who had orders to operate from the Malabar coast. It was generally supposed that Tippoo was preparing to resist Harris's expedition; and great was the astonishment of Stuart's outposts when the Sultan's advance was discovered. General Stuart himself was ten miles in the rear; but Hartley, his second in command, made a skilful disposition of his advanced guard, and held his ground with dogged resolution until Stuart arrived. The Mysoreans then took to flight, with a loss of 2000 men. For six days Tippoo hovered in the neighbourhood, uncertain what course to adopt; but on the 11th of March he suddenly moved to the westward, to check the progress of General Harris's army. The two antagonists came into collision at Malavelly; Tippoo was defeated, and fell back in a good deal of disorder. Anticipating that Harris would follow the same route as his predecessor, Cornwallis, he laid waste the country for miles around, so that it was impossible for an army to obtain supplies. But Harris silently diverged to the Kavery; and crossing that river, debouched upon a fair and fertile country. Tippoo was greatly dismayed by this bold and dexterous manœuvre. Calling his officers around him, he said—'We are now driven to the bitter end; what is your resolve?' Profoundly agitated by their sovereign's emotion, they replied with one voice—'To die with you.' But conscious that resistance in the open field was an impossibility, they agreed upon a final effort for the defence of Seringapatam.

On the 6th of April, General Harris had advanced his outposts within 1600 yards of the citadel. His army had accomplished a march of 150 miles, through a hostile territory, without serious loss; but undoubtedly a bold enemy, with some knowledge of military tactics, might have harassed it with effect. It was encumbered by an enormous convoy of 60,000 cattle, and a large following of provision dealers, sutlers, bearers, and the like—the irregular train which always gathers in the wake of an oriental army

—so that it could not move more rapidly than five miles a day. The cattle perished in great numbers, and the stores of provisions and ammunition rapidly diminished, but the energy of Harris and the enthusiasm of his troops conquered every obstacle.

The operations of the siege began on the 17th of April. General Stuart, who had come up from the Malabar country, crossed the river, and effected a lodgment on the island, while General Harris threatened the city on the west. The besiegers worked with a will, and on the 20th, a gallant attack carried far forward the British posts. Alarmed by the rapidity of their advance, Tippoo opened a communication with General Harris, and proposed a conference of ambassadors. The English commander replied with the Governor-General's Ultimatum—that Tippoo should cede half his dominions, pay ten crores of rupees in two instalments, and deliver up two of his sons, and four of his principal officers as hostages. The Sultan's wrath was kindled by this proposition, and he dismissed it indignantly: 'Better to die like a soldier,' he exclaimed, 'than drag out a wretched life as a dependent upon infidels, and swell the list of the pensioned rajas and nawabs?' This burst of princely vigour soon died away, and Tippoo fell again into the despondent apathy of mood which had oppressed him from the beginning of the siege. For a second time, he entered into correspondence with the English general, protesting that the conditions were of so serious a nature, that they ought to be discussed by ambassadors, and offering to send a couple of vakeels, or confidential messengers, to conduct the negotiations. General Harris replied, that he could only repeat the terms already stated. It was a proof of his generosity, he said, that he made no advance upon them, when by non-compliance they had virtually been refused; that no ambassadors could be received unless they brought with them the hostages and treasure, and that the last moment for their reception

was three o'clock on the following afternoon. Tippoo, on receiving this stern answer, was thrown into a state of utter dejection, broken by occasional fits of wild excitement. He was like a man who believes himself to be the victim of an irresistible fate.

The growing scarcity of provisions compelled General Harris to expedite his operations; and having ascertained that a practicable breach had been effected, he resolved to storm the works at one o'clock on the 3rd of May. The force selected for this daring attack on a city garrisoned by 20,000 soldiers, and armed with 287 heavy guns, was 4376. They were led by General Baird, who, for five years, had lain in irons in one of the dungeons of Seringapatam. Tippoo, whose courtiers had assured him that no attack would be attempted until the evening, had offered sacrifices and performed various ceremonies under the direction of his astrologers, and was about to partake of his mid-day meal, when his scouts brought him the news of the advance of the British, and he ordered his followers to their respective quarters.

At one o'clock Sir David Baird ascended the parapet, where he stood like the genius of Victory—his stately figure visible to both armies—and called upon his troops to move forward. 'Come,' he cried, 'come, my brave fellows; follow me, and show yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers!' Eagerly the men swept forward to meet their dusky foes, and in less than seven minutes had carried the breach, and planted their colours on the rampart. Then, acting on the orders they had received, one column turned to the right, the other to the left, pushing resolutely forward in the face of a furious fire of cannon and musketry. The right column, supported to some extent by the British batteries, drove the enemy before them at the point of the bayonet until they reached the east side of the city, and came in sight of the palace. A sterner resistance was experienced by the left, who were exposed to the fusillading of

the enemy from a deep inner ditch, while the Sultan's presence at this point stimulated his soldiers to incredible exertions. But at length the defence was broken down, and the British soldiers, having cleared the ditch, had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy scattered in all directions.

When General Baird, at the head of the right column, arrived in front of the Sultan's palace, he sent Major Allan with a flag of truce to demand submission. The major found two of Tippoo's sons surrounded by officers and attendants, all in a panic of terror: but, on his guaranteeing their personal safety, they recovered their tranquillity, and accompanied him to General Baird's presence. They declared that the Sultan was not in the palace. General Baird ordered a close search to be made for him; and it was ascertained from the killedar, or commandant, that he knew the place where his royal master was lying wounded. The victors proceeded to the gateway, and there, where the stress and storm of the fight had taken place, and the bodies of the dead and dying had accumulated in ghastly heaps, the flickering torchlight exposed to view the Sultan's horse, his palanquin, and lastly, his confidential servant, who pointed out the scene of Tippoo's death. The body was quickly found and identified. It appears that Tippoo, who had fought with desperate courage, had received three wounds in succession, and was then placed by his servants in his palanquin in order that he might be removed to some secure asylum. But the passage was blocked by the bodies of the slain. Tippoo crept out, probably with some thought of escape, when an European soldier, struck by the glitter of his jewelled sword belt, attempted to seize it. The indignant Sultan, with a last effort, snatched up a sword lying close at hand, and aimed a blow at the plunderer, who, ignorant of the rank of his assailant, lodged a bullet in his temple, killing him on the spot. The body was carried through the city, the inhabitants weeping bitterly, and prostrating themselves as the sad procession moved along, and

it was afterwards deposited, with funeral honours, according to the usual Mohammedan rites, in the splendid mausoleum of the Lal Bang, erected by Hyder Ali.

AUTHORITIES.—‘Journal of the Siege of Seringapatam’; ‘Life of General Sir David Baird’; Sir J. Kaye, ‘History of India’; Marshman, ‘History of British India’; Orme, ‘History of India,’ etc.

CHAPTER VI

SUBJUGATION OF THE MARATHIS

MANY authorities believe that the Marathis, or Mahrattees, who are spread over Central India north of the Ganges, spring from a Persian or North Indian race, and were driven into their present region by the swords of the Mongols. A warlike and restless people, they kept up incessant hostilities against the surrounding populations; and under their Peishwas, who for some generations proved to be men of courage and activity, greatly increased their power and resources. With the British they first came into collision about 1780, when their fortress of Gwalior was captured by a British force, and they were compelled to sign the treaty of Salbye, by which they agreed to surrender a certain portion of their territory. For some years peace prevailed, and the Marathis, as we have seen, assisted the Anglo-Indian Government in the overthrow of Tippoo Saib. During this period Scindia, the ruler of Gwalior, raised himself, by his superior ability and resolution, to a supreme position among his countrymen. He conquered Bundelcund, reduced several of the Rajput princes, occupied Agra and Delhi, and largely extended the borders of his kingdom. Mr Grant Duff de-

scribes him as 'a man of great political sagacity, and considerable genius; of deep artifice, restless ambition, and implacable revenge.' He was succeeded by his nephew, Dowlut Rao, who also assumed the name of Scindia. Thus, at the beginning of the present century, the Marathis were ruled by three princes—Scindia, Holkar, and the Peishwa.

Soon after his accession to the Governor-Generalship, the Marquis Wellesley had directed his attention to the growing influence of the Marathis, and when the war against Tippoo was concluded, he became desirous of bringing them under British control. He offered the Peishwa, therefore, a share of the spoils of Mysore, on condition that he received into his capital a British contingent, and set aside a portion of territory to defray the cost of their maintenance. The proposition was rejected. The Marquis, however, knew how to wait, and in due time his patience was rewarded. A fierce rivalry broke out between Scindia and Holkar. The Peishwa espoused the cause of Scindia, and the two princes, with an army of 84,000 men, advanced upon Poona. There, on the 20th of October, 1802, Holkar gave them battle, winning a complete victory. With difficulty, the Peishwa escaped to Bassein, whence he opened communications with Lord Wellesley, soliciting assistance from the British. The Governor-General eagerly welcomed his overtures, and concluded a treaty on the 31st of December, by which the Peishwa sank into the position of a feudatory prince, and the British agreed to replace him on his throne. This treaty of Bassein, as it is called, has been severely criticised; but in the opinion of Wellington, no incompetent judge, 'it afforded the best prospect of preserving the peace of India.'

By the Marathi chiefs, however, it was regarded with hostile feelings. They saw that it established the Company's authority at Poona, and baffled their schemes of personal ambition. Lord Wellesley had under-estimated the power of these great predatory leaders, and had failed to recognise their not unnatural jealousy of British interference. He

had concluded that Scindia would willingly join with the Peishwa and the British, in order to regain all he had lost in his struggle with Holkar. But the Governor-General's policy was frustrated by the course of events. The Peishwa soon repented of the treaty he had concluded, and secretly intrigued to nullify its conditions; while Scindia formed an alliance against the British, with the Raja of Berar. Eventually, the aspect of affairs became so alarming that the Governor-General ordered his brother, General Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) to advance from Mysore in the direction of Poona, with about 8000 infantry and 3700 cavalry; while Colonel Stevenson was ordered to move upon the same point from Haidarabad with 6000 of the Nizam's foot and 9000 horse. The two commanders were instructed to re-establish the Peishwa, and prepare to operate, when called upon, against Scindia and Holkar. Lord Lake, who was at the head of a considerable force in Cashmere, received orders to conquer Scindia's territories in Hindustan proper, expel the Marathis from the cities of Agra and Delhi, and obtain possession of the Emperor's person. An expedition was also organised to carry the war into the Raja of Berar's dominions.

General Wellesley entered Poona on the 13th of May, and placed the Peishwa on his dependent throne. Shortly afterwards, when questioned respecting his intentions by a British envoy, Scindia replied that he would give no decisive reply until he had seen the Raja of Nagpore, when he should know whether there was to be war or peace. This bold answer was considered by Lord Wellesley to be an insult to the British Government, and a virtual declaration of hostilities; and a discovery being made of secret negotiations between the Peishwa and Scindia, the Governor-General resolved on immediate action. To ensure unity and decision in the conduct of the great war that was imminent, he vested full powers, civil, military, and political, in his brother, General Wellesley; who immediately

sent an ultimatum to the confederates, requiring them in twenty-four hours, to state on what conditions they would retire from the menacing positions they then occupied. They replied that if he sent back his troops to their respective quarters, they would withdraw fifty miles to Burhampur (July 31st). 'You propose,' answered the General, 'that I should withdraw to Seringapatam, Madras, and Bombay, the troops collected to defend these territories against your designs, and that you and your confederate should be suffered to remain with your forces to take advantage of their absence. I offered you peace on terms of equality, and honourable to all parties. You have chosen war, and are answerable for the consequences.'

BATTLE OF ASSAYE, August 23, 1803

On the 8th of August he advanced against Ahmed-nuggur, Scindia's formidable arsenal and stronghold, reputed one of the bulwarks of the Deccan. His batteries had opened fire on it for only a few hours, when it hastily surrendered. On the 24th he crossed the Godavery, and five days later seized upon Aurungabad. Scindia, meanwhile, with his swarms of Marathi cavalry, had carried fire and sword into the dominions of the Nizam, collected a vast booty, and, leaving behind him the track of a terrible desolation, had swiftly retired northward. With almost equal rapidity Wellesley followed him up, while detaching Colonel Stevenson to invade Berar, and operate against Nagpore, the capital. Of Cæsar's commentaries the English general had been a careful student, and he imitated the great Roman captain in fortifying his camp nightly. He also adopted his system of crossing rivers by means of baskets and boats of wicker-work, which, however, were so constructed as easily to be converted into permanent bridges. On the 21st of September, he met Colonel Stevenson at Budnapur, and arranged a combined attack upon the Marathis. The

two divisions were to proceed by different roads, partly because the defiles which lay between the British and the enemy offered almost insuperable obstacles to the movements of a large force, and partly in order to leave open no route of escape to the Marathi leaders. Stevenson struck to the westward, and Wellesley to the eastward,—the two divisions advancing in parallel lines at a distance of about twelve miles, with the view of uniting to deliver their attack on the 24th.

On the 23rd, however, Wellesley learned that Scindia and his ally were in swift retreat with their cavalry, and that their infantry were about to follow. He resolved, therefore, to attack the latter immediately, and sent off a messenger to Colonel Stevenson to bring up his troops by forced marches. But on coming in sight of the enemy's position he discovered that he had been misinformed; that their whole army was before him,—strongly posted on the rugged bank of the Kaitna. Thus he was called upon to decide at once whether he should engage without waiting for Stevenson's support, or fall back to reunite with him; in which case his troops would be discouraged, and his rear severely harassed by the Marathi horsemen. He resolved on the former alternative.

After carefully surveying the ground, he chose, as his point of attack, the enemy's left flank which was accessible by a ford over the Kaitna. Fortunately the Marathis had neglected to guard it, and he carried his regiments over without opposition. Scindia's forces mustered nearly 50,000 strong; and the incessant fire of their formidable artillery opened up great gaps in the ranks of Wellesley's little army. His warriors, however, preserved an unyielding attitude; when a man fell, another sprang forward cheerily to take his place; the Sepoys rivalled their white comrades in intrepidity. By one of those accidents which frequently derange the skilfullest combinations, the officer in command of the advanced posts, though strictly ordered to keep his

men out of range, led them, with the 74th regiment, straight against the village of Assaye, which the enemy held with their artillery in force. Their losses were very heavy; and Wellesley found it necessary to push forward supports. One of his artillery officers reported that his guns could not be moved, owing to the number of men and bullocks that were disabled. 'Well,' said Sir Arthur, to the messenger, 'tell him to get on without them.' The British horsemen charged with a fervent courage and a disciplined steadiness which proved irresistible. The infantry followed; and, in a few minutes, both Scindia's left and centre were in rapid retreat, leaving the village of Assaye uncovered. Wellesley in person led against this position the 78th Highlanders, supported by a regiment of Sepoy cavalry. This was the severest crisis of the battle, for the enemy offered a gallant resistance. Wellesley's horse was shot under him, and his men fell by scores. But the ardour of the British was not to be denied, and soon the hordes of Scindia were scattered over the plain of Assaye in terror-stricken disorder.

The enemy left 1200 dead upon the field, and a large number of wounded both upon the field and in the adjacent villages; ninety-eight pieces of artillery were captured, besides ammunition, stores and baggage. The British loss was heavy; 22 officers and 386 men killed, and 57 officers and 1526 men wounded. But no more brilliant victory had been won upon Indian soil, by a British general and British soldiers, since Clive conquered at Plassey and Coote at *Porte Novo*. Inferior to those great battles in political results, Assaye, in all other respects equalled, and in some, perhaps, surpassed them. In two or three hours 50,000 men, strongly posted and entrenched, and famed for their valour in war, were defeated by less than a third of their number, of whom only 1000 were British. 'This fabulous exploit,' remarks one of Wellington's biographers, 'fixed every eye, in that region of bold and skilful soldier craft, on the victor, and marked him out at once as one of the

men most evidently destined to sustain the honour of the British arms.' The sagacious boldness with which, in the presence of a largely superior force, he undertook the passage of a broad and rapid river, showed that he was no mere military martinet, the creature of tradition and routine. His native guides had pronounced it impracticable; but Wellesley's quick eye observed that there were villages on both banks, and he drew at once the inference that men would not live so close to one another without providing or discovering some means of transit. 'My guides still persisted,' he afterwards wrote, 'that there were neither boats nor a ford; but on my own conjecture, or rather reasoning, I took the desperate (as it seemed) resolution of marching for the river, and I was right. I found a passage, crossed my army over, had no more to fear from the enemy's cloud of cavalry; and my force, small as it was, was just enough to fill the space between that river and another stream that fell into it thereabouts, and on which Assaye stood, so that both my flanks were secure. And there I fought and won the battle, the bloodiest for the number [engaged] that ever I saw; and this was all from the common-sense of guessing that men did not build villages on opposite sides of a stream without some means of communication between them.'

The moral effect of this surprising victory cannot (as every historical student knows) be over-estimated. That a handful of British soldiers should venture to throw themselves upon Scindia's masses, was in itself a circumstance to fascinate the native imagination; that it should put those masses to flight was still more extraordinary and inexplicable. It has been well said that, in the Indian mind, there is a sensitiveness which is acted upon with remarkable force by whatever is strange or unexpected. Such displays of valour the children of the East never fail to exaggerate, attaching to them a mysterious efficacy, attributing to them a supernatural origin. It was on the field of Assaye that the spirit of India was overcome; and thenceforward its people came

to look upon their country as the legitimate prize of the invincible white men.

The town of Burhampur and the fortress of Allyghur surrendered to Wellesley soon after this great victory; and Scindia, finding himself closely pursued by his conqueror, made a pretence of suing for peace. An armistice was concluded, and Wellesley then directed his arms against Bhoonsla, the Raja of Berar. Advancing to support Stevenson (November 25th), who had invested the great fortress of Gawulghur, he found himself in the immediate neighbourhood of the Raja's army, under the command of his brother, Vincaji Bhoonsla.

BATTLE of ARGAM, *November 29, 1803*

Vincaji, who, in violation of the terms of the armistice, had been joined by a large body of Scindia's horse, had drawn up his forces on the plain in front of the village of Argam, about twenty miles north of the river Purna, where Wellesley resolved on immediately attacking him (November 29th); though his fighting men had, that very day, marched six and twenty miles, under a blazing sun and over a heated soil. He advanced against them in two lines, the infantry in the front, and the cavalry in the second, supporting the right wing; and the Mysore cavalry the left, nearly parallel to that of the enemy; the right being somewhat pushed forward in order to press upon the enemy's left. The Raja's army was drawn up with the infantry and guns on the left centre, and a body of cavalry on the left. Scindia's cavalry occupied the right, with their flank covered by a body of Pindarees and other light troops. Their front extended over six or seven miles, and was protected by numerous water-courses, while in their rear lay the village, extensive gardens, and enclosures of Argam.

At the outset it might have seemed to the spectator that the battle was inclining against the British, some of the

Sepoy regiments yielding to a sudden panic, and retreating in confusion. But Wellesley galloped up, rallied the fugitives, re-formed their line, and led them forward in admirable order. The Marathis did not fight as they had fought at Assaye, and their charges were promptly repulsed. 'The 74th and 78th regiments,' says Wellesley, 'were attacked by a large body, supposed to be Persians, and all these were destroyed. Scindia's cavalry charged the first battalion of the 6th, which was on the left of our line, and were repulsed, and their whole line retired in disorder before our troops, leaving in our hands thirty-eight pieces of cannon and all their ammunition. The British cavalry pursued them for several miles, destroyed great numbers, and took many elephants and camels, and much baggage. The Mogul of Mysore's cavalry also pursued the fugitives, and did them great mischief. The action did not commence till late in the day [the men being fatigued with their long march] and unfortunately sufficient daylight did not remain to do all that I could have wished; but the cavalry continued their pursuit by moonlight, and all the troops were under arms till a late hour in the night.' Wellesley himself was on horseback for eighteen consecutive hours—an enormous physical strain to be added to the excessive mental strain inseparable from the arduous responsibilities of his position.

At Argam the enemy lost thirty-six cannon, and all his ammunition, horses, elephants, camels and baggage. The number of killed and wounded was enormous; and the troops were so demoralised by the severity of their defeat, that they deserted their standards in whole battalions. The British loss did not exceed 15 Europeans killed and 146 wounded; 31 Sepoys killed, 148 wounded, and 5 missing.

After a brief interval of rest, Wellesley proceeded to attack the strongly fortified rock of Gawulghur, which enjoyed the reputation of impregnability. It had three gates;

but of the roads which led to two of them, one was so steep as to be impracticable for artillery, while the other wound for some distance under a formidable array of heavy guns. The third was situated on the north—that is, the side opposite to Argaum. To this gate the route for the last two miles was sufficiently favourable; but it could be approached only by threading the rugged mountain defiles between Ellichpur and Laloda, and, from the task of conveying guns and ammunition through such a labyrinth of dreary ravines, most commanders would have shrunk. ‘Impossible,’ however, was a word conspicuous by its absence in Wellington’s as in Napoleon’s dictionary; or, as Lord Lytton’s ‘Richelieu’ puts it—

‘There’s no such word as *fail*,’—

and his soldiers, who had already learned to confide in his conduct and good fortune, entered upon their work with the utmost light-heartedness; making roads, building bridges, and dragging artillery up rocky steepes and through rugged ravines. The laborious character of the enterprise appears in the simple fact that the march of thirty miles, from Ellichpur to Gawulghur, occupied fully *six days*. It was about sunset, on the 12th of December, when Wellesley’s battalions arrived before the fortress. The batteries were raised during the night; in the morning they opened a tremendous fire, and by the evening a practicable breach was effected. On the morning of the 15th, the storming party scaled the height, drove the garrison from the ramparts, and hoisted the British flag on the fortress of Gawulghur.

Scindia and the Raja abandoned all hope of further resistance; nor did the other Marathi chiefs feel any desire to prolong a struggle which involved them in repeated disaster. A treaty was concluded with Holkar on the 17th of December, with Scindia on the 30th, by which all the country between the Ganges and the Jumna, including the famous cities of Delhi and Agra, and the rich maritime province of

Cuttack, were ceded to the East India Company. The Nizam received an extension of territory, which rendered his frontier more easily defensible; while the Peishwa could rejoice in the security he derived from the diminished power of his turbulent princes, between whom and himself the Company was, in the future, to act as arbitrator. Well might Wellesley affirm that ‘the war had left the British Government in a most glorious situation, as the sovereign of a great part of India, the protectors of the principal Powers, and the mediators, by treaty, of the disputes of all.’

Note

For the convenience of the reader, we propose to trace very briefly the later relations between the Anglo-Indian Government and the Marathis.

In Central India, the Marathi force was mainly composed of battalions, organised and drilled in the European system by a French adventurer named De Boigne, who was succeeded by another soldier of fortune, General Perron. Their strength was estimated at 18,000 regular infantry, and from 18,000 to 20,000 cavalry, with a large body of irregulars and a well-equipped train of artillery. As the internal peace of India could not be secured until these predatory bands were subdued, an expedition was sent against them under General Lake, a dashing and energetic soldier. Setting out from Cawnpore on the 7th of August, 1803, he crossed the frontier on the 28th, invested and captured the strong fortress of Allyghur, and on the 15th of September, after a smart action with the Marathis, entered Delhi in triumph. Here he had an interview with the Emperor, or Great Mogul, who, though enjoying but a shadow of power, a prisoner, blind and helpless, was still regarded, both by Mahomedans and Hindoos, as the sole fountain of honour. In the splendid palace, built by his

great ancestor, Shah Jehan, he received the victorious English commander—'seated under a small tattered canopy, the remnant of his former state, his person, emaciated by indigence and infirmities, his countenance disfigured with the loss of his eyes, and marked with extreme old age and a settled melancholy.' An exchange of compliments and courtesies naturally took place, and the Emperor bestowed upon Lake several grandiloquent titles, such as 'the sword of the state,' 'the hero of the land,' 'the lord of the age,' and 'the victorious in war.' In return, General Lake assured him of British protection. Ultimately, the East India Company settled upon him a comfortable pension, and allowed him to retain the trappings of his imperial dignity; and this state of things continued until the dynasty of the Moguls perished in the convulsions of the great Mutiny.

From Delhi Lake proceeded to Agra, which capitulated on the 17th of October, and he then pushed forward in pursuit of a body of Marathis which still kept the field, and had been reinforced by fugitives from the armies and garrisons dispersed in successive engagements with the British. Misinformed as to their actual numerical strength, Lake rode on with his cavalry only, as an advanced guard, and came up with the enemy on the 1st of November at the village of Lasswaree. What may be the material value to Great Britain of her Indian dependency, it is not our province here to inquire; but we may suggest that its *moral* value can hardly be over-estimated, the prolonged contention by which she has been acquired having developed the highest qualities of our race. And never have these been shown more conspicuously than on the comparatively unimportant field of Lasswaree, where the English soldier displayed in their most brilliant forms the supreme fearlessness, the resolute intrepidity, and the steadfast endurance which make him so powerful a fighting man. The Marathi force consisted of 9000 foot and 4000 cavalry,—the very flower of Scindia's

trained battalions—with seventy-two guns. They occupied a strong position; covering their front with an embankment and their formidable artillery, and flooding the plain from a neighbouring reservoir. Yet Lake and his handful of horsemen were not a whit daunted by the imposing array; they charged again and again, and though the terrific fire kept up against them prevented them from breaking through the hostile lines, they held their ground indomitable. At length the infantry came up, they had marched twenty-five miles since midnight, and sixty-five miles in the preceding forty-eight hours, but, nothing loth, they advanced to the attack. The Marathis fought with a good deal of determination. They were foemen of a very different kind to the feeble Bengalees, whom Clive defeated so easily at Plassey, and the contest was stubborn and prolonged. The issue could not be doubtful, for Lake's soldiers, as we have said, were made of the finest stuff; but the victory cost them 826 killed and wounded. Of the Marathis at least one half were killed or wounded, and they lost their guns, their ammunition, and their camp equipage.

Scindia's armies had disappeared, and beaten into submission, he signed a treaty of peace on the 30th of December, accepting the conditions imposed upon him by the Anglo-Indian government. Lake was then free to direct his arms against the last powerful member of the Marathi confederacy, Holkar, the great rival of Scindia, who, at the head of an army of 60,000 cavalry, with 15,000 infantry, with 192 guns, was no despicable adversary. In March, 1804, he made a peremptory demand for the restoration of certain territory, which, he affirmed, had once belonged to his house; and he threatened, if it were refused, that 'countries of many hundred miles in extent should be plundered and burnt; Lord Lake should not have leisure to breathe, and calamities should fall on thousands of human beings by a continual war, in which his armies would overwhelm them like waves of the sea.' His arrogance was increased

by the disastrous retreat before his forces of a British detachment under Colonel Monson; and he ventured on the dashing movement of a sudden attack upon Delhi (October 7). The little garrison, however, stoutly repelled his attacks, and Lake quickly hastened up to their relief. General Fraser and Colonel Monson attacked Holkar's infantry at Dorg, on the 13th of November, and inflicted a severe defeat. Lake, by forced marches, contrived to overtake Holkar himself at Futtehghur, on the 17th. Holkar's spies had informed him that the British cavalry were a day's march behind him, and he had retired to rest. His horses were picketed, with their riders, wrapped in their blankets, lying asleep beside them. They were rudely awakened by the roar of the British guns. Holkar left his troopers to fight the British, while, mounting his horse, he rode away, with only a small escort, to rejoin and rally his shattered infantry. Without their chief the Marathis broke up into a disorderly mob: at the first charge of Lake's splendid horsemen they reeled and fled; 3000 were cut to pieces; the remainder escaped through the swiftness of their horses. The fortress of Dorg surrendered on the 23rd of December; and Lord Lake then advanced upon Bhurtpur, which he hoped to carry by a sudden assault.

But Bhurtpur was a fortified town of the first class. Eight miles in circuit, it was defended by a mud wall, remarkable for its height and solidity, and strengthened by several bastions, while its deep ditch was filled with water. The garrison, consisting of 8000 men, and the surviving battalions of Holkar's infantry, was greatly animated by the courageous example of the Raja of Bhurtpur, who fought for his kingdom with a manly spirit. With his small army the adventurous Lake—a daring soldier to whom England has not done full justice—resolved to attack this formidable stronghold, trusting wholly to the admirable qualities of his fighting-men. They exhibited the tenacity and the fortitude which might have been expected of such veterans; but, for

the first time, encountered an intrepidity inferior only to their own, and a degree of military skill which the Indian princes had never before displayed. The besieged were indefatigable in their resistance. They dammed up the waters of the ditch, in order to render it unfordable; they raised stockades and similar defences behind the breach; they flung logs of wood, flaming cotton bales soaked in oil, and pots filled with burning combustibles, down upon their assailants. Four times the British soldiery, marching to almost certain death, attempted to carry the place by storm; and four times they were driven back, their loss in killed and wounded amounting to 3203. But fortified towns seldom yield to bayonets; and Lake had no siege-train with which to batter down the walls. For three months he persisted in his efforts, but, at last, in April, 1805, was forced to own that the task was beyond his means. His failure produced an unfortunate impression on the native chiefs, damaging the prestige of our flag; nor was the remembrance of it wholly effaced until Lord Combermere captured the city twenty-one years later. The Raja of Bhurtpur, however, did not underestimate the power of Great Britain, and approached Lord Lake with pacific overtures, expressing his willingness to pay twenty lakhs of rupees towards the expenses of the war. Peace was accordingly signed on the 21st of April.

In 1813, the Governor-Generalship of India was bestowed upon the Marquis of Hastings,—a man of great determination and sagacity—who, on assuming the reins of power, hastened to announce a bold and comprehensive policy. His object, he said, should be to render the British Government paramount in effect, if not declaredly so; to hold the other states as vassals, though not in name; and to oblige them, in return for our guarantee and protection, to perform the two great feudatory duties of supporting our rule with all their forces, and submitting their mutual differences to our arbitration. In carrying out this policy,

he first dealt with the aggressions of the Ghoorkhas, a tribe of splendid warriors, inhabiting the Alpine territory of northern India. A vigorous campaign, conducted by General Ochterlony, reduced them to submission in 1816, and they ceded to England a considerable portion of territory, comprising those picturesque and breezy highlands, whither our exhausted soldiers and statesmen retire from the heats of the summer season, Simla and Landour, and Mussuree and Nijneethal. The Ghoorkhas now furnish our army in India with some of its best and most loyal regiments.

The Pindarees, the marauding chiefs, who desolated Central India by their forays, were still unsubdued 1817-1818; but the campaign against them had scarcely begun when the Peishwa, in league with the Raja of Nagpore and the unresting Holkar, made a strenuous effort to throw off the yoke of the British power. Under the pretence of co-operating with the British forces in their attack upon the Pindarees, the Peishwa had largely increased his army, and he had also taken measures to repair, supply, and strengthen his fortresses. The suspicions of Mr Elphinstone, the British Resident, were at length awakened; so that he summoned an European regiment from Bombay to support the small Sepoy force he had at his disposal. He then removed his camp to Kirkee. There, on the 5th of November, he was suddenly attacked by 26,000 Marathis; but though he had only 3000 troops under his command, he repulsed them in a most effective manner. The story of this brilliant little action is well told by Elphinstone himself:—

‘The Peishwa now saw that he must throw off the mask. Accordingly he sent a very bullying message to desire I would move the cantonment to such place as he should direct, reduce the strength of the native brigade, and send away the Europeans; if I did not comply, peace would not last. I refused, but said I was most anxious for peace, and should not cross the river towards Poona, but if his army,

came towards ours, we should attack it. Within an hour afterwards, out they came with such readiness, that we had only time to leave the Sargum [the British residency] with the clothes on our backs, and crossing the river at a ford, march off to the bridge, with the river between us and the enemy. The Sargum, with all my books, journals, letters, manuscripts, etc., was soon in a blaze; but we got safe to the Kirkee bridge, and soon after joined the line.

‘While the men and followers were fording, we went ourselves to observe the enemy. The sight was magnificent as the tide rolled out of Poona. Grant Duff, who saw it from the height above the powder-cave, described it as resembling the sea in the Gulf of Cambay. Everything was hushed except the trampling and neighing of horses, and the whole valley was filled with them like a river or flood. I had always told Colonel Bruce [who was in command of the British troops,] that when war broke out we must recover our character by a forward movement that should encourage and fire our own men, while it checked our enemies; and I now, by a lucky mistake, instead of merely announcing that the Peishwa was at war, sent an order to move down at once and attack him. Without this, Colonel Bruce has since told me, he would not have advanced.

‘We joined, and, after some unavoidable delay, the Dapuree battalion joined too. When opposite to the nullah we halted (injudiciously, I think,) to cannonade, and at the same time the enemy began with from twelve to fifteen guns. Soon after, the whole mass of cavalry came on at speed in the most splendid style. The rush of horse, the sound of the onset, the waving of flags, the brandishing of spears, were grand beyond description, but perfectly ineffectual. One great body, however, formed on our left and rear, and when the first battalion of the 7th was drawn off to attack Major Pinto, who appeared on our left, and was quite separated from the European regiment, this body charged it

with great vigour, and broke through it and the European regiment.

'At this time the rest of the line was pretty well occupied with shot, matchlocks, and, above all, with rockets, and I, even I, thought there was a good chance of our losing the battle. The first battalion of the 7th, however, though it had expended all its ammunition, survived the charge, and was brought back to the line by Colonel Burr, who showed infinite coolness and courage, and after some more firing and some advancing, together with detaching a few companies to our right we found ourselves alone in the field, and the sun set If we had not made this movement forward, the Peishwa's troops would have been quite bold, ours cowed, and we doubtful of their fidelity, we should have been cannonaded and rocketed in our own camp, and the horse would have been careering within our pickets. As it is, the Peishwa's army has been glad to get safe behind Poona, and we have been almost as quiet as if encamped on the Roodie at Delhi. We did not lose a hundred men altogether, and we have quite set our name up again.'

Reinforcements under General Smith soon afterwards arrived; the Peishwa's camp was attacked (November 17); the Marathis broke and fled; and the British took possession of Poona. After reigning for one hundred years, the Peishwa's dynasty was deposed. Lord Hastings incorporated his territories in the British dominions; but, to conciliate the people, he adopted Mr Elphinstone's suggestion, and erected a new Marathi principality, the Raj of Sattara.

The only Marathi chief who, at the close of the war, retained a modified independence, was Scindia, the Maharaja of Gwalior, and, during the closing years of his rule, he was careful to cultivate friendly relations with the Paramount Power. On his death, in 1827, he was succeeded by his kinsman, Junkojee, who reigned for sixteen years, and died, without issue, in February, 1843. With the consent of the

chiefs and the Governor-General, his widow adopted a boy of eight, who was thereupon raised to the throne. During his minority, the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, desired that public affairs should be administered by a regent. For this influential post, two candidates immediately made their appearance; the Mama Sahib, uncle of the late Raja, and Dada Khasjee, the hereditary chamberlain. The prince was favoured by Lord Ellenborough, and duly appointed; but the latter was supported by the Ranee, who took upon herself to dismiss the British protégée, and thereupon the British resident quitted Gwalior, and retired to Dholpur. Lord Ellenborough immediately demanded the surrender of the Dada as a notorious enemy of the British government, and when his demand was ignored, ordered the British army under Sir Hugh Gough to advance upon Gwalior. The Dada was then given up, and the Ranee made a request that the progress of the expedition might be stayed. Lord Ellenborough replied, that as the army of Gwalior could not be controlled by its own government, its reduction had become a necessity; but if this were successfully carried out, the British forces would be ordered to halt. Anxious to propitiate a personage of so much importance as the Governor-General, the Gwalior chiefs offered to accept any terms he might dictate, if he would save the young Maharaja's honour by not crossing the frontier before the prince had paid his respects to him on British territory. Lord Ellenborough replied that the march of the British army could not and would not be delayed. They next suggested that the Ranee and the young Maharaja should meet him, and sign a treaty of peace, at Hingona, within twenty-five miles of Gwalior. To this Lord Ellenborough agreed, and the 26th was fixed for the meeting. But the leading spirits of the Gwalior army refused to allow the Ranee and their young prince to act on this arrangement; they fully understood that the Governor-General's object was to reduce them to insignificance, and they prepared for a desperate resistance.

Sir Hugh Gough, the British commander-in-chief, was a man of brilliant personal courage, and of much experience in the field; but he was not an expert in the art of war, and like so many British Generals, undervalued his enemy. Scindia's troops were strongly posted at Chunda, and upon this point Gough directed his advance; but, during the night of November the 28th, they threw seven battalions of infantry, with twenty heavy guns, into the village of Maharajpur—a movement of which Gough was wholly unaware. He was completely surprised next morning to find the enemy in his front, and was at once compelled to change his dispositions. The Gwalior artillery opened a tremendous fire, and inflicted severe losses on our troops as they marched to their ground. The British cannon having been left in the rear, no reply could be made to this destructive cannonade; and the regiments were ordered therefore, to advance and carry the batteries. The Marathis fought gallantly, and the gunners were in almost every case bayoneted at their guns; but the pressure of the British was too strenuous and too well-maintained to be successfully resisted. They broke at last, and fled tumultuously, leaving the field strewn with their dead and dying.

The victory of Maharajpur was a soldiers' victory, won by their tenacity and indomitable courage, and not by any supreme skill on the part of their commander, who, in the first place suffered himself to be surprised, and in the second, made a faulty arrangement of the force at his disposal. Going into battle without his guns when the army was so well supplied with artillery, might well have led to a serious disaster. In short, the field was saved by the dogged bravery of his officers and men. The loss was necessarily heavy—exceeding a thousand in killed and wounded. 'I regret,' wrote Sir Hugh in his despatch, 'to say that our loss has been very severe, infinitely beyond what I calculated on; indeed, I did not do justice to the gallantry of my opponents. Their force, however, so greatly exceeded ours, particularly in artillery,

the position of their guns was so commanding, they were so well served and determinedly defended, both by their gunners and their infantry, and the peculiar difficulties of the country giving the defending force so great advantages, that it could not be otherwise.' Sir Hugh omits one advantage, on which the enemy could hardly have reckoned—his own serious defects of generalship.

Simultaneously with the commander-in-chief's passage of the Gwalior frontier, a division under General Grey advanced towards Puniaur, twelve miles south-west of Gwalior, in order to confuse the Marathis by a double attack. This movement, however, was neutralised by the numerical preponderance of the Marathis, who threw forward a body of 12,000 men, with artillery, to intercept General Grey's force, which did not exceed 3000 men. The two armies came into collision near Puniaur on the 27th of December. Grey adopted the tactic which seldom fails to be successful when employed by Europeans against Orientals; he led his men at once to the attack, and threw himself upon the enemy's left and centre with such vehemence that they recoiled in wild confusion. The field was strewn with their dead, and they were saved from annihilation only by the incoming of the friendly night, which prevented the British pursuit. They abandoned all their guns ammunition, and baggage.

These two decisive victories terminated the war. On the 29th of December, the Ranee and the young Maharaja with their chiefs and courtiers, repaired to the British head-quarters, where they were admitted to the presence of the Governor-General. The litter of the Ranee, whose face was hidden by the customary veil, was borne into a private pavilion, and Lord Ellenborough then entered into an explanation of the views and policy of the British government. The Ranee, though only thirteen, behaved with much dignity and self-possession; and, in replying to the Governor-General, alluded to her youth and inexperience,—adding that she

had come with her adopted son to throw themselves on the generosity of the powerful British government. Eventually, she was removed from her office of Regent, but compensated for her loss of power by a yearly pension of three lakhs of rupees. The Gwalior army was disbanded, and the British contingent increased to 10,000 men. And the Maharaja was solemnly installed with all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental pageantry. Gwalior is now one of the most prosperous of the minor feudatory states.

CHAPTER VII

THE PENINSULAR WAR

1.—*Campaign of 1808*

THAT the Iberian Peninsula offered a battle-field in which the aggressions of Napoleonic France might successfully be resisted, had been discovered both by Pitt and Fox,—but no actual steps were taken in this direction until 1808, when two deputies from the Spanish junta having arrived in London to solicit succour in arms and money, the British Ministry resolved to support the people of the Peninsula in their patriotic resistance to the French invader. At first it was proposed to limit our exertions to a diversion similar to the ill-organised and unprofitable expeditions which had wasted our resources in previous continental wars. But the pressure of public opinion, which daily grew more sympathetic towards the Spanish patriots, eventually compelled the adoption of a bolder course; and, indeed, statesmen of all parties began to perceive that the national movement in Spain—the rebellion, as Napoleon insolently called it—afforded to the policy of England such chances of success as none of Pitt's numerous coalitions had presented. Never

before had England, in her Continental campaigns, enjoyed the support of national feeling and religious enthusiasm.

Yet it must be admitted that neither the government nor the people of England possessed any sufficient knowledge of the conditions of the enterprise they had resolved to undertake. They laboured under the delusion that Spain was thoroughly organized for war; they placed too much reliance on its patriotic vehemence; they estimated too lightly the resources at the disposal of the French Emperor. They were confirmed in these errors by the loud professions of the Spaniards, and were thus induced to expend vast sums upon juntas and local authorities, who boasted much and accomplished nothing. It was believed that the Spanish armies were composed of admirable soldiers; that the French generals were dissatisfied with their Emperor and each other, and their battalions always on the brink of mutiny. With equal ignorance were the military measures of the British government projected. Instead of concentrating its forces so that the blows delivered should have decision and force, it dissipated its efforts over too wide an area. 'Agents were indeed despatched,' says Napier, 'to every accessible province, the public treasure was scattered with heedless profusion, and the din of preparation was heard in every department; but the bustle of confusion is easily mistaken for the activity of business; time removing the veil of official mystery, covering those transactions, has exposed all their dull and meagre features; and it is now clear that the treasure was squandered without judgment and the troops disposed without meaning. Ten thousand exiled to Sweden, proved the truth of Oxenstiern's address to his son; as many more idly kept in Sicily were degraded into the guard of a vicious Court; Gibraltar was unnecessarily filled with fighting men; and General Spencer, with 5000 excellent soldiers, being doomed to wander between Ceuta, Lisbon, and Cadiz, was seeking, like the knight of La Mancha, for a foe to combat.'

Nor were those the only embarrassments: the British army, since the days of Marlborough, had had no experience of war on a large scale except in India; and even in India, it was believed, that for the successful conduct of a campaign, talents of the first order were by no means necessary. 'In the next place,' remarks Lord Londonderry, 'it was not considered either prudent or just to push a handful of British troops into the heart of Europe, where, at a distance from the sea, and cut off from all communication with their own country, they might be compromised at any moment, either through the imbecility or treachery of an ally.'

A force of 9000 men had been assembled at Cork for the purpose of an expedition in South America. When the British Government resolved on intervention in the Peninsula, this force was placed under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley—the 'Sepoy general,' as Napoleon contemptuously called him—who had already won distinction by his brilliant services in India. He sailed with his little army on the 12th of July, 1808. He had scarcely set forth, however, before Lord Castlereagh despatched Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had no qualification except seniority of rank, to supersede him. Meantime, another expedition, destined to co-operate with the former, had been sent out under Sir John Moore, an officer of conduct and experience. He, too, was in like manner, superseded by a 'Carpet General,' Sir Harry Burrard. Thus, by a most singular ministerial caprice, two men, comparatively unknown, and unused to the command of armies, were thrust over the heads of almost the only generals in the British service who enjoyed the confidence of their soldiers, and had given indisputable proof of the possession of military capacity.

The following instructions reached Sir Arthur Wellesley on the very day of Sir Hew Dalrymple's appointment. 'The motives which have induced the sending so large a force to the coast of Portugal, are, 1st, to provide effectually for an attack upon the Tagus; and 2ndly, to have such

an additional force disposable, beyond what may be indispensably requisite for that operation, as may admit of a detachment being made to the southward, either with a view to secure Cadiz, if it should be threatened by the French force under General Dupont, or to co-operate with the Spanish troops in reducing that corps, if circumstances should favour such an operation, or any other that may be concerted. His Majesty is pleased to direct that the attack upon the Tagus should be considered as the first object to be attended to. As the whole force, when assembled, will amount to not less than 30,000, it is considered that both services may be provided for amply.* The precise distribution, as between Portugal and Andalusia, both as to time and proportion of force, must depend upon circumstances, to be judged of on the spot, and should it be deemed advisable to fulfil the assurance† which Sir Hew Dalrymple appears to have given to the supreme junta of Seville, that it was the intention of His Majesty to employ a corps of 10,000 men to co-operate with the Spaniards in that quarter, a corps of this magnitude, may, I should hope, be detached without prejudice to the main operation against the Tagus, and may be reinforced, according to circumstances, after the Tagus has been secured. But if, previous to the arrival of the force under orders from England, Cadiz should be seriously threatened, it must rest with the senior officer of the Tagus, at his discretion, to detach, upon receiving a requisition to that effect, such an amount of force as may place that important place out of the reach of immediate danger, even though it should for the time suspend operations against the Tagus.

We have transcribed this despatch, because it so clearly brings before us the ignorance of the British Ministry as to the real extent and actual difficulties of their adventure,

* At this time the French forces in the Peninsula numbered 120,000 men.

† No such assurance had been given, and no such junta as yet existed.

as well as their incompetency to lay down anything like a practicable plan of a campaign. They played with their 30,000 men, mostly raw and inexperienced recruits, as if they were an inexhaustible host of veterans, and directed their movements as if they were pawns upon an empty chess board, instead of being opposed to skilful generals and experienced soldiers. To have occupied Cadiz, which seems to have been their dominant idea, would have isolated a considerable proportion of the small British army to no useful purpose. But what, in truth, they contemplated was only 'a pin prick' here and there, which could have made no impression upon the formidable armour of the adversary, instead of a direct and heavy blow at some vital part, calculated to paralyse his energies. Happily, Wellesley, with the intuitive sagacity of a great general—that power of *military diagnosis*, as it were, without which no man can obtain to supreme excellence in the art of war—detected at once the cardinal error of the proposed scheme of operations, and resolved upon establishing a base in Portugal, which would enable him, while threatening the French flank, to maintain his communications with the British fleet.

Having ascertained that the Portuguese army on the Mondego did not exceed 6000 men, and arranged for its co-operation with his own force, he decided that his troops should be disembarked at the mouth of the river. This disembarkation was successfully accomplished between the 1st and the 5th of August, and with 12,300 men (he had been reinforced by General Spencer's division), he commenced his march along the sea-coast to Leria (August 10). Meantime, the French general commanding in Spain, Junot* informed of the movements of the British army, despatched General Laborde, with 5000 infantry, 600 cavalry and five guns, to effect a junction with General Loison, who, with 7000 to 8000 men, was posted near Estremos, but now received

* Andoche Junot, Duc d'Abrantes, and Marshal, born in 1771.

orders to move without delay upon Leria. The British general immediately resolved to prevent their junction, and pushing forward to Leria on the 12th, interposed his forces between the two French divisions. Laborde thereupon retired to Obidos, which he filled with his pickets, and thence, on the 14th to Roliça, a position which commanded the valley, and closed the roads to Torres Vedras, Montachique, and Alcoentre. While Loison, on discovering that Leria was in the hands of the British, fell back along the banks of the Tagus to Santarem, where he rested his weary troops until the 15th. Then he advanced to Villa Franca and Alcoentre, that is, one or two marches distant from Roliça.

BATTLE OF ROLICA, August 17, 1808

At daybreak on the 17th, Wellesley moved against Laborde in three columns of attack, numbering in all 13,480 bayonets and 470 sabres, with 18 guns. The right column, under General Trant, consisting of 1200 Portuguese infantry and 50 horse, was ordered to wind round the base of the hills, turn the enemy's left, and fall upon his rear. The left, under Bowes and Fergusson, 4800 strong, was to cross the Obidos hills, and turn the enemy's right, after which it was to intercept Loison if he advanced to Laborde's support. The centre, consisting of 9000 foot, with 12 guns, Wellesley himself led against the centre. Numerically, the superiority of the attacking force was very great; but, on the other hand, Laborde's position was exceptionally strong, and his soldiers were seasoned veterans, whom a long series of victories had inspired with confidence.

The centre, as it advanced, threw out a brigade on the left, to drive back the French skirmishers, and keep up communications with the left wing. The attack upon the enemy's front was sustained by cavalry, and delivered so forcibly that, as the Portuguese began at the same time to

harass his flank, Laborde reluctantly fell back on his main position, a steep ridge, three-quarters of a mile long, known as the Height of Zambugeira or Celembara. Recalling his left wing, Wellesley strengthened it with a brigade from his centre, and ordered it to penetrate by the mountains and outflank the French on the right, while the Portuguese persisted in their flanking movement on the French left. With the remainder of his infantry he pressed the front attack, though much impeded by the difficulty of threading his way through deep ravines, which the hostile cannon and musketry converted into valleys of fire. A cloud of skirmishers swarmed through these passes in every direction, and crept slowly among the crags and tangled leafy growth. Still more slowly followed the massive column, losing its regularity of formation as it scaled the rugged steep. The rolling musketry seemed to silence the very echoes, but could not prevail over the shouts and cries of contending warriors as they leapt into fierce encounter. Laborde gave way on the left, but clung to the right as offering his best chance of combining with Loison, whose arrival he anxiously expected. In this he was unexpectedly assisted by the impatient ardour of the 9th and 29th regiments, who had gained the summit of the ridge before the right and left wings had begun their attacks. The 29th, disordered by its impetuosity, was first at the top; but before it could reform, swift upon it came a French battalion, almost doubling it up, and capturing some sixty prisoners. But, though shaken, it was not broken, and being joined by the 9th, it rallied cheerily, and maintained its desperate ground, in spite of the repeated charges of the French. Laborde, however, gained time to retire his left wing, and rally it upon the centre and right. The fury of the battle then reached its climax. The British battalions gathered rapidly on the mountain plain, and Fergusson's column advancing gaily against the French right, Laborde, after a well contested action, was compelled to retreat. Sheltered by the night,

he swept through the pass of Rema, to reform his shattered battalions at Montechico.

The French loss was 600 killed and wounded, and three guns. Owing to the narrow limits of the battlefield, Wellesley had only five regiments actually engaged, but these suffered heavily; two Lieutenant-Colonels and nearly 70 men killed, 335 wounded, and 74 missing.

BATTLE OF VIMEIRA, August 21

During the night Laborde and Loison effected a junction; and Wellesley, learning that General Anstruther had arrived in the Tagus with reinforcements, advanced to Lourinham to cover their disembarkation. On the morning of the 19th, he concentrated his forces at Vimeira, and found himself at the head of 16,000 bayonets and 240 sabres, with 18 guns, exclusive of the Portuguese contingent. At the same time, Junot, who had assumed the command of the French army, took up a position on the heights of Torres Vedras. Wellesley resolved to turn it, so as to gain a ready access to the capital, and cut the French general's communications; but was suddenly superseded by the arrival of Sir Harry Burrard, who, though he had not landed, prohibited any offensive movement until Sir John Moore came up with his division. He was encouraged in this determination by the opinions of the principal officers of his army. Wellesley, however, adhered to his plan as perfectly practicable, and long continued to regret that he was not permitted to carry it out.

He had occupied the ground at Vimeira only for a temporary purpose, but it was not ill-adapted for defence. The artillery and commissariat were stationed in the village, which is pleasantly situated in the vale of the Maceira. The main body held the summit of a ridge that overlooked the village and the valley, on the other side of which the ridge was continued towards the sea. There a regiment

and some pickets were posted. At the mouth of the valley, opening between these ridges, rose a rugged isolated hill, on which two brigades of infantry, with six guns, were encamped. The cavalry and the Portuguese had pitched their tents on a small plain close behind the village, commanding the road to Torres Vedras.

At midnight, on the 20th, Wellesley, who was still in command, received information that Junot, with his 20,000 men, was rapidly advancing to the attack, and was distant only one hour's march. Sir Arthur doubted its accuracy, and would not suffer his men to be disturbed, though he made preparations for a rapid movement, if necessary. Before daybreak, the bugle sounded, but no enemy was visible, and the sun had risen before a shining line of steel was seen to tip the crest of the southern hills. Soon afterwards, a mass of infantry passed swiftly along the road, from Torres Vedras to Lourinham,—column succeeding column in bright array; it was evident that the French intended to give battle. Junot's attack, mainly directed against the British left and centre, was covered by a heavy artillery fire. The principal column, led by Laborde in person, and preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, climb the wooded slope with a burst of martial ardour; but, torn by the British cannonade, and breathless from continuous effort, they could not oppose the solid, steady pressure of the 50th; wavered, reeled, and fell back in headlong disorder. In among the retreating ranks dashed the scanty squadrons of the British horsemen, until checked by the superior numbers of the French cavalry. A brave attempt to restore the fight was made by Kellerman's mailed grenadiers, but they were encountered in the village churchyard by the 43rd, and after a long and deadly struggle, repulsed. So fast and fierce was this hand-to-hand combat, that, in a few minutes, the British regiment lost 120 men; and when it was over, a French soldier and an English sergeant-armourer were found face to face in death

as they had been in life, their hands grasping their muskets, and their bayonets plunged to the socket in each manly breast. 'It is by such men,' remarks the historian, 'that thousands are animated and battles won.'

Junot's left wing and centre were now completely broken up; and as he had exhausted his reserve of Kellerman's grenadiers, he had left open the Torres Vedras road, the direct route to Lisbon, and so exposed a column of infantry, under General Solignac, that by one rapid movement it might have been surrounded and forced to lay down arms. Wellesley proposed, therefore, to consummate his victory by pushing on his own right and centre, part of which had not even been engaged, to Torres Vedras, and thus to intercept Junot's retreat to Lisbon. But Sir Harry Burrard at this juncture came upon the field, arrested the forward movement, and halted the army on the field of Vimeira to await the advent of Sir John Moore. When Sir Harry Burrard's decision was made known, Sir Arthur turned to the officers of his staff, and exclaimed bitterly:—'Well, gentlemen, we have now nothing to do but go and shoot red-legged partridges.'

At Vimeira the British loss was 135 killed, and 534 wounded. The French, in killed and wounded, lost 2500 men.

After the decisive battle both armies rested. On the 22nd Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had arrived from England, disembarked, and assumed the chief command; so that, in twenty-four hours, the British army had undergone the singular experience of having three generals, each with his own views, habits, traditions, and theories. The force of absurdity could no further go. The French general, whose position had been rendered very hazardous by the disembarkation of Sir John Moore's army at the mouth of the Tagus, now opened negotiations for the evacuation of Portugal, and on the 31st of August the English commanders concluded with him the Convention of Cintra, which freed

Portugal from the shadow of foreign bayonets. In one of its violent fits of patriotic assertion, the English public loaded this agreement with obloquy and reproach, and for some mysterious reason vented its anger chiefly upon Wellesley, though his part in the negotiations had been but a secondary one. 'There was a pretty general desire in England,' he says, 'that a general should be shot after the manner of Admiral Byng; and as I was a politician, the other two not being in Parliament, I was of course the person to be shot, which would have been rather hard, as I was the winner of the two battles which had raised the public hopes so high, and had nothing to do with the subsequent proceedings, but as a subordinate negotiator, under orders of my superior officers.' He returned home to undergo an examination before a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, which acquitted him of all blame, while severely censuring Sir Hew Dalrymple. The verdict of the Committee was afterwards indorsed by the country at large, of which both Houses of Parliament, in January, 1809, made themselves the representatives, when they voted their thanks to Sir Arthur Wellesley for his brilliant services at Roliça and Vimeira.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA, *January 16, 1809*

We must now turn our attention to the fortunes of the expedition under Sir John Moore, who, with a British army of 28,000 men, advanced from Lisbon to Sahagun on the 13th of November, 1808, for the purpose of co-operating with the armies raised, or supposed to have been raised, by the Spanish Junta. On arriving at Salamanca, Moore ascertained that Napoleon himself, in his anxiety to crush the revolt of Spain against his authority, had taken the supreme command of his troops, and, after a succession of masterly manœuvres, had entered Madrid in triumph. He had poured into the Peninsula 300,000 of his best troops, and

collected his most experienced lieutenants—Marshals Soult, Ney, Bessières, Moncay, Victor, Lefèbvre, and Mortier—whom he had placed with their different corps at strategically important points, which secured his dominion over the whole country. And, with 60,000 men, he himself was preparing to march upon Lisbon and recover Portugal, when he received information of Moore's advance to Sahagun. He then suspended all other operations, and turned upon the British general, while he ordered Soult, who was at Saldanha, by a feigned retreat, to draw him further into the interior; or, if this should not be feasible, to combine in the pursuit, so as to place the British between two powerful armies.

Moore, on being apprised of Napoleon's departure from Madrid, immediately began a retrograde movement towards the coast. Having left some regiments in Portugal and others at Lago and Astorga, he had with him no more than 23,500 bayonets and 2500 sabres, while Napoleon had 46,000 bayonets and 4000 sabres, not to speak of Soult's corps, which must have been fully 18,000 strong. But his genius rose to a level with the difficulties of his situation, and he conducted his retreat with a resolute courage and a tactical skill, which extorted the admiration even of the enemy. Certainly, no ordinary mind could have struggled successfully against the harsh conditions imposed by an adverse fortune. The winter was one of unusual severity; the roads were almost impassable; the soldiers were frequently without shelter at night or provisions by day; their clothes were in rags, their shoes worn out; many lay down exhausted by the wayside, and perished of cold, hunger, and fatigue. Yet Moore maintained an heroic tranquillity, and kept up the spirits and discipline of his men; frequently turning upon his pursuers, and, by a swift blow, checking their eager advance. Napoleon, recalled to France by complications which had arisen with Austria, left the conduct of the pursuit to his

able lieutenant, Soult,* with instructions to drive the British into the sea. On the 3rd of January, 1809, Soult attacked the British rear-guard at Villa Franca, but was so smartly handled, that when Moore, on the 5th, turned at bay at Lago and offered battle, he refused it. On the 11th, Moore arrived at Batanzos, where he reorganised his army, and formed a massive column of 14,000 to 15,000 infantry, which fell back in good order upon the sea-port of Corunna. Unfortunately, the British fleet had been detained at Vigo by contrary winds, and Moore was compelled to accept, with his weakened force, a pitched battle. Meanwhile, he quartered his troops in the town and suburbs of Corunna, with his reserve at El Burgo. For twelve days, the splendid soldiers, composing this division, had covered the retreat, traversing eighty miles of road in two marches, passing several nights under arms among the mountain snows, and sometimes crossing bayonets with a powerful enemy.

Passing the river Mero on the 14th, Soult proceeded to crush, as he supposed, the exhausted British battalions. With all the science of which he was a master, he distributed his troops along a great rocky ridge, which cut off from the rest of the mainland the British position. On the same night, however, our transports sailed into the harbour of Corunna, and seamen and soldiers worked with such energy, that the dismounted cavalry, the invalids, the best horses, and all the guns, except twelve, were got on board. The late arrival of the transports, the numerical preponderance of the enemy, and his advantageous position, seemed to some of Moore's officers good reasons for negotiating with Soult, for leave to retire to the ships upon equitable terms. But the General did not take so despon-

* Nicholas John de Dieu, Duke of Dalmatia, born on March, 27, 1769—the year in which Wellington was born.

dent a view of his situation, nor did he feel sanguine that Soult would accept anything but unconditional submission.

In the night of the 15th, and during the morning hours of the 16th, the baggage and stores were shipped, and preparations made for embarking the fighting-men, as soon as night should again afford its friendly cover. Destiny, however, had determined that the campaign and the General's career should terminate with the glory of successful battle, for, about two hours after noon, on the 16th, it was seen that the French had resolved to bring on an engagement.

The British infantry, about 14,500 strong, lined a ridge of hills inferior in elevation and extent to that occupied by the enemy, within cannon-range. On the right, where General Baird's division was posted, the ridge approached the French position; thence it deflected seaward, so as to expose the British centre and left to the raking fire of the hostile batteries. A division was posted on the heights opposite Corunna, in order to keep hold of the coast-road; the reserve was stationed in the rear-centre. Thus, on the right, the British position was undeniably weak; and there, accordingly, Soult delivered his main attack. A massive French column, covered by a tremendous cannonade, advanced and carried the village of Elvina, and assailed Baird's division on both flanks; while a second column was let loose against the centre; and a third fell upon the left wing, commanded by General Hope. Detecting Soult's object, Moore, to foil it, ordered Paget, with the reserve, supported by General Fraser's division, to turn the left of the French attack and threaten their batteries, while he himself, with a couple of regiments, coolly essayed to arrest the teeming battalions that swarmed victorious out of the village of Elvina.

Sharp was now the stress and strain of battle, grimly the foemen faced each other, with bayonet and the butt-end of the musket, if the bayonet did not serve their turn; and for thirty minutes it seemed doubtful whether the grave

cool courage of the British would prevail over the ardour of the French. At length, the sons of Gaul gave way, and were chased through and beyond the village with pitiable slaughter. Unhappily, through a mistake on the part of the 42nd, Elvina was temporarily abandoned, and the enemy, rallying and being reinforced, returned to the attack, but Sir John Moore, kindling the spirits of his men with words of fire, sent them forward again with levelled steel. General Paget at the same time brought the reserve into action with a success that daunted the enemy, and the centre and the left joining in the dreadful contention, the tumult of battle rolled over the entire field.

While watching the progress of his troops near Elvina, Sir John Moore was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot, with a violence that threw him from his horse. He rose again in a sitting position; his countenance preserved its calmness of expression; not a sigh or moan indicated pain; and his steadfast gaze was still fixed on the advance of his soldiers. But in a few moments, when satisfied that the British were gaining ground, he allowed himself to be carried to the rear. The dreadful character of his wounds at once foreboded a fatal issue. The shoulder was shattered, the left arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long shreds, which were interlaced with one another by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword slipped round so that the hilt entered the wound. Captain (afterwards Lord) Hardinge, who was present, attempted to disentangle it, but the dying hero stopped him: 'It is as well,' said he, 'as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.'

Meanwhile the pressure upon the enemy was so strenuous and so persistent that, in spite of their superior numbers they gave way at every point, and sullenly withdrew from the field. Sir John Hope, who had succeeded to the com

mand, considered it his primary duty to provide for the embarkation of the troops; an operation which was effected without delay, confusion, or loss. General Beresford, with the rear-guard, held the citadel until the 18th, when the wounded having been removed, he and his troops also got on board the ships, and the fleet sailed for England.

From the spot where he fell Moore was carried to the town by a party of soldiers. The blood flowed fast, and his suffering was extreme; but he bore it with such composure that those about him were led to hope for his recovery. Hearing this, he looked strongly at his wound for a moment:—'No,' he said, 'I feel that to be impossible.' He frequently directed his bearers to halt and turn him round, that he might survey the battle-field; and when the progress of the firing testified to the British advance, his gratification was extreme. When he reached his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, only to confirm his own presentiment. The pain increased, and he spoke with much difficulty. Now and again he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing an old friend, said,—'You know that I always wished to die this way.' Once more he eagerly inquired if the French were defeated, and being assured they were,—'It is a great satisfaction to me,' he said, 'to know we have beaten the French.' The serenity of his countenance indicated the clearness and composure of his mind and spirit; and he exhibited no agitation, except once when he spoke of his mother. His strength was rapidly failing; and his life almost on the ebb, when, as if he foresaw the injustice that was to be done to his memory by hasty critics, he exclaimed,—'I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!'

The faint echoes of departing battle were fading among the darkened hills when the hero's corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in a grave, hastily dug, on the ramparts of Corunna. He had died a soldier's death, and received a soldier's funeral. The

guns of the enemy paid him his last martial honours; and Soult, with a noble admiration for noble courage, raised a monument to his great antagonist's memory.

'Thus ended,' says Napier, 'the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism, more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall, graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of humour habitual to his mind, adorned by a subtle playful wit, gave him, in conversation, an ascendancy that he could well preserve by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for, while he lived, he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and, with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead.'

On the recall of Sir Hew Dalrymple, the command of the British troops in Portugal, numbering about 62,000 was given to Sir John Cradock; but when the British government determined on a more effectual prosecution of the war in the Peninsula, he was removed to Gibraltar, and the conduct of affairs placed in the hands of our most competent general, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, sailing from Spithead, on the 16th of April, arrived in the Tagus on the 22nd, and, with characteristic energy, hastened to take the field. Making Lisbon his base, where reinforcements could easily be landed, and his general depôt established, he entered upon the first portion of his task, which was to clear Portugal of the enemy. At the outset he desired to recover

Oporto. On the 9th of May, he moved from Cimbra with about 16,000 men, to accomplish this primary object.

PASSAGE OF THE DOURO, *May 12, 1809*

Oporto, at this time, was occupied by Marshal Soult, with 20,000 men. Unable to gather from the Portuguese peasantry any intelligence of Wellesley's movements, he was ignorant of the concentration of the British army at Cimbra; but when it began its advance, he immediately burned all his bridges on the Douro, secured all his boats, and threw out numerous videttes. On the morning of the 12th, both armies were face to face on the opposite banks of the river—a broad, full stream, widening to 320 yards in front of the town. Its passage, in the presence of 20,000 French soldiers, Soult regarded as impracticable; and he seems, therefore, to have felt himself safe from attack, except by a force disembarking on the sea-board. Consequently, he kept a vigilant watch along the lower part of the river; but less caution was observed on the upper. Sir Arthur detected the error, and resolved to profit by it. A large, unfinished building, called 'The Seminary,' attracted his attention: it was isolated, easily accessible from the river, and commanded the surrounding country. A high wall enclosed it, and, on either side, stretched down to the river-bank. This post Wellesley prepared to seize and occupy as a *tête du pont*. But the means of transit offered an initial difficulty, which was apparently insuperable. Fortune, however, favours the bold. Colonel Waters discovered, about two miles up, a skiff, filled with mud, and hidden among the rushes. He obtained the aid of some peasants, floated it—crossed to the opposite bank—and there found four barges, which had been left unguarded. With these he quickly returned.

In the interval, Wellesley had planted eighteen guns on the Convent Rock, and detached General Murray, with a

brigade of infantry and a regiment of dragoons, to seek a passage at the Barca de Avintas, three miles up the river—to collect as many boats as were available—and, thereafter, to surprise and attack the enemy's flank, while he himself, with his main army, took them in front. The barges having arrived, one was sent across laden with twenty-five men, and passed unnoticed. The little company took possession of the Seminary; all remained quiet; a second boat crossed. No sound of war succeeded, nor was any hostile movement visible.

But when the third boat passed, with General Paget on board, the enemy took the alarm. A tumult of voices rolled through the town; loud cries and shouts filled the air, the citizens with violent gestures welcomed the approach of their foreign deliverers; while bodies of troops rapidly passed out from the higher streets, and preceded by tirailleurs, marched hastily towards the Seminary.

Concealment was no longer possible, and the British red-coats swarmed down to the river-bank. Paget's and Hill's divisions pressed to the point of passage; Sherbrooke's to where a bridge of boats had been cut away the night before. Round the Seminary soon rose the din of battle; Paget was severely wounded, but Hill arrived to take his place. As the forces accumulated for the attack and defence, sharper and more voluble grew the musketry. The assault of the French was eager and persistent; their fire increased more rapidly than that of the English; and at last the guns opened on the position. But the artillery from the Convent rock soon told upon their serried ranks; and a prolonged cheer from the streets, and a flutter of handkerchiefs from the windows gave notice that the enemy had abandoned the lower town. At this juncture Murray, who had safely crossed at the Avintas ferry, made his appearance. A general advance taking place, the French were driven back, after much obstinate fighting, in terrible disorder, ruthlessly pursued by the British cavalry. They

left behind them 58 guns, a large number of prisoners, and about 700 sick and wounded in the hospitals. So completely had Soult been surprised that Wellesley, on taking possession of the head-quarters which he had just vacated, sat down to the dinner which the French marshal had ordered for himself.

Soult conducted his retreat with great ability. He effected a junction with General Loison; and, reorganizing his shattered battalions, retired upon Salamonde, crossing a fearful torrent by the Ponte Nova, a bridge of one arch, so narrow that it admitted only two people abreast.

Wellesley having succeeded in his object, and driven the French across the borders, next moved to Abrantes, in order to concert a combined advance upon Madrid with the Spanish commanders, Cuesta and Venegas. At that time he had had no experience of Spanish politics, of their vacillation and duplicity; but he speedily discovered that to beat the French was the lightest portion of his work; that to rely upon Spanish promises was folly; and that Spanish generalship was as deplorably deficient as Spanish arrogance was hopelessly contemptible. He was detained at Abrantes until the end of June. Then, learning that Marshal Victor had fallen back towards Minda, he resolved to follow the line of the Tagus, join Cuesta, who had 37,000 men and 70 guns at Almaraz, and so advance upon Madrid.

Soult, who was in command of three French corps, received orders from Napoleon to combine them in a firm attack upon the British. 'Wellesley,' wrote Napoleon, 'will probably advance by the Tagus against Madrid; in which case do you make haste to pass the mountains, fall upon his flank and rear, and destroy him!' Following up these instructions, he resolved to press the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and with the remainder of his force to strike at Placentia, and threaten Wellesley's communications. Hence we see that while Wellesley was designing to crush Victor and gain possession of Madrid, Soult was preparing

to establish himself on his left flank. The British general was at the head of an army of 18,000 foot, 3000 horse, and 30 guns, and a reinforcement of 8000 men was on its way from England. Relying on the promised co-operation of the Spanish generals, he pushed forward, and on the 20th of July, effected a junction with Don Gregorio de Cuesta at Oropesa. Victor then retired from his post at Talavera, which the Allies immediately occupied, and Cuesta advanced alone, in order to enjoy, as he supposed, all the glory of a triumphal entry into Madrid. But King Joseph Bonaparte, concentrating a force of 50,000 men and 90 guns, under Marshal Victor and General Sebastian, drove him back on the Guadamarra (July 26th), with a loss of 4000 men; and he was saved from destruction only by the prompt interposition of General Sherbrooke, with the British advanced guard, which Wellesley had pushed forward to his support. Hastening to the scene of action, Sir Arthur pressed him to withdraw to a position he had chosen in front of Talavera, but Cuesta refused, on the ground that further retreat would dishearten his men. Next morning Wellesley repeated his advice, intimating that at all events, he should withdraw Sherbrooke. When he saw the British brigade retiring, Cuesta gave way,—boasting to his staff, however, that he had first made the Englishman go down upon his knees. But he had delayed too long to effect his retreat unmolested. The French, on July 27th, made a sudden and vigorous attack which drove in the British outposts; and Wellesley, who was reconnoitring their movement from a tower, narrowly escaped capture. Speedily recovering themselves, our men, at the point of the bayonet, drove back their assailants. The Spaniards, however, made no effort to hold their ground. Infantry and artillerymen, the latter abandoning their guns, fled with equal celerity, and their losses would have been tremendous but for a gallant charge by some British squadrons, which checked the pursuit. There was, let it be owned, an advantage in

this inglorious skirmish ; it induced Cuesta to place himself and his army under Wellesley's orders ; and thus the British general was able to collect at Talavera a force of 53,000 men (19,000 British and Germans, and 34,000 Spanish), of whom 10,000 were cavalry, with 100 guns, to oppose King Joseph and Marshal Victor's splendid army of veterans,—43,000 foot and 7000 cavalry, with 80 guns.

BATTLE OF TALAVERA, *July 28 and 29*

Wellesley took up his position in front of the town of Talavera, on its eastern side, where between the Tagus and a ridge of steep hills, extends an undulating plain, nearly three miles wide. The right wing, consisting of Cuesta's Spaniards, was protected by some olive groves, hillocks, and ditches. The British were posted on the left, with a division under Hill, occupying an eminence which covered their flank. Between this eminence and the hills which bordered the valley of the Tagus ran a wooded gorge, which Wellesley regarded as sufficiently dominated by the fire of Hill's infantry. In front of the centre, on a small knoll or plateau, was thrown up a redoubt, behind which was gathered Campbell's division, Cotton's brigade of dragoons, and some Spanish squadrons. The whole line was about two miles in extent.

About one o'clock the French crossed the stream of the Alberche, and advancing under the cover of the leafy cork woods, made a sudden attack upon General Mackenzie's division, which, having no cavalry outposts, was completely surprised. Notwithstanding the steady resistance of the 45th and 60th, Mackenzie was forced back into the open plain, and, with one brigade, took post in the centre behind the Guards, while Colonel Donkin, with another brigade, observing that a hill on the extreme left had been neglected, had the forethought to occupy it. Marshal Victor who, though King Joseph was on the ground, took the direction

of the battle, pushed his men forward across the plain, and seized upon an isolated height opposite Colonel Donkin's position. Almost at the same time, Sebastian's steel-clad horsemen dashed headlong upon the Spanish line. Then was to be seen a singular spectacle. The Spaniards gave one rapid irregular volley, and immediately, as if suddenly distraught, fled, infantry and gunners, with a speed that would have done them credit on a race course, several miles to the rear, abandoning their arms, and shouting that all was lost. Who could recognise in these degenerate cravens, the successors of that famous Spanish infantry, which, in the sixteenth century, was the terror of Europe ? Foremost in the flight was their Adjutant-General, and even Cuesta began to drive off in his carriage. But some British squadrons came up, and arrested the French advance. Cuesta recovered his composure, despatched the regiments which had stood firm to drive back the fugitives, and rallied about 4000 of them, but when the sun set, the Spanish army was weaker by 5000 men than it should have been, and the central redoubt was silent from want of gunners.

It was growing dusk when Marshal Victor, encouraged by his success against the Spaniards, ordered an attack upon General Hill's position. Colonel Donkin clung to his hill with admirable tenacity, though the French turned his left, and won the high ground in his rear. Hill, leading the 29th to the charge with splendid daring, drove the enemy from their briefly enjoyed position, and reinforcements coming up, the British in their turn advanced, and thrust the disordered battalions of the French into the ravine. The struggle was as obstinate as it was fierce. While it lasted, you might see, by the lurid flame of their musketry, serried ranks of fighting men, who, with 'rare intrepidity,' fired upon each other, at a distance of only thirty paces, nor did their contention cease until darkness closed over the scene. The two armies then held the same positions as at the opening of the battle, though the English

had lost 800 men, and the French 1000 killed and wounded. During the night, the Spaniards, with inopportune vigour, suddenly commenced a prodigious peal of musketry and artillery, which was wasted on 'the desert air,' but both the French and the British lines remained quiet.

Victor, having ascertained from prisoners the details of the Allied position, obtained King Joseph's consent to renew the battle; and at daybreak on the 29th opened a formidable cannonade, to cover the advance of his troops against Wellesley's left. With excellent spirit they clambered up the rugged steep, until confronted by the steady fire of the British infantry; then they wavered, fell back, and after losing 1500 men in forty minutes, retreated with ever-increasing rapidity, saved from ruin only by the intervention of their formidable artillery. Wellesley then proceeded to strengthen his left with a compact body of cavalry, while on the height which flanked it he posted a Spanish division.

It was now about ten o'clock, and both armies prepared for what both felt to be the final struggle. Both, but more particularly the Allies, had to contend with serious difficulties. The British suffered much from hunger. Their regular rations had ceased for some days; and these steadfast warriors, weary with yesterday's fighting, and yet called upon to re-engage in battle, had received no other provisions than a few ounces of flour. In the Spanish camp prevailed the utmost disorder; while Cuesta sought to conceal his unfitness for command by an excess of rigour, which disheartened his soldiers, and entirely deprived him of their confidence. A staff officer was sent by Albuquerque, the Portuguese commander, to warn the British general that the Spaniards meditated treachery. This astonishing communication was made to Colonel Donkin, who immediately rode with it to Wellesley, and found him stationed on the crest of the hill, where the battle had raged most furiously, watching the movements in the French camp. He read Albuquerque's letter, and said quietly, 'Very well, Colonel,

you may go back to your brigade;' and without another word, or the slightest change of countenance, continued his reconnaissance. 'He who at such a moment,' remarks Brialmont, 'could receive a communication of such grave import with absolute serenity, nay, even with contempt, must have been fully master of himself, and gifted by nature with a wonderful force of character.' It was well for him, however, that Albuquerque's apprehensions were not realised, and that Cuesta's army, if it rendered no considerable service, did not disgrace itself by betraying the cause of its country.

From about ten o'clock until noon, the two armies, as if by common consent, rested from the dreadful work of slaughter. A hot sun was pouring on the battle field, and on both sides, the weary troops lay down to enjoy an interval of repose. Then took place a curious incident, on which the mind finds it very wholesome and pleasant to dwell. A small tributary of the Tagus rippled across the fighting ground, separating the two armies. Thither, feverish and athirst, the battle-worn soldiers repaired, approaching each other frankly, throwing down their caps and muskets, chatting to each other like old friends, and exchanging their goatskins and brandy flasks. When the bugle sounded anew and the drums beat, many of the rival warriors shook hands as they sprang up to return to their respective colours. The columns formed again, and put themselves in motion. At two o'clock the first musket shots were fired, and 'the hurly-burly' again began.

Under a tremendous storm of cannon shot, the French advanced against Wellesley's right wing, which, with a 'thin red line,' received the enemy's column, pouring in a withering fire at twenty paces; then, levelling their bayonets, they drove it back in confusion, with the loss of a battery of ten guns, and many brave fellows killed and wounded. When the British pursuit ceased, Sebastian gallantly rallied his men, and did his best to re-form their shattered ranks.

On the left, the attack of two divisions was cheerfully encountered and firmly repulsed by Anson's brigade of cavalry. Unfortunately, our horsemen were carried in their eagerness to the brink of a deep ravine. A regiment of German hussars prudently drew bridle, but the 23rd dragoons dashed down the declivity, losing numbers of their men in the wild gallop. The remainder were riding onward to charge some French squadrons whom they saw in the distance, when Marshal Victor hurried up two regiments of infantry, and after a sharp combat, our troopers were compelled to fall back, with half their saddles empty.

A similar mishap befell the Allied centre. The Guards met the French onset with characteristic steadiness, and easily threw it off; but the ardour of battle took possession of them when they saw the foemen retreating, and charging onward in exultant pursuit, they exposed their flank to the French cavalry and batteries, which mowed them down by sections. Perceiving that this line was giving way beneath this pressure, Wellesley, in person, led the 48th to its support. It advanced in companies, as coolly as if on the drill-ground, and the Guards, retiring through the intervals, rallied, re-formed, and with their gallant brothers-in-arms, stayed the fury of the assault. Then from end to end of the British army arose a hearty cheer. Wellesley brought up his light horsemen, and flung them against the French columns, who thereupon abandoned the struggle, and retreated from the field. The British, reduced to 14,000 effective troops, who were exhausted by toil and privation, were unable to press the pursuit, and the Spaniards seemed as incapable as they were reluctant.

Talavera cost the British 6208 killed, wounded, and missing—a heavy price to pay for victory. The loss of the French was 944 killed, 6294 wounded, and 156 prisoners. They also lost 67 guns. Towards evening, after the battle was over, the spent cartridge papers unfortunately set fire to the long dry grass and withered brushwood that clothed

the plain, with the terrible result that some hundreds of the wounded, powerless to help themselves, were cruelly scorched, or burned to death where they lay.

Writing to a friend in India, Sir Authur Wellesley said:—‘The battle of Talavera was the hardest fight of modern times. The fire at Assaye was heavier, while it lasted; but the battle of Talavera lasted for two days and a night. Each party engaged lost a fourth of their numbers.’ Again he says:—‘We had certainly a most fierce contest at Talavera, and the victory which we gained, although from circumstances it has not been followed by all the good consequences which we might have expected from it, has at least added to the military reputation of the country, and has convinced the French that their title to be called the first military nation in Europe will be disputed, not unsuccessfully.’ On this latter point, General Jomini, the celebrated authority in military tactics, observes:—‘This battle recovered the glory of the successors of Marlborough, which for a century had declined. It was felt that the English infantry could contend with the best in Europe.’ Napoleon, in a letter to one of his confidential lieutenants acknowledges the French defeat:—‘Marshal Jourdan [King Joseph's chief of the staff] says that on the 28th we were in possession of the British army's field of battle—that is to say of Talavera, and of the table-land on which their left flank rested; whilst his subsequent reports, and those of other officers, say the exact contrary, and that we were repulsed during the whole day.’

For his services in this campaign, Wellesley was raised to the peerage as Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. By the historic name of Wellington we shall henceforth call him.

Embarrassed by the deficiencies of the commissariat, and the short-comings of the administrative department at home, and unable to rely upon Spanish juntas or Spanish Generals,

Wellington was compelled to abstain from a forward movement, when King Joseph's army fell back upon Madrid. In his despatches to the British Government, his indignation finds strong expression: 'I wish,' he writes, 'that the gentlemen of the junta would either come or send here somebody to satisfy the wants of our half-starved army, which, although they have been engaged for two days, and have defeated twice their number in the service of Spain, have not bread to eat. It is positively a fact that, during the last seven days, the British army have not received one-third of their provisions; that, at this moment, there are nearly 4000 wounded soldiers dying in the hospital in this town from want of common assistance and necessaries, which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies; and that I can get no assistance of any description from this country. I cannot prevail upon them even to bury the dead carcasses in the neighbourhood, the stench of which will destroy themselves as well as us.'

Soult, having concentrated in Leon upwards of 50,000 men of all arms, entered the rich valley of the Tagus on the 31st of July. Wellington, who supposed his force to consist of only 20,000, moved towards him, leaving Cuesta to watch King Joseph's army, and, on the 4th of August, found himself at Oropesa, with 17,000 men in front of 53,000 men. Retreat was imperative, and, by rapid marches, he succeeded in crossing the Tagus at two points, and withdrew, unmolested, to Merida (September 3). Abandoning, for the present, his attempt to deliver Spain, he directed all his resources to the defence of Portugal, and crossing the border early in January, took up his quarters at Visue, about 130 miles north of Lisbon, with his outposts extending towards Ciudad Rodrigo.

Here his army gradually recovered its health and vigour; opportune reinforcements strengthened its efficiency; and under his vigilant supervision the defects of its organisation were rapidly repaired. He had made up his mind that, for

the present, the war must be, on the part of the British, a defensive one, and he eagerly looked around him for some advantageous position where his comparatively small force might successfully withstand the immense armies that Napoleon was directing against him. 'I am convinced,' he wrote, 'that the French will now regard the necessity of driving us from the Peninsula as the first object to which they ought to attend. They will risk everything to accomplish it, and will attack us on every side.' After a careful examination of the ground, he planned, and begun the construction of, the famous fortifications known as the Lines of Torres Vedras. As Marshal-General of Portugal he insisted that he should have absolute and uncontrolled authority over all arrangements concerning the English and Portuguese forces. He called upon the Regency to revive and carry out the ancient military laws of the kingdom, by which all the male population was bound to be enrolled and bear arms. He further required that the people should be warned and commanded to destroy their mills, remove their boats, break down their bridges, lay waste their fields, abandon their houses, and remove their property, in whatever direction the invaders should penetrate; and that this might effectually and deliberately be performed, he resolved, at the head of the Allied army, so to face the enemy that, without bringing on a decisive battle, he should nevertheless be compelled to keep constantly in a mass, while the whole population, converted into soldiers, and closing upon the enemy's flank and rear, should cut off all resources save those which were carried in the midst of the troops.*

At the opening of the campaign of 1810, the British troops in Wellington's army did not exceed 25,000 in number. The Portuguese regulars mustered 24,000 infantry, 3500 cavalry, and 3000 artillery; and the national militia at 25,000, so that the whole available force amounted

* Napier, iii. 254, 255.

to 80,000 or 81,000 men, while the frontier to be defended, from Braganza to Ayamonte, measured 400 miles. The two chief points at which an enemy might be expected to cross were Ciudad and Coria; in the former case, advancing either by the valley of the Douro, by that of the Mondego, or by that of the Zezera; in the latter case, striking inland by Castello Bianco and the valley of the Tagus, or by the mountains of Sobreira Formosa. For good military reasons Wellington decided that the principal French attacks would be made on the side of Coria, and in this belief made the necessary disposition of his troops. In the centre of the frontier line, where the hardest blows would be delivered, he placed his British divisions, viz: 1st (General Spencer's), 6000 strong, Visca; 2nd (General Hill's), 5000, at Abrantes; 3rd (General Picton's), 3000, at Celorico; 4th (General Cole's), 2000, at Guarda; and the Light (General Crawford's), 2400, at Pinhel. The cavalry, 3000, under General Cotton, occupied the valley of the Mondego. The Portuguese militia and artillery were stationed on the wings, the regular Portuguese, except those in garrison, at Thomar. But Wellington's principal reliance was on his British soldiers, who were already surprising all Europe—for Fontenoy and Minden seem to have been forgotten—by their admirable fighting qualities. It was his experience in this war which enabled Sir William Napier to write of his countrymen in these words of praise: 'That the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe; and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue, and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined—and three years are required to accomplish this—his port is lofty and his movements free. The whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does

not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors although he may perceive them; but he is observant and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril.'

While contemplating in the main a defensive war, Wellington was not slow to attack where circumstance favoured or occasion demanded—either to deliver Ciudad Rodrigo from the menace of Marshal Ney, or to support the operations of the Spaniards by creating a strong diversion in Old Castile. For this purpose, he posted Crawford's Light Division on the line of the Coa, in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, reinforcing him with 400 German hussars and a troop of horse artillery. There Crawford remained for several weeks, maintaining a vigilant check on the movements of the enemy, and always ready to call in his outposts and concentrate his battalions if an attack in superior force seemed probable. His alacrity of manœuvre awakened in his soldiers a remarkable degree of military intelligence, and between them and him, the harmony was so perfect, that they responded at once to the lightest intimation of his wishes. If summoned in the middle of the night, the whole division would get under arms in seven minutes, or appear in battle array at the alarm posts, with baggage loaded and collected in the rear, in a quarter-of-an-hour. Throughout the Peninsular War, it supplied Wellington with an instrument of wonderful strength and activity, which he knew would never fail to execute anything he imposed upon it.

BATTLE OF THE COA, *July 24, 1809*

Early in the month of June, a large body of French cavalry crossed the Agueda, supported by a powerful artillery, and

Crawford's position became critical. The country between the Agueda and the Coa was occupied by French bayonets, under the command of Massena himself; Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered, as Wellington with his scanty force was unable to relieve it; but the commander of the Light Division would not retreat. He had been ordered to fall back if the enemy's pressure proved severe; but his pride, his courage, and his vehemency of temper urged him to neglect or delay compliance. 'Braving the whole French army, he had kept with a weak division, for three months, within two hours' march of 60,000 men, appropriating the resources of the plains entirely to himself, but this exploit, only to be appreciated by military men, did not satisfy his feverish thirst of distinction. Hitherto he had safely affronted a superior power, and, forgetting that his stay beyond the Coa was a matter of sufferance, not real strength, with headstrong ambition, he resolved, in defiance of reason and of the reiterated orders of his general, to fight on the right bank' of the Coa—that is, with the river in his rear.

The forces at Crawford's disposal consisted of 4000 infantry, 1200 cavalry, and 6 guns. His front, a mile-and-a-half in length, extended obliquely towards the river. Here he was assailed, on the 24th of July, by an army of 24,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry, with 30 guns, led by Marshal Ney. The charge was made with that ardour and vivacity in which the French soldier is seldom deficient, and the river-plain was swept by a storm of fire, before which the British were reluctantly compelled to fall back, though they did so slowly and in good order, halting occasionally to check the enemy when they pressed too closely. They reached the bridge across the Coa, and while the 52nd gallantly covered their retreat, slowly defiled across the long and narrow causeway, and re-formed in loose order on the opposite bank. Then with one sudden and determined onset the 52nd drove back the French skirmishers, obtaining a brief interval of freedom by which they profited to effect

their passage of the river also. The six British field-pieces were immediately afterwards brought to bear upon the bridge, and on the deep and hollow ravine through which flowed the blood-stained waters of the Coa,—the smoke, rising slowly, resolved itself into an immense arch, 'spanning the whole chasm, and sparkling with the whirling fuzes of the flying shells.' The solid French column still moved forward, with shrill cries that rose above the battle-din. They were received with a sweep and rush of cannon-shot, so that (it is said) the whole of the leading section fell as one man. The gaps in the ranks were filled up again and again; but the persistency was useless—men could not come within the range of that terrible concentrated fire and live! The killed and wounded were blended together in a ghastly pile that rose nearly even with the parapet, and 'the living mass behind melted away, rather than go back.'

A cheer of victory rose from the exultant fighting men of the Light Division; but Ney was an enemy worthy of them. He refused to accept defeat, re-formed his veterans, and in half-an-hour sent another solid column to carry that Bridge of Death. Before they had crossed half the distance, they were shattered into incoherent fragments; only ten or a dozen men succeeded in crossing, and obtained precarious shelter under or among the rocks. The skirmishers were thrown forward; and a French surgeon, bravely coming down to the bridge-post, waved his handkerchief, and began to dress the wounded in the thick of the fire. His appeal was answered with prompt generosity; not a British musket was turned towards him, though Ney was marshalling his weakened battalions for a third attempt. The impossibility of forcing the passage, however, he was compelled to recognize; for this final effort, made with lessened numbers and diminished energy, failed almost as soon as it was made.

The firing ceased about four o'clock. The British losses amounted to 272 killed, wounded, and missing; the Portuguese to 44; whereas the French lost upwards of 1000,

chiefly in their frenzied attempts to gain the bridge. Such was the cost of a battle that should never have been fought; though one can hardly regret that so brilliant an example should have been afforded of the way in which the splendid courage and staying-power of the British soldier retrieves the errors of the British general. The criticism passed upon it by an Irish soldier is as true as it is pithy; 'General Crawford wanted glory, so he stopped on the wrong side of the river, and now he is knocked over to the right side. The French general won't be content until his men try to get on the wrong side also, and then they will be knocked back. Well, both will claim a victory, which is neither here nor there, but just in the middle of the river. That's glory!'

Some weeks had been passed by Marshal Massena in comparative inaction, when, in obedience to orders from Napoleon, he suddenly laid siege to Almeida. Wellington advanced to its relief; but, through the treachery of some Portuguese officers, and the explosion of the powder magazine, it surrendered to the French after a resistance of only twelve days (August 28). In the possession of the two frontier fortresses, Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo, Massena was free to invade Portugal, and he prepared to advance by the line of the Mondego. This river, flowing between the Estrella mountain and the Sierra de Caramula, is separated by the latter from the coast, along which lies the Oporto and Lisbon road. On each side of the river locomotion is difficult, from the nature of the country; and at the southern end of the valley interpose two mountain ridges, the Sierra de Murcella on the left, and the Sierra de Busaco on the right bank. Wellington had prepared the former for battle, and General Hill was moving up to it by the high road; but Massena knew its strength, and coming to the right of the Mondego, moved by Viseu, to turn Wellington's flank, and surprise Coimbra. He was ignorant, however, of Busaco, which covered that city, and

so fell into the worst road—'the worst in the whole kingdom,' Wellington called it—and lost two days waiting for his artillery. Meanwhile, Wellington also passed the Mondego, and rapidly concentrating his scattered detachments, took up his position upon 'grim Busaco's iron ridge.'

'The Sierra de Busaco,' writes Wellington, 'is a high ridge, which extends from the Mondego in a northerly direction about eight miles. At the highest point of the ridge, about two miles from its termination, is the convent and garden of Busaco. The Sierra de Busaco is connected by a mountainous tract of land with the Sierra de Caramula, which extends in a north-easterly direction beyond Viseu, and separates the valley of the Mondego from the valley of the Douro. On the left of the Mondego, nearly in a line with the Sierra de Busaco, is another ridge of the same description, called the Sierra de Marcella, covered by the river Alva, and connected by other mountainous parts with the Sierra d'Estrella. All the roads to Coimbra, from the eastward, lead over the one or the other of these Sierras. They are very difficult for the passage of an army, the approach to the top of the ridge on both sides being mountainous.'

BATTLE OF BUSACO, *September 29*

Apart from its natural difficulties, Wellington's position was rendered formidable by the judicious disposition of the British batteries, which were so arranged as to cover with their fire every line by which the enemy might approach. Some of the British officers refused to believe that Massena would plunge his troops into such a labyrinth, but Wellington relied on his well-known audacity, affirmed that he would give battle, and added: 'If he does, I shall beat him.' Marshal Ney, who was second in command, after reconnoitring the British ground, advised Massena not to attack,

and even the French rank and file were of opinion that attack meant failure. To retreat, however, involved both danger and humiliation, and having found a practicable road for his artillery on the right, where the ridge sloped seaward, Massena made up his mind to the effort. 'To-morrow, he said confidently, 'we shall effect the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days we will devour the leopard.' The Emperor had previously written to him: 'It is ridiculous to suppose that 25,000 English can balance 60,000 French, if the latter do not trifle, but fall on boldly, and after having well observed where the blow may be struck.' His lieutenant resolved to 'fall on boldly,' but if he obeyed the first he neglected the second portion of Napoleon's advice.

Massena wasted two days in bringing up all his troops to the front, an interval spent by Wellington in improving the distribution of his resources. His army was disposed with a keen eye to the chances of the coming struggle. General (afterwards Lord) Hill's division occupied the extreme right, where the Sierra is crossed by the road to Pena Cova. Next came Leith's; and next, Picton's. On the topmost ridge, in reserve, and flanked by the convent of Busaco, were Spencer's division, and a regiment of dragoons. Half-way down the steep were planted the Portuguese, whom Beresford had disciplined into efficiency,—Wellington says of them that they were worthy of contending with British troops in this interesting cause*—and in the front of the convent were massed the Light Division, a Portuguese regiment, and a German brigade. In a line with these, on the extreme left, was Cole's division.

The French chose two points of attack, about three miles apart; Ney's corps being directed against the Light Division in the centre, and Regnier's against Picton on the right centre. Junot's corps and Montbrun's cavalry were held in reserve. At daybreak on the 17th, while the folds

* Wellington, Despatches, iv, 475.

of the mist still hung about the crests of the iron hills, Regnier's columns, preceded by a swarm of tirailleurs, energetically climbed the broken acclivities, and delivered their attack with a vehemence which, for a moment, Picton's men failed to resist. They were about to deploy towards the right, when Wellington directed a couple of guns, loaded with grape shot, upon their flank, and the 88th, aided by a wing of the 45th, and a Portuguese regiment, charged them with such irresistible ardour as, literally, to drive them headlong down the rugged steep, until the valley bottom was strewn with the bodies of the dead and dying.

Meanwhile, the remainder of Regnier's corps, extending to their left, loomed through the morning vapours upon Leith and his silent battalions. Leith set his men immediately in motion, and across two miles of broken ground, they advanced with firm elastic step, the Royals in reserve; the 9th aiming at the enemy's front, and the 38th at his right. When within a hundred yards of the foe, the 9th formed in line, as steadily as upon parade, and with fixed bayonets rushed to the charge, 'driving the grenadiers from the rocks with irresistible bravery, plying them with a destructive musketry as long as they could be reached, and yet with excellent discipline refraining from pursuit, lest the crest of the position should be again lost, for the mountain was so rugged that it was impossible to judge clearly of the general state of the action.' Hill's division coming up, the French could not recover the fight, and sullenly abandoned the ridge. At this moment Wellington galloped up:—'If they attempt this again, Hill,' he exclaimed, 'give it them in volleys, and charge bayonets, but don't let your people follow them far down the hill.'

Ney's attack had by no means met with better success. Its brunt fell upon the Light Division, which Crawford handled with much ability. 'The table-land between him and the convent was sufficiently scooped to conceal the 43rd and 52nd regiments, drawn up in line; and a quarter of

a mile behind them, but on higher ground and close to the convent, a brigade of German infantry appeared to be the only solid line of resistance on this part of the position. In front of the two British regiments, some rocks overhanging the descent furnished natural embrasures, in which the guns of the division were placed, and the whole face of the hill was planted with the skirmishers of the rifle corps, and of the two Caçadore Portuguese battalions.*

The three columns in which the French swarmed up the Sierra were allowed to reach within a few yards of the summit, and though torn by cannon-shot and musketry, they ascended in admirable order and with conspicuous steadiness. Suddenly Crawford let loose upon them the two concealed regiments. With a 'horrid shout' eighteen hundred British bayonets flashed over the brow of the steep, overturning the head of the French advance, and driving it back upon its rear: these murderous volleys, at five yards only, completed their discomfiture; and their line of retreat was rendered hideous by heaps of the dead and the fragments of shattered weapons.

A division under Marchand had ventured against Crawford's right—only to be received, when half-way up the mountain, with a terrific fire that deprived them of heart and hope. For yet another hour the French gallantly continued their unavailing efforts, until, discouraged and exhausted, they gradually slackened their fire, and abandoned the battle.

'Towards evening, however, a French company having, with signal audacity, seized a village within musket-shot of the Light Division, refused to retire: which so incensed Crawford that, turning twelve guns on the village, he overwhelmed it with bullets for half-an-hour. After paying the French captain this distinguished honour, the English general, recovering his temper, sent a company of the 42nd

* Napier, iii. 331.

down, which cleared the village in a few minutes. Meanwhile, an affecting incident, contrasting strongly with the savage character of the preceding events, added to the interest of the day. A poor orphan Portuguese girl, about seventeen years of age, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain and driving an ass, loaded with all her property, through the midst of the French army. She had abandoned her dwelling in obedience to the proclamation, and now passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile and which the friendly troops, for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her.*

Thus the repeated attacks of the French were all repulsed, and Massena was taught by the loss of 4500 men that the heights of Busaco were inaccessible. The Allies lost 1769 killed and wounded, of whom 578 were Portuguese. But the French Marshal, though beaten, abated not one jot of his gallant pride; and discovering a road which wound through the defiles of the Siera de Caramula, he marched upon Coimbra, in order to turn the Allied flank. Whereupon, Wellington steadily withdrew from the battle-crowned heights of 'grim Busaco'—crossed the Mondego at Coimbra in advance of the enemy,—and gradually retired within the formidable defences which he had constructed at Torres Vedras. In a march of 200 miles, he lost neither man nor gun, and preserved throughout the most admirable order. As he retreated, the entire population retreated with him, carrying their more valuable property, and destroying whatever they were unable to remove. Their losses and their miseries were severe; but England made a nobly generous effort to find them some compensation. Brialmont rightly describes it as marvellous, that a foreign general should have possessed sufficient influence to exact a sacrifice

* Napier iii, 334.

so burdensome from a people attached to their homes, and absolutely encouraged by their own nobles to adopt a different course. It is a proof of the immense moral superiority which Wellington had acquired, and of the fervour of the patriotism which animated the majority of the Portuguese nation.

Years had diminished Massena's fire, and he no longer displayed the promptitude of decision and the alertness of movement, for which he had once been famous among Napoleon's marshals. Debauchery, moreover, had demoralised his troops, and they contemptuously spurned the bonds of discipline. It was the 10th of October, therefore, before he found himself in front of the lines of Torres Vedras; of the existence of which, or at least of their strength and character, he had been profoundly ignorant. He was surprised and confounded by their completeness. 'In whatever direction he turned his gaze,' says Thiers, 'he discovered heights crowned by redoubts. They crowded the slope which abutted on the Tagus, and could be seen thickly planted on the opposite declivity which descended to the sea. It was a painful surprise to the army to see the enemy they had pursued suddenly escape them, and retire within a refuge of an appearance so formidable.' These celebrated works, constructed under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, of the Engineers, consisted of three lines of defence, the first of which stretched from Alhandra on the Tagus to the mouth of the Zizandra, following the windings of the mountains for about twenty-eight miles. On the right General Hill commanded; on the left, Major-General Picton. Lord Wellington's head-quarters were at Piero-Negro, somewhat in the rear of the centre, and, by a complete system of telegraphs, he was able to communicate with all his divisional commanders. At a distance of seven or eight miles was situated the second line, with a front of twenty-four miles. The third, about eight leagues from the second, was much narrower, but of great strength, and was designed to cover a forced

embarkation. As a whole, the lines cut off a kind of mountainous peninsula between the Tagus on the east and the sea on the west, with Lisbon at its south-eastern extremity. The front was protected by 126 redoubts, armed with 247 guns, and defended by 47,500 men. Its central point was the Sierra de Chypre, in the rear of Sobral, which was crested with a redoubt of 25 heavy guns, and garrisoned by 1000 men. The works at St Julien, designed to protect the point of embarkation, were garrisoned by 5350 men, and mounted 94 pieces of artillery.

'All the resources of art,' says Brialmont, 'were applied to render this huge entrenched camp worthy of the part which it was intended to play. Redoubts occupied its abrupt spaces; the slopes of the heights were cut away as vertically as the soil would permit; double lines of abbatis blocked up the valleys, continuous entrenchments defended the water-courses, the rivers were dammed up, and those which the rains did not naturally cause to overflow, were supplied with gates; while abbatis, strengthened by redoubts, covered the passes through the woods. Numerous artillery, turned towards all accessible points, commanded the different approaches, and equalised, to a certain extent, the defence of the whole line. The roads favourable for the enemy were destroyed, the rest were enlarged. New lines of communication were created to facilitate the movements of troops and the arrival of succours; the bridges were ruined. In a word, every necessary measure was adopted to favour at the proper time an effective movement of the Allied troops.'

Lord Londonderry asserts, though I do not find him confirmed by any other authority, that Massena might have carried the works of Torres Vedras, if, instead of waiting for his artillery, he had delivered an immediate and vigorous attack, so extreme was the confusion which prevailed within them, and so great the ignorance both of generals and soldiers of the duties that were expected of them. But as

the Portuguese and Spaniards had already taken up their positions, as the works were already heavily armed, and Wellington had for months been engaged in his preparations for their defence, I find it impossible to accept Lord Londonderry's statement. At all events Massena, after reconnoitring the British defences, came to the conclusion, which was that of his principal officers, that an attack was not feasible, that he must content himself with a blockade, and wait for reinforcements. It is true that Marshal Marmont thought there were four other courses available for him, but the best military critics do not adopt this view. As for Wellington himself: 'My opinion is,' he wrote, 'that the French are in a scrape. They are not a sufficient army for their purpose, particularly since their late loss, and that the Portuguese army has behaved so well; and that they will find their retreat from this country a most difficult and dangerous operation.'

Throughout the cold and dreary winter Massena watched the English lines with sullen vigilance, until his army had completely exhausted the country in its rear, and was reduced to the verge of famine. Every day, harassed by bodies of militia and irregular levies, exposed to the active hatred of the peasantry, destitute of supplies, its sufferings increased. Insubordination spread among its ranks, stimulated by the example of its generals, who did not shrink from open disobedience to the orders of their chief. Nevertheless, he clung to his ground tenaciously until the beginning of March, when his provisions were so exhausted that two-thirds of his army were employed in seeking supplies. 'There is nothing to eat,' he wrote, 'the straw is consumed, and the horses, for more than a month, have been turned out to graze.' He came to the resolution of retreating upon Coimbra, and on the evening of the 5th of March, broke up his camp. By ingenious manoeuvres he deceived his antagonist into the belief that he intended to cross the Tagus at Pun-

halt, or to retire behind the Zezera, in order to gain Castalbiano, and thus contrived to gain over Wellington the advantage of several marches. It was not until the 8th that Wellington, apprised of his retreat, let loose his regiments in pursuit. On the 11th the advanced guard of the British came in contact with the French rear, under Marshal Ney, at Pombal. The resistance offered was very trivial; but at Redinha, next day, Ney made a better stand. Engagements also took place at Condeixa (March 13), Fons d'Aronce (March 15), and at Sabugal on the Coa (April 3), where the enemy was tolerably well beaten. Begun and ended in an hour, it was pronounced by Wellington 'one of the most glorious actions British troops were ever engaged in.' The British loss was 200 killed and wounded, against 1000 killed and wounded of the enemy. Massena then re-crossed the frontier into Spain, and halted, on April 8, at Salamanca, where he proceeded to reorganize his shattered army, which, in his disastrous but masterly retreat, had suffered a loss of 45,000 men. 'In a military view,' says Maxwell, 'it was admirable, and reflected infinite credit on the generals who directed it; but, in a moral one, nothing could be more disgraceful. The country over which the retreating columns of the French army passed was marked by bloodshed and devastation. Villages were everywhere destroyed; property wasted or carried off; the men shot in sheer wantonness; the women villainously abused; while thousands were driven for shelter to the mountains, where many perished from actual want. With Gothic barbarity, the fine old city of Leria, and the church and convent of Alcobaca, with its library and relics, was ordered by Massena to be burned. The order was too faithfully executed; and places, for centuries objects of Portuguese veneration, were given to the flames; and these hallowed roofs, beneath which "the sage had studied and the saint had prayed," were reduced to

ashes, to gratify a ruthless and vindictive spirit of revenge.*

But Colonel Jones aptly reminds us that the losses or sufferings of the French were as nothing in comparison with the stern visitations inflicted on Portugal and its inhabitants. Nearly 2000 square miles of country remained for five months with scarcely an inhabitant; everything it contained was devoured by the enemy, or destroyed by the season. In the space immediately bounding the positions of the two armies, not permanently occupied by either, the produce of the harvest perished, scattered over the ground, and the vintage mouldered on the stalk; flocks of innumerable small birds (starlings), drawn to the spot by instinct, fattened unmolested on the ungathered grapes; and latterly the very wolves, conscious of security, or rendered more daring by the absence of their accustomed prey, prowled about, masters of the country, reluctantly giving way to the cavalry patrols, which occasionally crossed their track.

BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONOR, *May 5, 1811*

Summing up the results of the winter campaign of 1810-1811, Brialmont points out that Massena, with the loss of almost all his baggage, of a great part of his artillery, and half his army, had found himself compelled to abandon his hold on Portugal, while those English whom his Imperial master had ordered him to drive into the sea had saved Coimbra, provided for the security of Beira, re-established their own communications with the North of the Peninsula, and followed the French up even to their last reserve. And all this had been accomplished in spite of the short-comings of the authorities at home, and the blunders and treachery of the authorities in Spain and Portugal. The only blame that can be imputed to Wellington, is his slight delay and hesitation in following up the

* W. H. Maxwell, 'The Bivouac.'

French columns when they began their retreat. Afterwards he proved his military capacity by the skill with which he handled his troops, and took advantage of any change in the nature of the country. Of his characteristic energy and activity we find a remarkable illustration in one of his letters, where he records the fact that, being unable to prevent the departure of some of his generals, he was compelled to discharge in the same day the various duties of general of cavalry, leader of the advanced guard, and commander of two or three columns of infantry.

Massena, having re-organised and largely recruited his army, took the field again towards the end of April, and hastened to undertake the relief of Almeida, which had been invested by a British division. Wellington immediately reappeared on the Coa, and took steps to prevent the French Marshal from succeeding in his design. His forces did not exceed 32,000 infantry, 1200 cavalry, and 42 guns; while Massena, when he crossed the Agueda and re-entered Portugal on the 2nd of May, had 40,000 foot, 5000 horse, and 30 guns. Resolved not to abandon Almeida, and hopeful of retrieving his fame as a successful warrior, Massena determined to risk a general engagement. The Allied army was disposed, on a line six or seven miles in extent, between the rivers Turon and Los Casas, with its right at Nava d'Avor, its centre opposite Almeida, and its left at Fort Concepcion. The French commander, perceiving that its right was weakest and most open, determined to deliver there his main attack, in the hope of turning its flank, forcing it back on its centre, and then driving the shattered mass into the Coa, which behind Almeida flows with a strong current between steep and rocky banks.

As a preliminary effort he made an attempt, on the 2nd of May, to seize the village of Fuentes d'Onor, which covered the British right centre; but in this he failed.* On the 5th

* Owing to the gallant conduct of the 24th, 71st, and 79th regiments.

the real battle began with a tremendous assault on Wellington's right by 15,000 infantry and 2500 cavalry, while a feint of attack was made against the centre. The latter was soon repulsed, but for a time fortune wavered on the British right, and Crawford, with his Light Division, was ordered to restore it. While effecting the necessary manœuvres, he was assailed by a mass of French sabres; but rapidly forming his men into squares, held his ground tenaciously, and gave the enemy a foretaste of their after-experience at Waterloo. In vain the horsemen rode round and round the compact formations of the British: firm as a rock they stood, and threw off every assault like spray.

By a skilful manœuvre, Wellington concentrated his troops upon his centre, and formed them, with a new front, in an imposing mass. At the same time, his artillery made havoc among the French horse, and drove them back. The French enterprise upon Fuentes d'Onor was only partly successful, owing to the spirited resistance of the 71st. Their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, was mortally wounded by an enemy, who stepped out of the ranks to aim at him. His Highlanders raised a shriek of sorrow and indignation, and attacked the French with a vigour that would not be denied. The man who had slain their colonel was pierced by many bayonets at once. The leader of the French, a person remarkable for his stature and fine form, was killed, and the Highlanders, in their vengeance, drove the enemy before them.

The tide of battle had begun to turn in favour of the British, when Massena prepared to deliver a last crushing blow; and, calling up his Guard and all his reserves, he announced his intention of leading them in person. It was five o'clock, and the whole line was ready to advance, when Massena was informed that the men had no ammunition. Thereupon the attack was suspended; and the marshal despatched his field-waggons to bring up supplies from Ciudad Rodrigo. But Wellington utilised the night to

throw up entrenchments at Fuentes, and between that village and Villa Formosa; rendering his position so formidable that, next day, Massena refrained from hazarding his troops in an attack upon it.

The British loss in this hard fought action was 235 killed, 1234 wounded, and 307 missing and taken prisoners. The French loss has been estimated at about 600 killed, and upwards of 2000 wounded.

On the 10th of May, Massena re-crossed the Agueda, and as he had not only failed to drive the leopard into the sea, but also to relieve Almeida, he was superseded by Marshal Marmont. Brennier, the governor of Almeida, succeeded in forcing his way, with his garrison, through the lines of the besiegers, owing to the negligence of General Crawford.

'At midnight, on the 10th,' says Napier, 'he sprung his mines, and in a compact column, broke through the pickets, passing between the quarters of the reserve with a nicety, proving his talent and his coolness. Pack, following with a few men, collected on the instant, plied them with a constant fire, yet could not shake or retard his column, which in silence gained the rough country leading upon Barba de Puerco, where it halted just as daylight broke. Pack still pursued, and knowing some English dragoons were a short distance off, sent an officer to bring them out upon the French flank, thus occasioning a slight skirmish and consequent delay. The other troops had paid little attention to the explosion of the mines, thinking them a repetition of Brennier's previous practice; but Pack's fire had roused them; the 36th regiment was now close at hand, and the 4th also, having heard the firing, was rapidly gaining the right flank of the enemy. Brennier drove off the cavalry, and was again in march; yet the infantry, throwing off their knapsacks, overtook him as he descended the deep chasm of Barba de Puerco, and killed or wounded many, taking 300; but the 36th regiment, rashly passing the bridge, was repulsed with a loss of 40 men. Had

Erskine given the 4th regiment its orders, the French column would have been lost, and Lord Wellington, stung by this event, and irritated by previous examples of undisciplined valour, issued this strong rebuke: 'The officers of the army may depend upon it, that the enemy to whom they are opposed, is not less prudent than powerful. Notwithstanding what has been printed in gazettes and newspapers, we have never seen small bodies unsupported successfully opposed to larger; nor has the experience of any officer realised the stories which all have read, of whole armies being driven by a handful of light infantry and dragoons.'

BATTLE OF ALBUERA, May 16, 1811

Marshal Marmont, on assuming the command of the so-called 'Army of Portugal,' retired towards Salamanca; while Wellington hastened into Estremadura, where Soult had undertaken to release the great fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. Before he could arrive, the contest had been decided against the Allies by the battle of Albuera.

Ascertaining that Soult was advancing in great force, Marshal Beresford raised the siege, and in concert with the Spanish generals, Blake and Ballesteros, determined to give him battle in the neighbourhood of Albuera. There Beresford assembled his troops, comprising 30,000 infantry (of whom, however, only 7000 were British), about 2000 cavalry, and 38 pieces of artillery; opposed to a well-disciplined army of 19,000 veteran infantry, 4000 cavalry, and 50 guns, under a general who was universally acknowledged second only to Napoleon himself as a master of the art of war. Soult joined battle on the morning of the 16th, delivering his assaults chiefly against a hill in the centre of the British position, commanding the Valverde road. Neglected by Beresford, who, brave as any Paladin of old, was but an indifferent tactician, this height was turned to

excellent account by Soult. During the night he had concentrated behind it 15,000 men, and 20 guns, within ten minutes march of Beresford's right wing; yet that general could neither see a man, nor draw a sound conclusion as to the enemy's objective.

Engaging Beresford's attention by a feint against Albuera and its bridge, Soult struck his main blow on the right, where his reserves mounted the hill and erected their batteries, while Beresford was striving to change his front. To recover the hill was indispensable, and Beresford called upon his second division to undertake the arduous task.

'These troops had been hurried up,' says Southey, 'as soon as the intention of the French was perceived; they arrived too late; instead of being the defendants of the strongest ground, they had to assail the enemy established there, and the more they advanced the more their flank became exposed. Finding that they could not shake the enemy's column by their fire, they proceeded to attack it with the bayonet, but in the act of charging, they were themselves suddenly turned and attacked in the rear by a body of Polish lancers. These men carried long lances with a red flag suspended at the end, which, while so borne by the rider as to prevent his own horse from seeing any other object, frightens those horses who are opposed to it. Never was any charge more unexpected or more destructive. The rain, which thickened the whole atmosphere, partly concealed them, and those of the brigade who saw them approaching, mistook them for Spaniards, and therefore did not fire. A tremendous slaughter was made upon the troops who were thus surprised, and the loss would have been greater, if the Poles, instead of pursuing their advantage, had not ridden about the field to spear the wounded. The three regiments of Colbourne's brigade had lost their colours at this time; those of the Buffs were recovered, after signal heroism had been displayed in their defence. Ensign Thomas, who bore one of the flags, was surrounded, and

asked to give it up. "Not but with my life!" was his answer, and his life was the instant forfeit; but the standard thus taken was regained, and the manner in which it had been defended will not be forgotten when it shall be borne again to battle. Ensign Walsh, who carried the other colours, had the staff broken in his hand by a cannon ball, and fell severely wounded, but, more anxious about his precious charge than himself, he separated the flag from the shattered staff, and secured it in his bosom, from which it was taken when his wounds were dressed after the battle.*

In this terrible charge, Beresford himself narrowly escaped death or capture. A lancer rode straight at him, but the marshal, a man of great strength, thrust his spear aside, and hurled him from his saddle. At this moment a breezy air swept aside the smoke, and General Lumley, perceiving what mischief was being wrought, sent out four squadrons, who engaged the lancers, and cut many of them off.

The disorder among the Spaniards was so great that they kept firing incessantly, though their own Allies were immediately in front, and received their bullets. In vain Beresford commanded, urged, entreated them to advance. Seizing an ensign in his giant-like grasp, he carried him and his colours, by sheer strength, to the front; yet even then the Spaniards disgracefully hung back, and the man, as soon as the marshal released him, fled swiftly to the rear. The 31st regiment still held the height, with a steadfast courage worthy of the heroes of Thermopylæ; but the fortune of the fight seemed passing from the Allies, when Dickson advanced his artillery, and Stewart the third infantry brigade, into the clash of opposing ranks. The infantry fought their way to the summit; Lumley brought up his gallant squadrons; two Spanish corps were ordered forward; and a new fury seemed to inspire the battle. At

* Southey, 'History of the Peninsular War,' i, 226, 227.

first the French yielded; but soon recovering themselves they met their foemen with a grim defiance, and man faced man in the deadly wrestle, with low muttered curses or sharp cries of hate. The 37th regiment took 750 men to the field. At two in the afternoon, when the battle ceased, 423 officers and men were 'lying as they fought, in ranks, with every wound in front.' This regiment was long afterwards known as 'the die-hards.' The Buffs could show no more than three privates and one drummer. Not one third of any English regiment survived. Ammunition began to run short, and as the English fire grew feeble, Soult threw forward a column on the right flank. Dickson's artillery arrested them a moment, when down came the sweep and rush of the Lancers, who smote the gunners, and captured six guns. At this sad hour it must be confessed that Beresford's manly heart for once gave way; and overcome by the fearful carnage round him, he allowed himself to think of a retreat. Happily, there were heroic spirits round him whom the extremity of the danger could not depress. Colonel Hardinge boldly ordered the fourth division to advance, and then, riding to Colonel Abercrombie, who commanded the remaining brigade of the second division, instructed him to take his men into the stress of the fight. Nor did Beresford recall, nor apparently disapprove these orders.

The fourth division was represented by two brigades, one of Portuguese regulars, under General Harvey, the other the 7th and 23rd Fusiliers under Sir W. Myers. General Sir Lawrie Cole interposed the former between Lumley's Dragoons and the hill, where they encountered and repulsed some French cavalry, while he himself led the Fusiliers up the height, sent the Lancers to the right-about, recaptured the six guns, and retrieved the battle for England. This new martial array, emerging from the clouds of smoke and mist, and replacing or absorbing the scattered groups of weary fighting-men, came like a great surprise on the masses

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of the French, who were bounding forward in the glad confidence of assured victory. They hesitated; poured forth a tremendous volley; and endeavoured to extend their formation, while their heavy guns thundered continuously at the British line. Myers was killed; Cole and three colonels fell seriously wounded; and the Fusiliers were so torn and shattered that, for a moment, they staggered and reeled like sinking ships. 'Suddenly and sternly recovering,' writes Napier, 'they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot and with a horrid carnage it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass giving way like a loosened cliff went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers stood triumphant, on the fatal hill!'

*Napier iii, 540, 541.

Throughout the day, Soult had wielded his forces with consummate skill. He now endeavoured to rally his right wing, which was fighting with dubious fortune in and around the village. Galloping forward with an eagle in his hand, he inspired them for a moment with fresh vigour. But when they saw how great a disaster had befallen their left, they lost heart, and fled in great disorder. Only two battalions at first, and afterwards four, could he get into array, forming behind a rivulet that ran redly at the foot of the ridge; the others were scattered far-a-field, and not until they gained the shelter of a wood, would they be induced to stand. Thus fell the victory to the British, who, however, could profit little by it, owing to their inferiority in cavalry. Soult was able, therefore, to bivouac in the wood, while his reserve, with a powerful artillery, occupied the hill, under cover of which, in the morning, he had formed his columns of attack. The rain, which, during the action, had descended in heavy showers, fell more closely and continuously as evening drew on, and lasted during the night and the following day. The swollen torrents were crimson with blood. Exposed to the inclement weather, the wounded lay where they had fallen, for there were no means of removing them; not a house was nigh to afford them shelter; not a carriage or beast of burden could be found for carrying them to the rear. Wretched as was their condition, it was made more wretched still by the cruelty of those ghouls of the battle-field, who flock like ravens to the banquet of slaughter, stripping the dead and dying to the skin, plundering them of their precious souvenirs, and, if any of the wounded offer resistance, foully murdering them.

To guard against any fresh effort on the part of the enemy, Beresford made a fresh disposition of his troops. He strengthened his right, placed his freshest battalions in the front line, and the flags taken from the Polish Lancers, some hundreds in number, were defiantly placed on the crest of

the position—the trophies of a hard won victory. On the night of the 17th, Soult began his retreat, and eventually made Fuente del Maestre his head-quarters. Three days later, Wellington arrived at Elvas, and, after inspecting the battle-field, heartily congratulated Beresford on his success, and the army on its almost unparalleled gallantry of conduct.

Both armies had a terrible 'butcher's bill' to reckon up at Albuera. The British had 900 killed and 2732 wounded, besides 544 missing; the Portuguese, about 400; the Spaniards, about 2000. The French left two generals and 800 dead on the field; they had upwards of 5000 wounded, and lost 1000 taken prisoners. These 'round numbers' are to some extent hypothetical; but it seems no exaggeration to put the total of killed and wounded, for both sides, at 11,000 to 12,000, or one out of every five engaged. Soult himself, it is said, declared that, in the course of his long service, he had never seen so bloody and desperate a conflict. And of the British soldiers he said: 'There is no beating those troops, in spite of their generals! I always thought them bad soldiers, and now I am sure of it; for I turned their right and penetrated their centre—they were completely beaten. The day was mine, and yet they did not know it, and would not run.' He placed about three hundred of his prisoners in a convent, which had been hastily adopted as a prison; they undermined the wall and escaped, with their officers at their head. The peasantry guided them and supplied them with food; and they re-joined the army in a body on the thirteenth day after the battle.

'Few battles,' remarks Southey,* 'have ever given the contending forces so high an opinion of each other. The French exhibited the highest possible state of discipline that day; nothing could be more perfect than they were in all their movements; no general could have wished for more

excellent instruments, and no soldiers were ever directed by more consummate skill. This was more than counter-balanced by the incomparable bravery of their opponents. The chief loss fell upon the Buffs and the 57th. The first of these regiments went into action with 24 officers and 750 rank and file; there only remained 5 officers and 54 men to draw rations on the following day. Within the little space where the stress of the battle lay, not less than 7000 men were found lying on the ground, literally reddening the rivulets with blood. Our dead lay in ranks as they had fought, and every wound was in the front. A captain of the 57th, who was severely wounded, directed his men to lay him on the ground at the head of his company, and thus continued to give his orders.

Sir William Myers, leading on the brigade which recovered the fortunes of the field, exclaimed it would be a glorious day for the Fusiliers. In ascending the ground his horse was wounded; another was brought, which he had hardly mounted, when a ball struck him under the hips, and passed upward obliquely through the intestines. He did not fall, and attempted to proceed, but this was impossible; and when he was carried off the field he seemed to forget his own sufferings in exultation at beholding the conduct of his brave companions. A heavy rain was falling, there was no shelter near, and Valverde, whither it was thought proper to convey him, was ten miles distant. He would rather have had a tent erected over him, but his servants, hoping that he might recover, insisted upon removing him to a place where a bed might be procured. The body of General Houghton was borne past him on a mule, to be interred at Elvas. Upon seeing it, Sir William desired that, if he should die, they would bury him on the spot. He lived, however, to reach Valverde, and till the following day. When his dissolution drew near he desired that his ring might be taken to his sister, and that she might be told he

* Southey, *History of the Peninsular War*, ii, 231, 232.

had died like a soldier. Six of his own men bore him to the grave, and laid him under an olive tree near Valverde.

This victory enabled Wellington to renew the siege of Badajoz, though he scarcely hoped for a favourable result. He had neither mortars, siege-train, nor experienced engineers; and the Portuguese artillery he was forced to employ was old and ineffective. Picton wittily said that he sued Badajoz *in formâ pauperis*. Nine days' fierce cannonading failed to effect a practicable breach; and the garrison successfully repelled the gallant attempts to carry by storm the important outwork of San Cristoval. His supplies of ammunition failing, and information reaching him of the approach of the united armies of Soult and Marmont, Wellington raised the siege on the 12th of June, and retired to Pontalegre, after losing thirty-four officers and 451 rank and file, in killed, wounded, and missing.

Large reinforcements in the early days of July raised the British army to a total of 50,000 men, and its leader was enabled to venture on a bolder plan of operations. Leaving General Hill, with 10,000 men, to watch the enemy in the Alemtejo, he resolved to attempt the surprise of the great fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. On the 21st he broke up his camp. On the 8th of August he reached the Coa, to discover that, only two days before, Marshal Bessières had thrown into the place two months' provisions. He decided, however, upon blockading it, and watching for a favourable opportunity of assaulting the fortress, or operating against Marshal Marmont's army if he made an effort to relieve it. His intention was to keep the French army occupied, and deliver a decisive blow when failure of food-supplies compelled it to separate.

His preparations were made with consummate skill, and by the end of August he had drawn round Ciudad Rodrigo a ring of 44,000 fighting men. The Governor sent word to Marmont that he could not hold out longer than a

month; and the marshal, therefore, crossed the Guadarama, with 54,000 infantry, and 120 guns, and hastened to its relief. The Allied line being too extended, Wellington hastened to call in some of his detachments, and in the course of this operation, his centre came into collision with Marmont's cavalry and artillery at El Bodon, on the 25th of September. The sharp but short action that ensued resulted in the defeat of the French; but feeling himself in a critical position he retreated to Guinaldo, where, maintaining a steady front with his centre alone, he awaited the coming up of his flank divisions. Fortunately, Marmont did not attack; an error of procedure, which lost him a splendid opportunity, as Wellington had with him only 14,000 men to oppose the grand array of 60,000, under the French marshal. One of the Spanish guards, surprised to see Wellington calmly lying upon the ground in front of his troops, exclaimed:—Well, general, you are here with two weak divisions, and you seem to be quite at your ease; it's enough to put one in a fever.' 'I have done the best that could be done, according to my judgment,' replied Wellington, 'and hence it is that I don't disturb myself, either about the enemy in my front, or what they may say in England.' He had carefully studied Marmont's character, and was satisfied that his over-caution would prevent him from attacking a position which, in appearance, was sufficiently formidable. As soon, however, as the Light Division arrived, Wellington broke up his camp; and, during the night of the 27th fell back between the Coa and the sources of the Agueda. Early next morning the French marched in pursuit, and at five in the evening attacked the post of Aldea da Ponto. Wellington opposed them with the fourth division, and drove them off with considerable slaughter; after which he ordered a couple of regiments to recover the village. The collision was violent; but after swaying to-and-fro for some time, the fight was determined in favour of the British. At nightfall Wellington

evacuated Aldea da Ponto, and retired to the heights of Soita in front of the Coa. Marmont, discouraged by the resolute and skilful resistance of the British commander, abandoned the offensive, and withdrew to the line of the Tagus; setting Wellington free to put his army into cantonments on the banks of the Coa, and resume the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo.

Thus ended the campaign of 1811, and though it had been illustrated by no splendidly decisive victory, and presented no distinctly tangible results, it had not been without substantial gain to the cause of the Allies. Though the British army had at all times been numerically inferior to that of the enemy, it had in every engagement asserted its moral superiority, and sustained neither disaster nor disgrace; while its leader had employed his limited resources with such energy, and so consummate a knowledge of war, as effectually to prevent the French marshals from completing the subjugation of Spain. His rare and eminent qualities as a general had been brilliantly tested,—his prudence, his fertility of resource, his moral courage, his cool judgment, the firm balance of his intellect, and his keenness of prevision. Nor had he been less conspicuously successful as an administrator. Feebly supported by his own government, harassed and obstructed by his Allies, he directed everything, foresaw everything, provided for everything, organised everything. To meet the enemy in the field and beat him was the least of his tasks. His greater difficulties lay in the vacillation of his Allies, the incompetency of his lieutenants, and the inadequacy of his means. In triumphing over obstacles so formidable, he asserted the vigour of his mind and the strength of his character.

Campaign of 1812

For three months the British army remained in cantonments, and made the best use of its leisure to refresh itself

physically and mentally. The common soldiers resorted to athletic exercises and social entertainments; the officers, as we learn from the lively pages of W. H. Maxwell, engaged in fishing and shooting expeditions, and in the evenings took part, as audience or actors, in 'private theatricals.' Wellington, and one or two of his generals, kept packs of hounds, which met at regular intervals, these meets being attended by large and merry 'fields' of military men and civilians, attired in every variety of costume, and mounted on quadrupeds of almost all sorts and sizes. No one rode with more daring or enjoyment than the commander-in-chief himself. He kept an excellent stud of eight hunters; riding hard, for the sake of the exercise rather than the sport, of which he knew little or nothing. Sir George Larpent records that Lord Wellington 'hunts almost every other day, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days. He works until about four o'clock, and then, for an hour or two, parades, with anyone he cares to talk to, up and down the little square of Frenada, amidst all the chattering Portuguese, in his grey great-coat.'

Relaxation he needed, for his energies were exposed to a continual strain. There was necessarily much trouble in maintaining discipline among an army recruited from the very lowest classes of the population. Desertions were numerous; acts of plunder and insubordination of common occurrence; and these were not checked until the chief offenders had been weeded out by a series of courts-martial, promptly followed by severe punishments. 'The wanton outrages of our people,' writes the Judge Advocate General, 'are quite extraordinary. There are four poor fellows to be hung this week in the second division; one for desertion, and three for a burglary near Coria, about a week ago.' Again: 'I tried a man for murdering a poor Spanish girl. The prisoner was a German, but he spoke bad French. He had a very narrow escape for his life; I thought it murder,

and the Court were long in doubt; at last they only found him guilty of a most disorderly outrage and killing [which killed] the poor girl, and gave him a thousand lashes.' Again: 'The courts will not do their duty; Lord Wellington was quite angry. He swore, and said that his whole table was covered with details of robbery and mutiny, and complaints from all quarters, in all languages, and that he should be nothing but a general of courts-martial. He has given some broad hints to the courts in general orders. I sent out three new cases yesterday, and have about fifteen deserters in hand just now—in general, Poles from the 2nd King's German Legion Light Infantry Battalion.' This regime of firm severity soon had its desired effect. 'The statements of Courts-Martial,' writes Larpent, 'satisfies me that we are mending, and that we have not tried fifty cases—hung eight, transported eight or ten, flogged about sixty severely, and broke several officers—for nothing.'

At length the time came for Wellington to take the field. In order to engage Soult's attention he ordered a division to lay siege to Tarifa, and Lord Hill, with 10,000 men, to threaten the road to Seville. He then crossed the Agueda, and on January 7, 1812, re-invested Ciudad-Rodrigo. His siege artillery was confessedly inadequate; but Wellington relied on the incomparable intrepidity of his men, rather than on his four-and-twenty 38-pounders, and designed to order an assault as soon as a breach had been effected. It was on the 19th that two points were declared to be practicable; and sitting on the entrenchment of a field-work, with shot and shell playing around him, the Allied commander wrote out his final instructions. They contained the words: 'Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening.' 'We will do it,' was the curt comment offered by his soldiers. At seven in the evening, two columns, under Picton and Crawford, were sent forward; while Pack's Portuguese brigade, as a diversion, made a false attack on the other side of the river. Fighting began

on the right, and quickly spread along the whole line. The space between the army and the ditch swarmed with red-coats, advancing under a storm of grape shot from the batteries. Picton's fighting men, with cheerful alacrity, descended into the ditch with ladders, or leapt down upon bags of hay, which had reduced its depth to about eight feet. Securing the *fausse braie*, they mounted the great breach, while shells burst around them, and cannon-balls tore wide gaps in their ranks, and sharp cries arose from the discomfited French, who were driven behind the entrenchments. Promptly rallying, however, and supported by a rapid fire of musketry from the houses, they strove hard to stand their ground. In spite of heroic efforts, the British could not advance. Men and officers fell thickly, and, falling, blocked up the passage, which a couple of guns that flanked the top of the breach a few yards distant swept with grape. The storming-party of Crawford's column, meanwhile, having to cover three hundred yards of ground, waited not for the hay-bags, but ran rapidly to the crest of the glacis, jumped down the scarp, a depth of eleven feet, and escalated the *fausse braie*, defiant of grape and musketry. Dark and intricate was the bottom of the ditch—planted with sharp spikes, and strewn with live shells,—and the forlorn hope inclined too much to the left; but the storming party rushed straight at the breach, like a tiger at its prey, and, joined by the forlorn hope, gained two-thirds of the steep ascent. Here, for a moment, the wrathful fire of the enemy was too much for them . . . their leader, Major Napier, had his arm shattered by a grape shot . . . but he called on his men to trust to their bayonets, and all the officers simultaneously leaping to the front, the charge was renewed with a great shout, and the breach carried. Up came the supporting regiments, and one wheeling to the left, the other to the right, the French gave way in disorder. During this struggle, which lasted but a few minutes, the fighting at the other breach had

been obstinately pressed; but the 43rd, and the stormers of the Light Division, facing down on the right flank of the French, the latter gave way in a panic, and after exploding their mines, abandoned the defence.

'The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo,' says Colonel Jones, 'deserves to take rank among the most brilliant exploits of the English army, because it offers, so to speak, the only well-authenticated example of a breach retrenched, and well supplied with men, being carried by an effort of cool but determined courage against a brave and skilful enemy.' It is deeply to be regretted that the glory of this achievement was tarnished by the terrible excesses in which the victorious soldiery indulged, outraging the friendly inhabitants, plundering the houses, and setting fire to the town in several places. Some stern examples were found necessary before this criminal work could be stayed.

In the fierce half-hour of the assault, 300 French were slain and 1500 made prisoners, and besides immense stores of ammunition, 150 guns, including Marmont's battering train, were captured in the town. The loss of the Allies during the siege, amounted to 226 killed and 1084 wounded, one half of whom were killed or wounded at the breaches. Generals Crawford and Mackinnon were among the slain.

For this success, Wellington was rewarded with an Earldom, and a pension of £2000. The Spanish Cortes created him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the Portuguese Regency made him Marquis of Torres Vedras.

Wellington's efforts were next directed against Badajoz, for the siege of which he had secretly made long preparations, collecting a great store of *matériel*, and a battering train of seventy-eight pieces. In spite of the impediments offered by 'the perversions of coadjutors and the errors of subordinates,' he was ready to invest the town early in March, and at the same time, to guard against the approach of either of Marmont's or Soult's forces. For this latter purpose,

Graham and Hill were detached with 30,000 men. A body of 25,000 Spaniards and Portuguese was posted so as to cover Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo, and operate in Marmont's rear. With the remainder of his army, about 21,000 men, he laid siege to Badajoz on the 16th, placing the 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions on the left bank, and a Portuguese brigade on the right bank, of the Guadiana.

Badajoz is situated on the left or southern bank of the Guadiana, communicating with the northern by a bridge situated near the west end of the town; it was surrounded, in 1812, by ramparts of great strength, armed with powerful artillery. It was well supplied with provisions, and garrisoned by 5000 picked soldiers, under General Philippon, an able and ingenious officer. Against this formidable stronghold, Wellington brought to bear his guns and the brave hearts of his veterans. He was, indeed, better equipped than on former occasions; but some of his guns were of Russian make, and their bore did not correspond to the English shot. He had no mines, nor had any officer or soldier seen mining operations performed; and his sappers were comparatively inexperienced. The siege was prosecuted, however, with unremitting energy, and day by day the approaches made a gradual advance. The outlying fort of the Picurina was carried on the 25th. The assault on the town itself took place on the night of 6th of April, 18,000 men being engaged in it, and the annals of war contain scarcely a bloodier or more terrible chapter.

'The night was dry but clouded,' says Napier; 'the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and the trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights were seen to flit here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajoz. The French, confiding in Philippon's direful skill, watched, from their lofty station, the approach of enemies whom they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted

and ruined from the walls; the British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down; and both were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

'Former failures there were to avenge, and on either side such leaders as left no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial; and the possession of Badajoz was become a point of honour, personal with the soldiers of each nation. But the strong desire for glory was, in the British, dashed with a hatred of the citizens on an old grudge, and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage, for these things render the noble-minded indeed averse to cruelty, but harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers, also, like Cæsar's centurion who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Ciudad Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every spirit found cause of excitement; the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and, in the pride of arms, none doubted their might to bear down any obstacle that man could oppose to their fury.'

The assault began about half-past nine, and was continued for nearly three hours, when it prevailed against a most gallant and obstinate resistance. Over the horrors which were perpetrated in the captured city for the next two days and nights, the sad historian drops the veil of silence. They irretrievably tarnished the fame which the British soldiery had won by their unexampled prowess. The worst passions of human nature were let loose—lust, intemperance, cruelty, murder; and deeds were done which we dare not record. The remonstrances of their officers were defied by the intoxicated troops, and Wellington himself was menaced by their bayonets when he would have entered the town to restore decency and order. The terrible saturnalia were terminated at length by bringing up fresh troops from the army of observation.

It is a question with military critics whether Wellington was justified in thus laying siege to a strongly fortified city with, so to speak, the bayonet. Sir William Napier warmly defends his great general's action. Badajoz, he argues, was, from its position, the key to all offensive operations by the Allies, and to take it was an indispensable preliminary. But how was it to be taken? There was no time for regular procedure; to strike irregularly was Wellington's only resource; to strike without regard to rules, trusting to the courage of his men and to fortune to bear him through the trial triumphant. His trust was not misplaced; but he secured victory at a frightful cost. Colonel Jones calculates the British loss at seventy-two officers and 963 men killed, 306 officers and 3483 men wounded; of whom no fewer than forty-nine officers and 744 soldiers were killed, and 258 officers and 2600 were wounded in the assault. No wonder that Wellington, when the slaughter of the night was reported to him, failed to preserve his usual composure, and gave way to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

Though deeply mortified by the capture of Badajoz, Soult showed no inclination to accept battle from Wellington. Demoralisation had weakened his ranks; and as a proof of the discontent and sullenness of his soldiers we are told that on a chapel wall was discovered, scratched with charcoal in rude letters, the caustic comment—'*La guerre en Espagne est la fortune des généraux, l'ennui des officiers, et le tombeau des soldats!*' He withdrew, therefore, across the Sierra Mouna. Marmont continued to hover about Salamanca and the Spanish frontier, ravaging Beira with merciless cruelty. In this direction the British commander accordingly extended his operations; surprising Almaraz, so as to obtain the command of the Tagus, and prevent Soult from reinforcing, or effecting a junction with, his brother marshal. This important movement was successfully accomplished by General Hill (May 19); and a month

later, all his preparations being completed, Wellington passed the Tormes, and entered the town of Salamanca amidst the loud welcomes of its inhabitants. The forts by which the town was defended he immediately besieged. Marmont calculated that they would detain Wellington fifteen days; they were captured on the fifth day (June 29); and when the French marshal advanced to their relief, he learned that the British colours were flying on their walls.

Early in July, Marmont posted himself on the north bank of the Douro, while the British army occupied the southern. A halcyon interval broke in upon the stress of warfare. The soldiers of the two armies bathed together in the cool clear stream, which is fed by the snows of the Sierra; and exchanged little courtesies as comrades in arms rather than as foes. Reinforced by a division under General Bonnet, the marshal crossed the Douro on the 16th, and Wellington concentrated his forces on the Guarina. By various skilful manœuvres, which occupied the next three days, Marmont established his connection with King Joseph's army, which was marching from Madrid to his assistance. On the 20th he crossed the Guarina, and advanced towards the Tormes, closely followed by Wellington. For two or three days, the opposing armies actually marched upon parallel lines, within half cannon shot of each other, while their leaders watched cautiously for an opening to attack.

On the 21st, Marmont crossed the Tormes, and moving up the valley of the Machecharo, encamped on the skirts of a forest. In the evening Wellington also crossed the Tormes at Salamanca, and took up a position with his left wing resting on the southern bank of the river, and his right on one of the two hills called the Arapiles. At midnight his scouts informed him that on the following day, or the day after, the cavalry and horse artillery of the army of the

north would join Marmont; and he immediately decided to retire upon Ciudad Rodrigo, unless the enemy attacked him or afforded him an opportunity of acting upon the offensive.

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA, July 22

The morning sky, on the 22nd of July, was heavy with clouds; but these soon passed away, and a hot sun shone down on the hostile array of the armies of France and England. Marmont began with a vigorous cannonading, under cover of which he pushed forward one of his divisions and seized the more distant Arapiles, where a battery was established, commanding the Ciudad Rodrigo road. About two in the afternoon, he extended his left, with the view of seizing the height of Miranda, turning the right of the British, and cutting them off from Ciudad Rodrigo. In effecting this manœuvre, his left got entirely separated from his centre—a flagrant fault, which Wellington fixed with the stroke of a thunderbolt. He was at dinner, it is said, when he received information of the movement, which was carried out under heavy cannonading, and accompanied with skirmishers in the front and on each flank, together with a fine force of cavalry. 'He ran in such haste,' says Southey, 'as to overturn the table, exclaiming that Marmont's good genius had forsaken him; in an instant was on horseback, and issuing his orders for attack.' . . . 'A few orders issued from his lips, like the incantations of a wizard, and suddenly the dark mass of troops which covered the English Arapiles was seemingly possessed by some mighty spirit; and, rushing violently down the interior slope of the mountain, entered the great basin amidst a storm of bullets, which seemed to shear away the whole surface of the earth over which the soldiers moved.'*

While the French strove earnestly to seize the village of

* Napier v, 167. See also Jones ii, 106; Brailmont ii, 33; and Despatches, ix, 299, 300.

Arapiles, a point almost midway between the two armies, Wellington formed his first and light divisions on the left, Major-General Pakenham's, with some hundreds of sabres, on the right, and, in the centre, Cole's and Leith's divisions, with Clinton's and Hope's, and a body of Spaniards, to support them. This array completed, Pakenham swept at a rapid rate across the French left, and fell upon it just as its van battalions emerged upon an open isolated hill. The collision was tremendous. The British columns formed into line as they advanced, and in the teeth of a storm of grape, with which the French marshal vainly sought to stay their impetuosity, broke through the dismayed ranks like a hurricane through a forest of oaks, and drove them back in dire confusion upon the regiments hurrying to their assistance. Onward steadily pressed Pakenham's warriors, fiercely fighting for every foot of ground, while their horsemen rode in upon the shattered infantry, and sabred them almost at will.

Meanwhile, the remainder of the first line, with the cavalry, had engaged the French centre, while Pack's Portuguese brigade advanced to seize the further Arapile. Marmont, surprised by his antagonist's brilliant strategy, had despatched messenger after messenger to hurry up his reserve divisions, in the vain hope of saving the battle by an attack on the British left. But his heart gave way when he observed the victorious progress of Pakenham, and saw that his own left was fatally cut off from his centre. He rode in hot haste towards the scene of danger, but was flung to the ground by an exploding shell, with his arm broken and two deep wounds in his side. This mishap largely increased the confusion of the French; and it was some time before General Bonnet, who succeeded to the command, could acquire any control over the battle. He, too, was soon disabled; and the responsibility then devolved upon General Clausel; but the battle was lost, and no resource was left to the new chief but to order a general retreat.

For Pakenham, continuing his success, outflanked the French whenever they rallied to make a stand, drove them from height to height, and captured upwards of 3000 prisoners. The fifth division, after having been exposed for an hour to a terrible cannonade, received the order to advance with such alacrity that, though the distance before them was fully a mile, they accomplished it at a run, never pausing to fire a shot until they had gained the high ground of the French position. Before they closed, a whirlwind of dust rose between them and Pakenham's victorious division on the left; and out of it, like lightning out of a cloud, broke Le Marchant's heavy horsemen, flanked by Anson's light cavalry, riding, rough shod, over 1200 French infantry, as if they had been the stubble of a harvest-field. 'Bewildered and blinded, the French cast away their arms, and ran through the openings of the British squadrons, stooping and demanding quarter; while the dragoons—big men on big horses—rode onward, smiting with their long, glittering swords in uncontrollable power, and the third division followed at speed, shouting as the French ranks fell in succession before this dreadful charge. Nor were these valiant swordsmen yet exhausted. Their own general, Le Marchant, and many officers had fallen, but Cotton and all his staff were at their head, and with ranks confused, and blended together in one mass, still galloping forward, they sustained from a fresh column an irregular stream of fire, which emptied a hundred saddles; yet, with fine courage and downright force, the survivors broke through this, the third and strongest body of men that had encountered them, and Lord Edward Somerset, continuing his course at the head of one squadron, with a happy perseverance, captured five guns.'

This conquering charge, or series of charges, had occupied forty minutes. Elsewhere, this period had been spent in not less fierce, but more dubious fighting. For Cole's division, having passed the village of Arapiles, undeterred

by a roaring cannonade, and forced Bonnet's troops back upon the shattered French left, Pack and his Portuguese made an attack, as directed, upon the French Arapile. The strength of the position, however, defied their sternest efforts; and while they struggled up the rocky steep, the French reserves leaped forward upon their front and left, and enveloping them in a sheet of fire, swept them, all but the dead and wounded, to the bottom. Observing this smart check, Clausel suspended his movement of retreat, and resolved on an effort to restore the battle. Gathering up some of his brigades, he threw them against the left flank of the fourth division, while Generals Foy and Brennier assailed the 4th and the first line of the 5th in front. Out-flanked, and pressed by superior numbers, the British lost ground; and in the valley between the two armies the fight once more raged and swelled with all its old fury. Both Generals Leith and Cole were severely wounded; and the issue of the struggle being suspended until Beresford brought up a Portuguese reserve, and checked the French advance long enough to allow Wellington to hasten up from the second line, his sixth division. The charge of those heroic fighting-men was irresistible; the French yielded up the Arapiles, and desisted from their attack on the centre. Clausel called up Foy's and Maucune's corps to cover their retreat, and then posted himself strongly upon the crest of the hills, which commanded the fords and the road to Alba de Tormes, affording a shelter to his broken and disordered battalions.

We come to the last stage of the battle.

While the third, fifth, and sixth divisions continued to press upon the beaten sections of Clausel's divided army, Wellington ordered the Light Division, formed in two lines, and flanked by cavalry, to crush Foy; supporting them by the first division in columns, and on the right, by a couple of brigades, which he had drawn from his fourth division. The seventh division and the Spaniards followed

in reserve. The Light Division, with a cool fortitude, worthy of its brilliant reputation, advanced for three miles under Foy's musketry, without firing a shot, except by its skirmishers, yet losing but few men, the French being baffled in their aim by the uncertain twilight, and by 'the even order and rapid gliding' of the compact lines. Foy did not abide the shock; but as the night deepened, increased his fire of musketry, threw forward his cavalry, and then swiftly retired his men into the dense forest on his left.

Maucune's corps, meanwhile, had gallantly held their ground, knowing that upon them depended the extrication of the army from the ruin in which it was involved. Observing their heroic composure, Pakenham would have had Clinton, who was immediately in the front, delay his charge until the third division had turned their left. Through a mistake, however, Clinton's infantry was hurried up a rocky height in line, under fearful volleys from Maucune's batteries. From below, in the night-darkness, it was possible to judge from the firing on both sides of the various fortunes of the conflict. The British line of flame sometimes advanced with an even front, sometimes 'pricked forth in spear heads,'—now it receded in ebbing and surging waves, and again sprang upwards in one vast pyramid, the apex of which often approached yet never gained the actual summit of the mountain; while all along the brow of the hill rapidly rolled the French fire, with unchanging fulness, and with what fatal effect the 'dark gaps' and the various shapes of the opposed lines showed only too plainly. But Pakenham having turned his left, and Foy withdrawn into the forest, Maucune no longer had anything to gain by holding this position, and silently retired.

The right wing, weary with long fighting, refrained from pursuit; the left, after driving the enemy before them in a confused and disorderly mass, halted at the fords. The battle was over, the victory won.

From three in the afternoon until ten at night the action had been prolonged, under the eyes of the inhabitants of Salamanca, for the ground rising in a succession of heights like so many terraces, or like the tiers of an amphitheatre, it was visible from the city. It cost the Allies a heavy price. Of the British 686 were killed, 4270 wounded, 256 missing; of the Portuguese, 304 killed, 1552 wounded, 182 missing; of the Spanish, 2 killed, 4 wounded . . . in all, 7264. But the loss of the French was tremendous; the killed and wounded must have exceeded 12,000, and the number of prisoners was not less than 7000, besides one general and 136 officers. There were three general officers killed and four wounded. Eleven pieces of cannon, six standards, and two eagles fell into the hands of the British.

'The battle of the Arapiles,' remarks a French writer, 'settled the question of the occupation of Spain.' Wellington described it pithily:—'We fell upon Marmont,' he says, 'turning his left flank; and I never saw an army receive such a beating.'

Wellington reached Segovia on the 6th of August, and thence pushed on to Madrid. King Joseph Bonaparte evacuated the capital at six o'clock on the morning of the 12th, at noon the British commander-in-chief entered its gates, and was received with the most passionate enthusiasm, with 'the electric shock of a nation's gratitude.' The streets were hung with velvets, gay carpets, and embroidered cloths; the balconies festooned with richly coloured silks; the doors adorned with wreaths and garlands of flowers; while with shouts and tears, and other signs of excited feeling, men and women gathered round the battle-worn British soldiers, embraced the knees of those on horseback, and gave themselves up, in the emotional fashion of a Southern people, to the wildest demonstrations of joy.

For three weeks the army rested and made merry. On the 1st of September it again set in motion, and on the 6th Wellington crossed the Douro, with the view of intercepting

Clausel, who had rallied a force of 22,000 men and fifty-six guns. But through the incompetency of the Spanish generals Clausel was suffered to retire upon Burgos in good order. Early in the morning of the 18th he quitted Burgos, which the Allies entered on the same day. The castle, however, was still in the possession of a French garrison, 3000 strong, under General Dubreton. An assault was made on the 19th, which carried the outer works, but the castle itself, which was of immense strength, defied all the efforts of the besiegers, though they delivered four successive attacks (September 22, 28, and October 2 and 28), with brilliant valour. Finally, the advance of the French, under King Joseph and Marshal Soult, compelled Wellington to abandon a siege which, with his inadequate means,—for he had no siege artillery, and had left two divisions of his army to hold Madrid—he ought not to have undertaken. During the night of the 21st, with equal skill and boldness, he carried his army under the walls of the castle and over its bridge, which was completely commanded by Dubreton's artillery. The wheels of the guns were muffled in straw, and the men marched in the strictest silence, accomplishing a considerable portion of the distance unobserved. But a party of guerilla cavalry, impatient of the restraint of discipline, spurred their horses, whose clattering hoofs alarmed the garrison, and straightway a heavy fire opened on the bridge. The first discharge told fatally; but the gunners immediately afterwards lost the range and direction, and the passage of the bridge was accomplished without further loss. Wellington thus gained a march on the French, who did not overtake him in force until noon on the 23rd. Some smart skirmishes then took place between the British rear and the French vanguard; but on the 29th Wellington crossed the Douro, and, encamping at Tordesillas, rested his men there until the 6th of November. On the 8th he took up a position at San Cristoval, in front of Salamanca, thus concluding a retreat of 150 miles, accomplished in the face

of a largely superior force, with the order and deliberation of an ordinary march, and with no greater loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners than 850 men.

Having effected a junction with the Madrid divisions under Sir Rowland Hill, Wellington found himself at the head of 48,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry; while, on the other hand, the French had been raised to a strength of 80,000 infantry, and 13,000 cavalry. With such an inequality of force, no attack could be hazarded, especially as the British were spent with the fatigue of a long and arduous campaign, and had deteriorated in *morale* and discipline during their retreat. Therefore, as his communications with Ciudad Rodrigo were threatened, Wellington resolved on retiring into Portugal. He broke up his camp on the 15th, and, on the 18th, entered Ciudad Rodrigo; after which, as soon it was ascertained that the French had withdrawn from the Tormes, the troops went into winter cantonments, extending from Lamego to Bejar.

Of the campaign of 1812, it may be said, in general terms, that, on the whole, it was auspicious for the Spanish cause, though adverse and unfortunate circumstances marked its later stages. Napier considers it as probably Wellington's 'finest illustration of the art of war.' He had compelled the French to evacuate Andalusia; had recovered two important fortresses; and, by the great victory of Salamanca, had dealt a blow at the prestige of the Imperial army which resounded throughout Europe.

It cannot be said that Wellington excelled in the conduct of siege operations. He was no proficient in engineering science, and had formed a depreciatory estimate of its value. As we have already said, he placed too much reliance on the tenacious courage of the British soldier—stormed great fortresses with the bayonet—and hence in all his sieges, we have to record and regret an excessive expenditure of precious life.

Campaign of 1813

During the winter Wellington was actively engaged in restoring the discipline and organisation of his army, and in collecting supplies of ordnance and ammunition. The British Government, encouraged by the disastrous termination of Napoleon's Russian expedition, passed large reinforcements into Portugal, more particularly of cavalry, which was brought up to a strength of nineteen regiments. The Portuguese battalions were recruited; the hospitals and ambulances were greatly improved; a new pontoon-train was introduced; while a well-equipped commissariat, with ample means of transport, efficiently provided for the supplies of the finest army, numbering nearly 96,000 men of all arms,* which had ever taken the field under the command of a British general.

At the beginning of 1813, the French had probably 130,000 men in Spain; but these were mostly new recruits, the product of the latest conscription, for their best regiments, and Soult, their ablest general, had been called to the field of war in Germany, where Napoleon was struggling with desperate effort against the combined forces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. Madrid and Toledo were occupied by the armies of the centre and South, whose corps were distributed in cantonments over the central provinces. The head-quarters of the so-called army of Portugal were at Valladolid; the line of the Douro was closely watched; Marshal Suchet held command in Valencia and Catalonia; and a part of the Army of the North was quartered in Biscay and Aragon.

It is important to remember that the final success of Wellington in the Peninsula was intimately connected with the collapse of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Had the Emperor returned from Moscow victorious, he would have

* British, 48,000; Portuguese, 28,000; Galicians, 18,000.

pressed such legions into Spain that the war might have been protracted there for years, until the resources of England were exhausted. On the other hand, Wellington's victories in the Peninsula contributed in no small degree to the ultimate ruin of the French Empire, not only by the drain his successful campaigns made upon the Imperial resources in men and money, not only by the occupation they gave to its ablest generals, but by the shock they inflicted upon the prestige of the French army, and the encouragement they gave to the nations of Europe to enter upon an organised resistance. Salamanca was, perhaps, as fatal a blow to the Empire as Borodino or Moscow.

The campaign of 1813 opened, therefore, under the happiest auspices. The French, by abandoning Madrid and taking up the line of the Douro, openly acknowledged that thenceforward they must act on the defensive. The British troops and their Allies were animated with the confidence of victory; for they knew that they had no longer to contend with an overwhelming preponderance of force, and their leader had taught them how to conquer. He, on his part, never shaken from his moral and intellectual composure in the darkest hour, was not presumptuously elate now that the horizon brightened with splendid promise; but he felt more secure in himself and his soldiers, and more at ease in the disposal of his resources. The plan of campaign which he had conceived was marked with all the characteristics of a master-mind. His main purpose was to drive the enemy back upon a point where their defeat would loosen their hold of every part of the country. He desired, therefore, to cross the Douro in several detachments with all possible secrecy, to ascend the right bank of the river towards Zamora, and then, crossing the Esla, to gather up the Galician contingent, while the remainder of the army, advancing from the Agueda, forced the passage of the Tormes. This combination of movements successfully effected, the Allied front would be changed to the right, the

Douro and the Pisuerga would be turned, and the enemy driven confusedly over the Carrion. Wellington would be free to strike when and where he would; nothing could prevent him from advancing successfully into Biscay, where the French were already menaced by a formidable insurrection.

On the 22nd of May Wellington moved towards the Tormes, and on the 26th his columns reached the river bank. Crossing in admirable order, at the ford in front of Salamanca, they were next directed upon the Douro (May 31st), and by the 3rd of June were all successfully concentrated at Toro, on the right bank of that river. 'High in heart and strong of hand Wellington's veterans marched to the encounter; the glories of twelve victories played about their bayonets; and he, the leader, so proud and confident that, in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups, and waving his hand, cried out, "Farewell, Portugal!"'

On obtaining information of the Allied advance, King Joseph Bonaparte hastened to abandon Madrid and assemble his forces behind the Pisuerga; and on the day that the Allies drew together at Toro, he crossed the river at the Puente de Douro. There he was able to cover the main road to the north, along which some excellent defensive positions were available, and where some small depôts had been established; where, moreover, he had the support of the castle of Burgos, the fortifications of which had been strengthened and enlarged since the siege. But he was soon driven from this ground by Wellington's skilful manœuvres to the left; and abandoning Valladolid he fell back behind the Carrion. On the 7th, Wellington pushed his army across that river at Palencia, and King Joseph then retreated behind the Hounaja. The 8th 9th and 10th were occupied by Wellington in passing the Pisuerga, and pushing forward his advanced guard. On the 12th, with his right wing he compelled a French corps to abandon the

heights which dominated Burgos, and afterwards to abandon that city, and retreat to Miranda. Thus a succession of masterly movements, almost without firing a shot, obliged the French to give up more than 150 miles of country, and to put the formidable barrier of the Ebro between themselves and the British.

BATTLE OF VITTORIA, *June 21*

The first stage of the campaign had been entirely successful. In the second Wellington proposed to attack the French before they could bring up reinforcements from Biscay and Aragon, or secure their fortresses and depôts in the northern provinces. This was a daring and even hazardous plan; for the country to be traversed was rocky and mountainous, with no roads suitable for the facile movement of artillery, while the passage of a strong and rapid river like the Ebro in the face of a powerful army was a military enterprise of no ordinary danger. But having discovered some routes for his guns, which would be practicable if not interrupted by the enemy, Wellington turned swiftly to his left, and on the 14th and 15th carried his army over the river by the three bridges of St Martin, Rocamonde, and Puente de Arenas. The effect of this fine operation was to place the Allied army between the sources of the Ebro and the Reynosa heights, absolutely excluding the French from access to the sea-coast. 'All the ports, except Santander and Bilbao, they immediately evacuated; Santona was invested by [the Spanish generals] Mendizabal, Portier, Barcona, and Compillo; and the English vessels entered Santander, where a depôt and hospital-station were established, because the royal road from thence through Reynosa to Burgos furnished a free communication with the army. This single blow severed the connection of the English force with Portugal. That country was cast off by the army as a heavy tender is cast

from its towing-rope, and all the British establishments were broken up and transferred by sea to the coast of Biscay.*

Resolving to advance, turn King Joseph's right, and interpose between him and his main line of communication with France, Wellington swung his left wing round, and leaving his stores and supplies at Medina de Pomar, in charge of the sixth division, he led his exultant soldiery through the valleys and defiles that open on the great Bilbao road. Their march was rapid and continuous; no rest was allowed, no difficulty or impediment recognised; the want of roads for the artillery was disregarded; where horses could not draw the guns, men hauled them, or where this was impracticable, they were lowered or lifted up with ropes; all worked cheerily and with a will; and after six days of incessant labour, the army emerged from the rugged passes of the mountains and debouched upon the broad and fertile plain of Vittoria (June 21). It was massed into three corps: the right, under Sir Rowland Hill, consisting of a British and Spanish division (Sir W. Stewart's), the Condé de Amarante's Portuguese division, and General Moreles's Spanish division; the centre, in two columns, was composed of Cole's, Allan's, Lord Dalhousie's, and Sir Thomas Picton's divisions; the left wing, under Sir Thomas Grahame, comprised his own and General Oswald's divisions, two brigades of infantry, two of cavalry, and Lonja's division of Spaniards. The bulk of the cavalry was held in reserve.

Upon this plain of Vittoria, which measures eight miles in length by ten miles in breadth, King Joseph had assembled all the troops at his disposal, with his baggage, stores, and parks of artillery, in order to cover his communications in one direction with Madrid, and in the other with France. His centre occupied a range of hills on the left bank of the river Zadorra, which runs to the southward in front of

* Napier, v. 541, 542.

Vittoria. His left stretched far back behind the river to a village called Gomecha, where the mass of the cavalry and the King's Guards formed a reserve; while the right wing was posted on some heights in advance of the Zadorra, above the Albehuco, to command its passage. Fifty pieces of artillery in the front swept the bridges across the river. To sum up, the French position embraced an extent of eight miles, and covered the three great communications which, from Logrono, Madrid, and Bilbao, converged upon Vittoria; the whole being a protection to the main road to Bayonne, which, for some distance after quitting Vittoria, runs almost parallel to the Zadorra. 'Upon this road,' says an eye-witness, 'were observed immense convoys moving towards France, and the town was crowded with others waiting their turn to depart.' Carriages, carts, and waggons were loaded with plunder, while a long train of partisans and French officials, with their wives and families, mistresses and servants, perceiving that the deliverance of Spain would speedily be accomplished, hastened to flee from the wrath to come.

The two armies at Vittoria were of about equal strength. Wellington had with him 60,000 Anglo-Portuguese bayonets and sabres, with 90 guns, besides a body of 20,000 Spanish auxiliaries. King Joseph and Marshal Jourdan had about 70,000 to 75,000 men, but more guns, and these guns of heavier calibre, than the British.

After carefully reconnoitring the French position, Wellington resolved to deliver his most effective blows at their centre, so as to separate it from the two wings. Sir Rowland Hill was ordered, therefore, to occupy the left, and Sir Thomas Graham the right; while as soon as either corps had established itself on the left bank of the Zadorra, the centre was to advance in full force, and, the whole combining, to make a simultaneous attack in front and flank. Thus the enemy would be compelled to abandon Vittoria

and their convoys, or, if they attempted their preservation, would incur the risk of total ruin.

At daybreak, on the 21st of June, the right wing moved forward as directed, and on the heights above Puebla came in contact with the enemy, who, after a sharp struggle, were driven back at the bayonet point. Posting the Spaniards on the ground they had won, Sir Rowland crossed the Zadorra, and rapidly clearing a rugged valley two miles in length, carried the village of Sutijana on the French left. It was impossible for the enemy to give up a position of so much importance without further contention, and drawing a considerable force from their centre, they again and again attempted to retake it; but always without success. While this dispute was being prolonged, Sir Thomas Picton, with 'the fighting Third,' threatened their left centre, and compelled them to retire their advanced posts upon the Zadorra: after which, about ten o'clock, Sir Thomas threw his men across, followed by Lord Dalhousie's, Sir Lowry Cole's, and Baron Alten's divisions; so that, all along the river-bank rolled a steady and continuous wave of fire.

The French guns on the heights, plunging a storm of heavy shot into the masses of the British soldiery, inflicted such serious loss that Wellington halted his men, and directed a couple of brigades of artillery to silence their destructive fire. At Sutijana the vehemence of the battle had in no wise diminished; but some battalions detached by Sir Rowland Hill along a mountain-ridge having turned the left flank just as Sir Thomas Picton's men appeared in their front, they abandoned their efforts against the village, and Sir Rowland was set free to resume the offensive.

By this time Wellington's centre had formed on the left bank of the Zadorra. It advanced with serene composure against the heights occupied by the French centre, which, covered by their artillery, fell back slowly upon Vittoria, but still kept hold on the village of Artz, which straggles

along the main-road. Picton's grim veterans dashed into the village amid an awful clash and clang of musketry and artillery; in an instant three guns were taken. Reinforcements came up for the French, and the deadly debate waxed ever more vehement and impetuous, with loud shouts and harsh cries of battle from both sides. But in war only one side can win; and the irresistible fortitude of the British was not to be denied.

'In successful manœuvres on an extended scale,' says Colonel Jones, 'it will frequently happen that opportunities arise for brilliant actions in detail.' On this occasion, General Colville's brigade, being on the left of the centre, and most in advance, was separated from its support by an accident of the ground, and attacked by vastly superior numbers of the enemy. The brigade, however, persisted in maintaining its position, nor could it be made to yield a foot, though out of its complement of 1800 men it lost in killed and wounded 580 men and officers.

The left wing of the French, demoralised by its defeat, fell back in disorder upon the main line of retreat to Vittoria. It has been thought that a charge of cavalry at this juncture would have totally overthrown the whole French battle and captured several thousand prisoners, but no squadrons were available. The broken regiments, more rapid in their retreat than the steady British line could be in advance, gained ground at last, and found time to recover their formation; and as the varied character of the field, with its copses and meadows, hamlets, vineyards, and ditches, afforded numerous opportunities for shelter, swift pursuit was impossible; and for six miles the action became a continuous fight and cannonade, which with the smoke and dust, the yells of fighting men, the groans of the wounded, and the rattle of musketry, filled the whole plain.

It was towards noon that the British left, which, moving on the high road from Bilbao to Vittoria, had to accomplish a considerable detour, appeared upon the scene. Supported

by the Spaniards, it charged the French right, and drove it from the high ground above Abechuco. To protect his communications with Bayonne, King Joseph threw a corps further to the right to occupy the villages of Gamara Major and Minor on the Zadorra. The possession of these forts enabled him to dispute the passages, and protect the march of his convoys and the retreat of his army upon Bayonne. Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) directed his Spaniards, therefore, against Gamara Minor, which was rapidly taken, and Oswald's division against Gamara Major, while he himself, with the first division, attacked Abechuco. Both attacks were crowned with success. From the bridges, however, it was found impossible to drive the French, until the exultant centre of the Allies had penetrated beyond Vittoria itself. Oswald's division then passed the Zadorra, and gained the high road to Bayonne; so that the right, as well as the left and centre of the French was crushed back upon the Pampluna road.

The different French corps, thus huddled up together, fell into a state of almost inextricable confusion. The splendid army which, in 'magnificently stern array,' had occupied that morning the heights of Vittoria, was degraded into an immense rout, without order, without cohesion, without military spirit. The British pursuit was close and strenuous, and the gallant efforts of the French cavalry failed to stay it. Harder and harder it pressed upon the fugitives, who, to expedite their retreat, hastily abandoned their treasure, stores, guns, caissons, baggage,—showing such an alacrity that, as the nature of the country prevented the horsemen from moving rapidly, most of them made their escape.

Yet never was victory more complete. The French, out of all their artillery, saved only two guns; they lost 151, besides 415 caissons, 14,000 rounds of ammunition, nearly 2,000,000 musket cartridges, the military chest, Marshal Jourdan's *bâton*, and various other trophies. Near Vittoria

they abandoned some 2000 carriages of different descriptions, containing money, valuables, and all the Royal establishment. 'The spoils,' says Southey, 'resembled those of an Oriental rather than those of an European army; for the intruder who, in his miserable situation, had abandoned himself to every kind of luxurious sensuality, had with him all his luxuries. His plunder, his wardrobe, his sideboard, his larder, and his cellar, fell into the conqueror's hands. The French officers, who carried the pestilential manners of their nation wherever they went, followed his example as far as their means allowed, and thus the finest wines and the choicest delicacies were found in profusion. The wives and mistresses of the officers had gathered together in one house, where they were safe, and from whence they were sent in their own carriages with a flag of truce to Pampluna. Poodles, parrots, and monkeys were among the prisoners. Seldom has such a scene of confusion been witnessed as that which the roads leading from the field of battle presented; broken-down waggons stocked with claret and champagne, others laden with eatables, dressed and undressed; casks of brandy, apparel of every kind; barrels of money; books, papers, sheep, cattle, horses, and mules abandoned in the flight. The baggage was promptly rifled, and the followers of the camp attired themselves in the gala dresses of the flying enemy. Portuguese boys figured about in the dress coats of French general officers; and they who happened to draw a woman's wardrobe in the lottery, converted silk, satins, and embroidered muslins into scarfs and sashes for their masquerade triumph. Some of the more fortunate soldiers got possession of the army chest, and loaded themselves with money. "Let them," said Lord Wellington, when he was informed of it; "they deserve all they can find, were it ten times more." The camp of every division was like a fair; benches were laid from waggon to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, and disposed of

such plunder as had fallen to their share to anyone who could purchase it.'

King Joseph escaped death or capture only by leaping from his carriage and mounting his horse, at the moment that Captain Wyndham and a squadron of dragoons broke through the royal escort, and reached the opposite door.

The French loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was hardly in proportion, however, to the fulness of their defeat—it scarcely exceeded 7000. The Allies lost 5176 killed, wounded, and missing: namely, 3574 British; 1049 Portuguese, and 553 Spanish.

Wellington, for this splendid service, was rewarded by the British Government with a Field-Marshal's bâton. The Spanish Cortes bestowed on him the title of Duke of Vittoria, and the estates of Alma in Granada.

The battle of Vittoria was fought long before the Age of Special Correspondents was 'inaugurated' by journalistic enterprise. More's the pity! for one would have valued highly a description of its phases and remarkable incidents from the graphic pen of a Russell or an O'Donovan or an Archibald Forbes. No such word-picture as these accomplished writers would have painted with vividness and truth of colouring being available, we must be content with the more commonplace narrative of Wellington's Judge Advocate-General, Mr Larpent, who was an eye-witness of the battle. It is not very graphic, but it seems carefully accurate:—

'At about half-past ten the firing began very briskly on the hills on the French left. The different ridges were well contested, but our people constantly, though gradually, gained ground, and advanced along the top ridge to turn the French. . . . By the ground gained on the French left, and soon after from General Picton having got up quite on the ridge of the hills then with his division, a steep and difficult ascent, the centre was enabled to advance a little also, and much skirmish-

ing began there near a little village before us, which was for some time contested. At length, some guns being brought to bear there, and one also half-way up the hill, the village was passed by our people, and we were there lying sheltered under a hill beyond, nearly opposite the wood at the French centre. A smart contest there ensued. The cannon and a few men from the hill and village fired into the wood, and a constant firing was kept up from the wood on our men; the main contest being still however, on the hills on the French left. By this time, about one, we on one hill all advanced to another nearer, to observe more distinctly with our glasses. Soon after this, General Graham's attack began on the French right, and a very brisk cannonade was then kept up right and left. The French lines on the hill, on the right and left (for we saw the whole of their line) began to give way a little and to put itself in motion, and the plot then thickened. Still we gained ground, and some of our men also got close to the wood, and lying down, kept up a smart fire. The cannonading lasted two or three hours, the English constantly gaining ground. Our party moved a second time to a third hill within the original French pickets, and in front of our cavalry. At last we saw one line passing gradually under shelter of the rising ground, within half-a-mile of the French line of guns, they then advanced, and the cavalry began to move up—some say rather late as Lord Wellington was not there to give the orders.

'We then left our hill, and advanced with the Household Brigade constantly as they moved. We now began to see the effects of the guns. Dead and wounded, men and horses, some in the most horrible condition, were scattered all along the way we passed. These were principally cannon-shot wounds, and were on that account the more horrible. It was almost incredible that some could live in the state we saw them. . . . Our hospital spring-waggon were following, and men with frames to lift up and carry off those near

the roads. Some in the fields about crawled by degrees into the villages, but hundreds lay without food or having their wounds dressed for two days afterwards. Parties are sent over all the contested ground to find them, though the peasants are continually bringing in the wounded.

'On the hill in the centre of the French position, at a village where we first came in full sight of Vittoria and about two miles distance, the contest was very sharp, and the three first guns were taken, with several tumbrils, and there the first charge of cavalry took place. The sufferers there were principally Portuguese of the 11th and 21st regiments, and we had all along seen more of our people wounded than the French. We now found swords, muskets, knapsacks, etc., in all directions. The stragglers and followers were stripping and plundering, and a scramble ensued for the corn, etc., which was in the tumbrils with the ammunition. The hussars in their charges suffered much. . . . We could hear the whistle of the cannon-shot and see the ground torn up where they struck. Tumbrils and guns were now found upset or deserted at every half-mile; and when we got near Vittoria the road was absolutely choked up with them, so that our artillery was some time stopped. Some of the Life Guards were placed at the gates and in the streets here to keep soldiers, etc., out, and to preserve order as far as possible; and we rode into Vittoria amidst the cries, hurras, and *vivas* of the mob, which consisted chiefly of women. We broke into the stores and found little left, and then passed through the town, at the further side of which we stopped at a very curious scene. The French so little expected the result that all their carriages were caught at this place, those of King Joseph, those of the generals, etc.; the paymaster and his chest, the *casa real*, hundreds of tumbrils, the wives of the generals, all flying in confusion; several carriages upset, the horses and mules removed from them, the women still in their carriages, and the Spaniards (a few soldiers, but principally

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the common people), beginning to break open and plunder everything, assisted by a few of our soldiers. Upon the whole, our people got but little of the plunder, except by seizing and selling a few mules. The seats of the carriages were broken with great stones and ransacked, and gold, silver, and plate were found in several in abundance.*

The victory at Vittoria, while it contributed to destroy Napoleon's moral influence in Europe, absolutely terminated French ascendancy in Spain. With the remaining stages of the Peninsular War we shall be able, therefore, to deal more summarily.

Joseph Bonaparte, deprived of a kingdom and an army, crossed the Bidassoa into France, and most of the fortresses occupied by the French, surrendered rapidly. Wellington pushed forward to the Pyrenees, his right wing, under Sir Rowland Hill, taking possession of the passes of St Estavan, Donna Maria, Maya, and of Roncesvalles—the last named so famous in the legends of Charles the Great and the Paladin Roland. Thus the war, which only two months before had begun on the frontier of Portugal, now broke on the frontier of France. The whole line of the Spanish border, from Roncesvalles to the mouth of the Bidassoa, belonged to the victorious Allies. The fortresses of Pampluna and San Sebastian were immediately invested. 'Joseph's reign was over, the crown had fallen from his head, and, after years of toils and combats, which had been admired rather than understood, the English general, emerging from the chaos of the Peninsula struggle, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognized conqueror. On those lofty pinnacles the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and the splendour of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations.'

In this brilliant campaign, Wellington, with 100,000 men, marched six hundred miles, crossed six great rivers,

* Larpent, *Private Journal*, i, 198, 202.

gained one great decisive battle, invested two strong fortresses, and drove 120,000 veteran troops of the enemy out of Spain.

Napoleon, however, was unwilling to lose his hold upon the Peninsula, and having elaborated a plan of campaign by which he hoped to recover the line of the Ebro, he made great exertions to re-inforce and re-equip the French army, and placed at the head of it the ablest of his marshals, Soult, Duke of Dalmatia. The armies of Portugal, of the North, and of the Centre, were massed into one, which was grandiloquently termed 'the army of Spain,' and divided into nine corps, under Generals Comte d'Erlon, Reillé, Clausel, and other experienced lieutenants. Marshal Soult, having assumed the chief command on the 13th of July, proceeded to undertake the relief of Pampluna. In Overwhelming force he drove back the British brigades which defended the mountain-passes of Maya and Roncesvalles, but the resistance was so obstinate as greatly to disconcert his designs. At the Puerto de Maya, on July 25, Sir William Stewart, with 4500 men, held his ground against the Comte d'Erlon and 18,000 men, until one-third of his division was killed or wounded. And at Roncesvalles, on the same day, General Cole, with 10,000 men, offered such a strenuous opposition to Clausel and his three army-corps, that though they at length compelled him to retire, the enemy did not care to follow him.

On the 27th, Wellington arrived from San Sebastian, joining his troops in the immediate neighbourhood of Sorauren. They received him with shouts of enthusiastic welcome. 'A Portuguese battalion on the left first recognising him, raised a joyful cry, and soon the shrill clamour was taken up by the next regiments, swelling as it ran along the line into that stern and appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give on the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved. In a conspicuous place he stopped, desirous that both armies should know he

was there. A spy who was present pointed out Soult, then so near that his features could be plainly distinguished. Fixing his eyes attentively upon that formidable man, Wellington thus spoke: 'Yonder is a great commander, but he is a cautious one, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these shouts; that will give time for the sixth division to arrive, and I shall beat him!'

* The event justified the confident prediction.

BATTLE OF SORAUREN, *July 27, 1813*

Early on the morning of the 27th,—the fourth anniversary of Talavera—the sixth division (General Pack's) came up, and Wellington immediately ordered the heights on the left of the valley of the Lanz to be occupied, and the sixth to form across the valley in the rear of Cole's left, resting its own left upon the heights, and its right upon Oricain. This movement barely anticipated the French attack, which, sharp, sudden, and heavy as it was, the eighth division in the centre, the Portuguese on the right, and two brigades of the fourth on the left, coolly met and firmly repelled. Again on the right came up from the village of Sorauren a column of French bayonets, sternly, silently, without firing a shot—under a storm of bullets which swept away whole ranks, and yet failed to diminish the speed and vigour of their onset. Dismayed, the Portuguese yielded ground, and a fierce cry of exultation was raised by the victorious assailants. But rallying upon General Ross's British Brigade, the Portuguese sprang forward with a rush, and dashed down the hill. The French reeled beneath the shock, but they did not lose heart, and re-forming their ranks, they swept up the steep a second time, to be a second time sent staggering backwards. Equally brave and equally unsuccessful had been the other columns of attack;

* Napier, iv, 260.

and Wellington, letting loose Byng's brigade, and the 27th and 28th regiments in the centre, the storm of battle went rolling down the heights to spend itself in the lower ground.

'During this battle on the mountain-top, the sixth division, which had been strengthened with a battery of guns, gained ground in the valley of Lanz, and arrived on the same front with the rest of the victorious troops. Lord Wellington, seeing the momentary disorder of the enemy, ordered Madden's Portuguese brigade, which had never ceased its fire against the right flank of the French column, to assail the village of Sorauren in the rear; but the state of the action in other parts and the exhaustion of the troops soon induced him to countermand their movement. Meanwhile, Reille's corps, connecting their right with the left of Clausel's third division, had environed the Spanish hill, ascended it unchecked, and at the moment when the sixth division was so hardly pressed, made the regiment of El Praria give way on the left of the 40th. A Portuguese battalion, rushing forward saved the flanks of that invincible regiment, which waited in stern silence until the French set their foot upon the broad summit; but when their glittering arms appeared over the brow of the mountain the charging cry was heard, the crowded mass was broken to pieces, and a tempest of bullets followed its flight. Four times this assault was renewed, and the French officers were seen to pull up their tired men by the belts, so fierce and resolute were they to win. It was, however, the labour of Sisyphus. The vehement shout and shock of the British soldier always prevailed, and at last, with thinned ranks, tired limbs, hearts fainting, and hopeless from repeated failures, they were so abashed that three British companies sufficed to bear down a whole brigade.'

The regiments which specially distinguished themselves in the 'bludgeon work,' as Wellington aptly called it, of this memorable day, were the 7th, 60th, 23rd, 28th, 48th, though the historian feels it invidious to particularise.

The loss, in proportion to the numbers actually engaged, was very heavy. The Allies had about 12,000 on the field, and the killed and wounded numbered 1600; the French, out of 25,000 men, lost 2000.

On the following day there was no fighting, both commanders being engaged in concentrating their scattered forces. The Light Division came up on the left, and Wellington had at his disposal, including the blockading troops, nearly 50,000 men, of whom 20,000 were British. Soult was reinforced by 18,000 to 20,000 men; so that, when from Wellington's aggregate we deduct the blockading troops, he was still inferior to the French, 40,000 to 42,000. But Soult had ceased to cherish a sanguine hope of success; and while meditating upon a new movement, esteemed it desirable to send back to France his artillery, his wounded, and a part of his cavalry. Then, wheeling round the bulk of his army to the right, he formed at Ortez a junction with D'Erlon, and designed a crushing attack on the left wing of the Allies. The remainder of his forces he proposed to withdraw silently, and by interposing between the Allies and the river Baztan, to relieve St Sebastian. But the movement of troops to the mountains on the right of the Lanz could not escape Wellington's vigilance. He guessed the French marshal's object; and on the evening of the 30th, sent forward Picton's division, with some cavalry and guns, to turn the enemy's left, while he directed the seventh division against their right. Both movements had all the success he anticipated. Their force and rapidity surprised and discouraged the French; Pakenham, with the sixth division, dashing gallantly against Sorauren, while Byng attacked and carried the village of Orthez, and Cole advanced with a firm tread and chivalrous bearing in front, the enemy made but a show of combat, fell back hurriedly, and abandoned a position which Wellington declared to be

one of the strongest and most difficult of access that he had ever seen occupied by troops.

No profitable result for themselves had attended their attack on the British left. Sir Rowland Hill directed the defence with much ability, and when Count D'Erlon's numerical superiority recalled him to make a flanking movement, he leisurely retired his men to a range of heights near Eguaros.

In these two actions—the second Battle of Sorauren and the Battle of Buena, as they are called, the Allies lost 1900 killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The French had to mourn a much heavier loss. Two divisions were absolutely disorganised; Foy, with 8000 men, was entirely separated from the main body; 2000 men, at the lowest estimate, were killed or wounded—many were dispersed in the woods and ravines, and 3000 were taken prisoners. Soult's fighting strength was reduced to 35,000, including Clausel's and Reille's corps, which were greatly dispirited by defeat; while in front, was General Sir Rowland Hill, with 15,000 men, and on his flanks or in his rear, were 30,000 more,—all veteran soldiers, highly disciplined, inured to war, and full of confidence in themselves and their commander. Soult's admirable generalship was displayed in his contriving, in these adverse circumstances, to retire in tolerably good order through the Pass of Dona Maria, where he posted a couple of divisions among the wooded ravines to cover his rear. These, however, were severally disposed of by Lord Dalhousie and Sir Rowland Hill; while Wellington, simultaneously traversing the Pass of Villatte, the line of the Bidassoa was completely turned. On August the 1st, Byng occupied the valley of Baztan, and seized the Puerto de Maya; so that, at the close of the day, the British army was posted on almost exactly the same ground that it had held eight days before.

The siege of San Sebastian was now resumed. On the night of the 30th this great fortress was carried by storm,

though not without terrible loss, nearly 2000 men and officers being killed or wounded. The passions of the assailants were furiously excited by the desperate resistance they had met with, and on breaking into the town our victorious troops unhappily disgraced themselves and their flag by perpetrating the most awful excesses. On the 9th of September, the castle, into which the remains of the garrison had retired, surrendered; and the remainder of the month was passed by the British army in comparative tranquillity,—the different corps of the army being gradually concentrated, fresh supplies of ammunition brought up, and preparations made for a forward movement. 'During this time,' says Jones, 'the troops posted on the summit of the Pyrenees to cover the blockade of Pampluna, suffered most severely from wet and cold, which, added to great privations, almost shook their constancy. The frequent view of a serene and sunshiny day in the plains of Gascony beneath them, whilst they were enveloped in mists, deluged with rain, or wet through with sleet; the wretched accommodation of their bivouacs and quarters, contrasted with the comfortable villages and smiling valleys of France; the unrelenting fatigue of guarding their numerous posts, the frequency of night duties, and a necessity for the strictest enforcement of military discipline, added to their discontent, and as the duration of their tedious state of inactivity diminished the stimulus of hope and expectation, desertions became numerous.'

But this condition of affairs was speedily changed. On the 7th of October, Wellington succeeded in effecting the passage of the river Bidassoa. On the 31st the garrison of Pampluna capitulated, concluding the war in the west of Spain, and the British commander was free to undertake the invasion of France. Soult had constructed a mass of formidable works for the defence of the frontier, extending from the sea at St Jean de Luz, on the right, to Mondaine on the left, with the centre posted on the elevated ridge of

La Petite Rhune, so as to command the passage of the Nivelle. These, however, were forced by the British on the 10th of November after a determined struggle, and Wellington established himself solidly on the opposite bank of the river. The inclemency of the weather delayed operations for a month, but the advance was continued on the 9th of December, the enemy beaten still further back, the Nive crossed successfully, and a series of fiercely contested actions, covering a whole week, ended in driving Soult and his discouraged warriors in upon Bayonne. The murderous character of the week's work is shown by the heavy loss of the Allies, which has been estimated at 3200 killed and wounded, while that of the French amounted to nearly 6000.

The severity of the winter weather reduced both armies to inaction, and nothing of any interest occurred until the middle of February, 1814. We may gain an idea of the interior economy of the British force during this period of compulsory but not unwelcome repose, from the records of an observer already quoted. Posted at St Jean de Luz, he writes:—'I have been much struck with the change in the appearance of this town, when the French head-quarters were here, and now that it has become the head-quarters of the English. It shows the difference between the two nations. When I was last here, all was gay and glittering, full of chattering officers in their best uniforms, with gold lace and ornaments, and prancing country steeds with housings and trappings of all kinds. The shops were crowded with sky-blue and scarlet caps embroidered with silver and gold, and pantaloons the same, smart cloaks, and trinkets, etc. The road was covered with long cars bringing in supplies, drawn by mules gaily decorated, and with bells, and waggoners with blue frocks and long smacking whips, whilst the quay was nearly deserted, only a few boats to be seen which had just entered from an unsuccessful attempt to send in shot and shell to San Sebastian; the

sailors idle, and scarcely the appearance of a port visible. Bread and vegetables were abundant; other eatables not so. Now we have, on the contrary, a different scene; not a piece of finery is to be seen—no gay caps, no pantaloons, no ornaments. The officers all in their morning great-coats; Wellington in his plain blue coat and round hat, or perhaps in his sky-blue Salisbury hunting-dress. The streets full of Spanish mules with supplies, muleteers, etc., all running against you and splashing you as you walk; every shop crowded with eatables—wines, sauces, pickles, beans, tongues, butter, and sardines. The quay is now always a busy scene, covered with some rum casks and butter stores; the sailors, all in our pay, at work constantly, and making fortunes; the pilots in full hourly employment, bringing in vessels. . . . The French peasants are always on the road between this place and Bayonne, bringing in poultry, and smuggling out sugar in sacks on their heads.

By the beginning of February, 1814, Wellington was ready to cross the Adour, invest Bayonne, and begin his march upon Paris. The first movement in advance was made on the 14th. By a combination of brilliant manœuvres Soult was compelled to abandon Bayonne, and destroying all the bridges over the Adour not commanded by its guns, he rapidly drew together his various divisions behind the Pau, and, on the 23rd, established his head-quarters at Orthez. But the steady progress of the British was not to be gainsaid; the passage of the Adour was accomplished almost unopposed, on the 23rd and 24th. Bayonne was blockaded on both banks of the river; and a general advance was made against Soult's position at Orthez. The Battle of Orthez was fought on the 27th, and added another leaf to Wellington's chaplet of victory. The French fought very well, but the British had acquired the *habit of conquering*, and their confidence and coolness proved irresistible. The

loss of the Allies was about 2300 killed and wounded; that of the French fully 4000.

Closely pursued by Wellington, Soult withdrew his army to the eastward, and retired upon Toulouse, where he was sure of abundant supplies, and behind its strong fortifications might hope to rally and re-organise his shattered regiments. He reached Toulouse on the 24th of March. The necessity of concentrating his forces delayed Wellington for a few days, but he crossed the Dordogne without opposition on the 4th of April. At the point of passage the river was 127 yards wide, and flowed with great rapidity and copiousness, but the engineers threw a pontoon bridge across it in four hours. The cavalry passed in single file, the infantry by threes, with their bands vigorously playing 'The British Grenadiers' and 'The Downfall of Paris'; though, at the time, the Allied army knew nothing of the catastrophe which had befallen the French empire,—of Napoleon's abdication, and the occupation of Paris by the Allied sovereigns.

BATTLE OF TOULOUSE, April 10, 1814

Until he had driven Soult out of Toulouse, and thrown into it an English garrison, Wellington could not continue his advance upon Paris; and he rapidly made preparations to attack the French in the formidable position they had chosen. Toulouse was surrounded by a strong high wall, flanked by towers, which, for three-fourths of its circuit, was protected by the canal of Brienne or by the swift and deep Garonne. It was on the south side only that a successful attack seemed possible, and even here its fortifications were of great strength, while all the bridges on the small stream of the Ero, with one exception, had been ruined or destroyed. But Wellington could trust his soldiers, and early on the morning of the 10th of April, he sent them to the attack. The force which he employed in the long day's

desperate fighting consisted of only 24,000 men and fifty-two guns, for 13,000 sabres and bayonets, with eighteen guns, under Sir Rowland Hill, were on the left of the Garonne, while the Light Division and the heavy cavalry were not called into requisition. Soult, on the other hand, brought into action fully 38,000 fighting men, with between eighty and ninety pieces of artillery. His warriors displayed a sturdier spirit than in any of the later Pyreneese battles, but those splendid veterans of Wellington's, who had advanced from victory to victory, and had never known defeat, were irresistible, and by five in the afternoon they had driven the enemy out of their positions and placed Toulouse at the mercy of their guns. Owing to the nature of the conditions under which they fought they necessarily experienced an awful loss. The British counted 2124 killed and wounded, the Portuguese 607, and the Spaniards 1983. The casualties of the French were never published, but probably exceeded 3000.

To avoid being shut up in the city and compelled to surrender with all his troops, Soult abandoned it during the night of the 12th, and fell back rapidly to Castelnaudry. Shortly afterwards, having received formal notification of the abdication of Napoleon, and the restoration of Louis XVIII, he signed a convention for the suspension of hostilities. Thus the long and terrible war, which had involved in its meshes every European nation, which had devastated the Continent from the Borodino to the Tagus, was at an end. On the 6th of June, the Duke,—for Wellington had been raised to the highest rank in the British peerage,—formally bade farewell to the magnificent army, which, under his able and auspicious guidance, had advanced on a wave of victory from the sea-board of Portugal into the fairest and richest province of southern France; forcing the rugged defiles of the Pyrenees; effecting the passage of the Bidassoa, the Nivelle, the Nive, the Adour, the Pau, the

Dordogne; beating the enemy in nineteen pitched battles, and capturing four of the strongest fortresses in Europe.

'The Duke of Wellington's campaigns,' says Sir William Napier, 'furnish lessons for generals of all nations, but they must always be peculiarly models for British commanders in future Continental wars, because he modified and reconciled the great principles of his art, with the peculiar difficulties which attend generals controlled by politicians, who, depending upon private intrigue, prefer parliamentary to national interests. An English commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not risk much, however conscious he may be of personal resources, when one disaster will be his ruin at home.' This is hardly just or generous, and exception may fairly be taken to the reproach indirectly levelled at the public spirit of Englishmen, but in all that Napier says of Wellington himself we must preface agree: 'His system was the same as that of all great generals. He held his army in hand, keeping it with unmitigated labour always in a fit state to march on to fight; and, thus prepared, he acted indifferently as occasion offered on the offensive or defensive, displaying in both a complete mastery of his art. Sometimes he was indebted to fortune, sometimes to his genius, but always to his untiring industry, for he was emphatically a painstaking man. . . .

'For his hardihood and enterprise—bear witness the passage of the Douro at Oporto, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming of Badajoz, the surprise of the forts at Miravete, the march to Vittoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory of the Nivelle, the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, the fight of Orthez, the crowning battle of Toulouse. To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war; but to deny him the qualities of a great commander is to rail against the clear midday sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed! How many battles he fought, victorious in all! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind,

untiring power of thought, and a habit of laborious minute investigation and management; all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies. This is the certain work of a master-spirit in war; without it a commander may be distinguished, he may be a great man, but he cannot be a great captain; where troops nearly alike in arms and knowledge are opposed the battle generally turns upon the decision of the moment.'

But who can doubt the military genius of the man who never fought a battle that was not successful, who encountered and defeated, one after the other, the veteran marshals of France—Junot, Victor, Marmont, Jourdan, Ney, Massena, and Soult? All the trials and experiences to which fortune subjected him, he underwent triumphantly. He was equally himself, and equally victorious whether he carried on a war offensive or defensive, a war of surprisals and secret tactics, or a war of open movements and pitched battles. He could conduct a long and perilous retreat, and avert disaster; or he would push a bold and vigorous advance, and by his success justify his daring. No conjunction ever found him unprepared, no responsibility proved too heavy for his calm, assured, and fertile intellect. If he made a mistake, he repaired it before the enemy could profit by it; if his adversary made one, he took advantage of it with immediate decision. Always cool, sagacious, resolute, self-reliant, he was never at a loss for expedients, never disturbed by any unforeseen accident, never without a clear conception of the object to be achieved, and the best way of achieving it.

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END OF VOL. I

INDEX TO VOL. I

A

ADDISON, quoted, 124, 136.
 Aix-la-Chapelle, treaty of, 183.
 Albuera, battle of, described, 308-316.
 Alison, Sir Archibald, quoted, 141, 154.
 Almeida, siege of, 305.
 Archery in England, 2-7.
 Arcot, siege of, 210-212.
 Argaum, battle of, described, 246, 247.
 Armada, the Spanish, measures taken to resist, 32, 33.
 Army, the British, in Spain and France, 8; condition of, in Queen Mary's reign, 20; in the reign of Charles I, 40, 42; under Cromwell, 66-75; at the restoration, 79-87; in the Netherlands, 91, 92; in Queen Anne's reign, 108-113; at Blenheim, 127, 128; at Malplaquet, 151, *et in locis*.
 Assaye, battle of, described, 242-245.
 Austrian Succession, war of the, 166-186.

B

BADAJOS, siege and capture of, 322-325.
 Baden, Margrave of, his relations to Marlborough, 121, 122.
 Baird, General, at Seringapatam, 236, 237.
 Barrier Fortresses, cession of, demanded 147.
 Beef-eaters, the, 86.
 Beresford, Marshal, wins battle of Albuera, 308-315.
 Bhurtpur, siege of, 253.
 Blenheim, battle of, described, 125-137.
 Bolingbroke, quoted, 118.

Bothwell Bridge, Battle of, 93.
 Bow, use of the, 2-7.
 Brewer, Dr, quoted, 9.
 Brialmont, quoted, 301.
 Broglie, Duc de, at Minden, 192, 193.
 Boufflers, Marshal, surrenders Lille, 146; serves under Villars at Malplaquet, 152.
 Buckingham, Duke of, leads expedition to Rochelle, 43, 44; his assassination, 45.
 Buffs, the, origin of, 84.
 Burgos, siege of, 333.
 Burton, Dr Hill, quoted, 56, 57, 150, 151.
 Busaco, battle of, 295, 299.

C

CADIZ, expedition against, 41, 42.
 Calais, loss of, 21.
 Calcutta, English settlement at, 202; Clive at, 215.
 Carlyle, quoted, 60, 68, 165, 166, 171, 181, 182, 191, 192, 194-198.
 Cecil, Sir Edward (Lord Wimbledon), his failure at Cadiz, 41, 42.
 Charles I, military affairs in reign of, 40, 42.
 Charles XII, visit of Marlborough to, 142.
 Clarendon, Earl of, quoted, 60.
 Clive, Lord, early career of, 206, 211; captures Arcot, 209; defends it, 210-212; wins battle of Coverpunk, 213; captures Calcutta, 215; Chandernagore, 216; intrigues with Meer Jaffier, 217; at Plassey, 219, 221.
 Coa, the Battle of the, 291-294.
 Coldstreams, the, origin of the regiment of, 80.

Condé, Prince de, at the battle of the Dunes, 70-71.
 Contades, Marshal de, 192-199.
 Conway, Marshal, quoted, 183.
 Conway, Sir Edward, quoted, 43.
 Cornwallis, Lord, defeats Tippoo Saib, 229; captures Seringapatam, 231, 232.

Corunna, battle of, 271, 272.
 Coverpunk, battle of, 213.
 Crawford, General, wins the battle of Coa, 292, 293; at Busaco, 297, 298.
 Cromwell, Oliver, his campaign in Scotland, 46-59; at Musselburgh, 48; at Dunbar, 49-57; at Edinburgh, 57, 58; at Worcester, 61-65; his letter to the Speaker, 64, 65; his foreign policy, 66, 67; his alliance with France, 68; his plain speaking to Cardinal Mazarin, 70, 71; despatches expedition to the siege of Dunkirk, 71-75.

Crosby, Colonel, quoted, 44.
 Ciudad Rodrigo, siege of, 306; storm and capture of, 320-322.

Cumberland, Duke of, commands in Germany, 169, 170; defeated at Fontenoy, 176-181; surrenders at Kloster-Zeven, 189.

Cutts, Lord, his gallantry at Blenheim, 125, 126.

D

DEFENCE of the country against the Armada, measures for, 29-34.

Delhi captured by General (Lord) Lake, 249.

Dettingen, battle of, described, 171-173.

Dunbar, battle of, described, 51-56.
 Dunes, the, battle of, described, 72-75.
 Dupleix, his brilliant career, 204-210.

E

ELLENBOROUGH, Earl of, Governor-General of India, 257, 259.

Ellis, Sir Henry, quoted, 29, 32.

Elphinstone, Hon. Mountstewart, defeats the Marathas at Kirkee, 254-256.

Eugene, Prince, services of, at Blenheim, 125-137; besieges Lille, 145, 146; at Malplaquet, 151-157.

F

FARQUHAR, his 'Recruiting Officer' quoted, 109-112.

Feversham, Earl of, at Sedgmoor, 97-99.

Flodden Field, battle of, described, 10-13.

Fontenoy, battle of, described, 176-181.

Forts for protection of the coast, erected by Henry VIII, 7.

France, invasion of, by Henry VIII, 8-10.

Fouquières, quoted, 145.

French, quoted, 14, 16, 17.

Fuentes d'Onor, Battle of, 304-307.

G

GEORGE II at Dettingen, 171-173.

Gertruydenberg, 38.

Gough (Lord), General, wins battle of Maharajpur, 250.

Green, T. R., quoted, 191.

Grenadiers, the, origin of, 89, 90.

Guards, the, regiments of, first established, 81.

Guinegate, battle of, described, 10.

H

HARRIS, Lord, captures Seringapatam, 233-238.

Hayward, quoted, 21.

Henry VIII, military affairs in the reign of, 3-10.

Hill, General (Lord), at Vittoria, 341; at Sorauren, 353.

Holles, Denzil, quoted, 44.

Hundred Years' War, the, 2.

Hyder Ali, Sultan of Mysore, his career, 223-226.

I AND J

INDIAN EMPIRE, beginnings of, 200-202.

James IV. at Flodden, 11-13.

Jean de Luz, St., battle of, 355.

Jourdan, Marshal, defeated at Vittoria, 342, 343.

K

KIRKEE, Battle of, 254-256.

L

LAKE, Lord, captures Delhi, 249; defeats the Marathas at Lasswaree, 250, 251; defeats Holkar at Futtehghur, 252; captures Bhurtpur, 253.

Lambert, General, at Dunbar, 52-54.

Lasswaree, battle of, 251.

Lauffeld, battle of, 182.

Larpent, quoted, 319, 345-348, 355.

Leicester, Earl of, his military incapacity, 23.

Leslie, General David, at Dunbar, 51-56.

Lille, capture of, 146.

Londonderry, Lord, quoted, 301.

M

MACAULAY, Lord, quoted, 99-101, 129.

Madras, early history of, 205, 206.

Madrid, Wellington's capture of, 332.

Malplaquet, battle of, described, 151-157.

Mansfield, Count, 37.

Marathas, or Maharattis, reign of, 239, 240; conquest of, 241-260.

Marlborough, Duke of, his character, 114-118; his early services, 106; commands the allies in the War of the Succession, 107; his campaign in 1703, 113, 114; campaign of 1704, 119; wins the battle of Schellenberg, 122-124; at Blenheim, 125-137; at Ramillies, 137-142; campaign of 1707, 141; visits Charles XII, 142; at Oudenarde, 142-144; at Lille, 145, 146; besieges Tournai, 149, 150; at Malplaquet, 156-158; loss of power at home, 159; campaign of 1710, 160; of 1711, 162-163; dismissed from his commands, 163, 164.

Marmont, Marshal, defeated at Salamanca, 329-332.

Massena, Marshal, defeated at Busaco, 295-299; before Torres Vedras, 300; retreat of, 302, 303; defeated at Fuentes d'Onor, 304-308.

Maxwell, W. H., quoted, 303.

Minden, battle of, described, 191-198.

Mysore, war with, 223-238.

N

NAPIER, SIR WILLIAM, quoted, 290, 291, 298, 299, 307, 312, 322, 323, 334, 359, 360.

O

OTTOMOND, tomb of, 138.

Orthez, battle of, 356.

Oudenarde, battle of, described, 142-144.

Overkirk, Marshal, his services at Ramillies, 139, 140.

P

PALATINATE, the, war for the recovery of, 37-39.

Peninsular War, the history, of 260-361.

Pensioners, gentlemen, corps of, established, 10.

Pinkie Cleugh (or Musselburgh), battle of, described, 16-19.

Pitt, William, administration of, 189, 190.

Plassey, battle of, 219-222.

Pondichery, French settlement at, 203.

Prior, quoted, 135, 136.

Puniaur, battle of, 259.

Pyrenees, battles of the, 348-354.

R

RALEIGH, Sir Walter, quoted, 34.

Ramillies, battle of, described, 137-144.

Recruiting in the reign of Queen Anne, 109-113.

Rhé, island of, disasters of the English at, 43-44.

Rochelle, relief of, 42.

Roncesvalles, battle of, 349.

Roucoux, battle of, 182.

S

SACKVILLE, LORD GEORGE, his misconduct at Minden, 198.

Salamanca, battle of, 327-332.

Saxe, Marshal, at Fontenoy, 176-182.

Scindia, Maharaja of Gwalior, 257-259.

Schellenberg, battle of, described, 122-124.

Scotland, war with, 10, 11; 16-19; 46-59.

Scots, the Royal, regiment of, 84.

Scott, Sir Walter, quoted, 12, 13.

Sedgmoor, battle of, described, 96-101.

Seringapatam, first siege of, 229; second siege and storm of, 231-237.

Seven Years' War, the, 187-199.

Sidney, Sir Philip, death of, 26-28.

Somerset, Duke of, invades Scotland, 15.

Sorauren, battle of, 350-353.

Soult, Marshal (Duke of Dalmatia), defeated at Albuera, 308-315; in the Pyrenees, 348-356; at Toulouse, 357, 358.

Southey, quoted, 309, 310, 314, 315, 327.

Spurs, battle of the, 10.

St. Sebastian, capture of, 354.

Stair, Lord, 169.

Stanhope, Earl of, quoted, 116, 133, 134.

Statute of Winchester, 1, 4.

Succession, war of the, origin of, 102-108.

Surrey, Earl of, at Flodden, 11-13.

T

TALAVERA, battle of, 282.
 Tallard, Marshal, defeated at Blenheim, 126-132; made prisoner, 133.
 Thackeray, quoted, 130, 157, 158, 173, 174.
 Tippoo Saib, succeeds his father as Sultan of Mysore, 226; wars with the British, 227-237; death of, 237, 238.
 Torres Vedras, lines of, 289, 300, 301.
 Toulouse, battle of 357, 358.
 Tournai, siege of, 149; capture of, 150
 'Toxophilus,' by Roger Ascham, 6.

U AND V

UTRECHT, treaty of, 164.
 Vendôme, Marshal, defeated at Oudenarde, 142-144.
 Vere, Sir Horatio, in the Low Countries, 36.
 Victor, Marshal, defeated at Talavera, 283.
 Villars, Marshal, defeated at Malplaquet, 154.
 Villeroi, Marshal, defeated at Ramillies, 139, 140.

Vittoria, battle of, 338-344.
 Voltaire, quoted, 116.

W

WALPOLE, Horace, quoted, 186.
 Webb, General, wins the battle of Wynendael, 146.
 Wellesley, Marquis, Governor-General of India, 233.
 Wellesley, Sir Arthur (Duke of Wellington), his brilliant campaigns against the Marathas, 241-249; at Assaye, 243-246; at Argaum, 246, 247; captures Gawulghur, 248; appointed to command in the Peninsula, 263; wins the battle of Roliça, 266-268; at Vimeira, 268-271.
 William III, his policy, 103-106; his death, 106.
 Winchester, statute of, 1-4.
 Wolfe, General, at Dettingen, 185.
 Wolsey, Cardinal, as war minister, 8, 9.
 Wynendael, battle of, 146.

Z

ZUTPHEN, battle of, described, 24-28.

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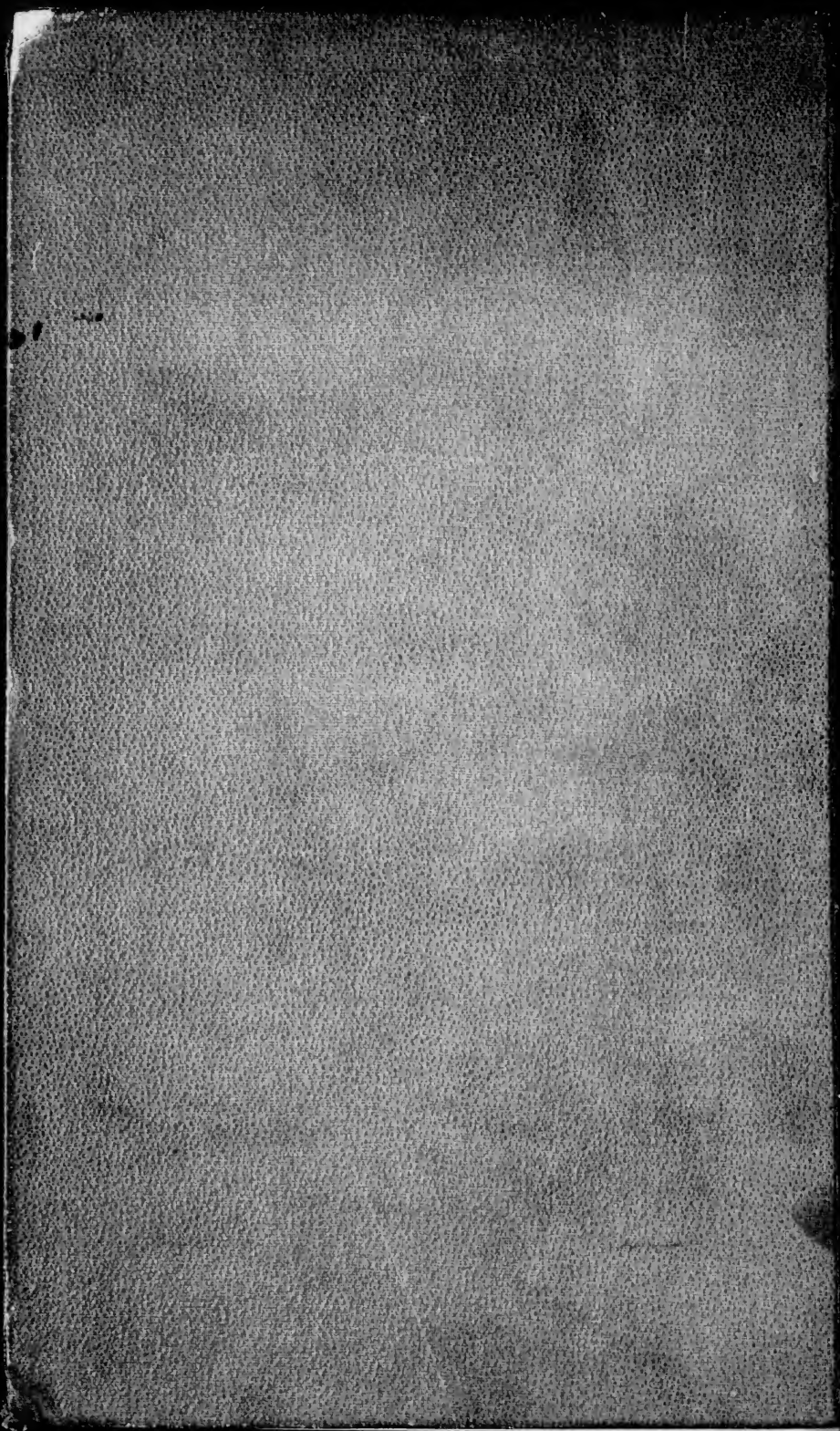
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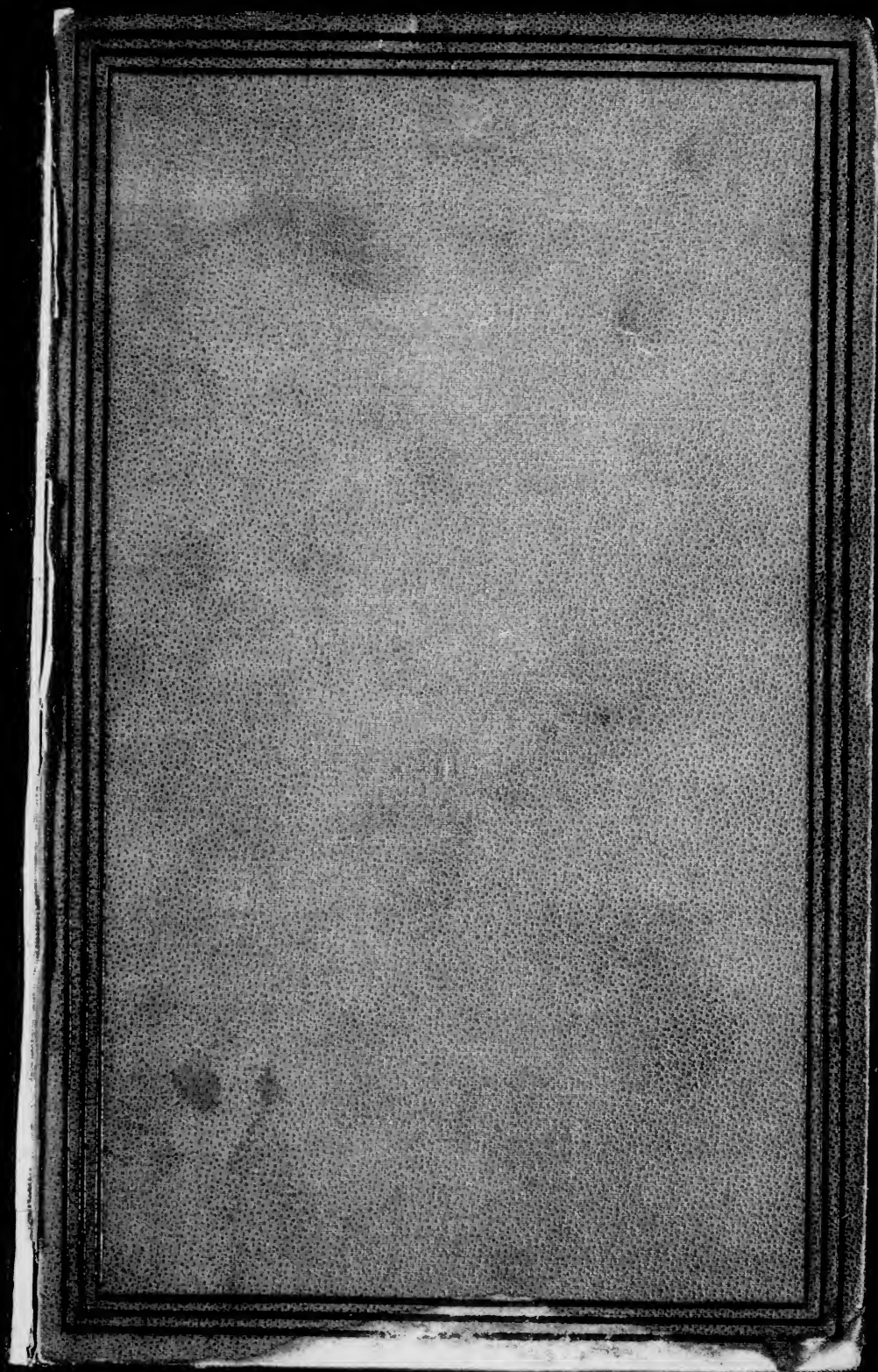
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CONTENTS

BOOK II—CONTINUED

CHAPTER VIII

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815.	1
-------------------------------	---

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR	32
--------------------------------	----

BOOK III—THE VICTORIAN ERA

CHAPTER I

THE WAR IN SCINDE	85
-----------------------------	----

CHAPTER II

THE WARS WITH THE SIKHS	99
-----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

THE CRIMEAN WAR	127
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IV

THE INDIAN MUTINY	158
-----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER V

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR 204

CHAPTER VI

THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION 223

CHAPTER VII

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR 239

CHAPTER VIII

THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGNS 245

CHAPTER IX

THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN 253

ENGLAND AT WAR

BOOK II—CONTINUED

CHAPTER VIII

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815

IN February, 1815, the Emperor Napoleon escaped from Elba, the island retreat to which he had been exiled by the decision of the Allied sovereigns. On the 1st of March, with some 800 followers, he landed on the shore of the Gulf of Juan; and quickly traversing France, almost without opposition—his little force increasing as he advanced—he entered Paris in triumph on the 20th. The kings and statesmen assembled in Congress at Vienna, immediately joined in a solemn declaration of union and alliance until Bonaparte should have been overthrown and punished as a disturber of the public peace. Preparations were made for a renewal of the war against France; and of the army assembling in Belgium, the command was bestowed on the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon did not disguise from himself the fact that he had to face united Europe; and the consequent measures he took indicated that he had lost

nothing of his astonishing energy and rare administrative faculty. He found ready to his hand a force of 223,972 men of all arms, officers included, giving a disposable effective, to take the field of 155,000 men. In a few weeks he raised these totals to 276,982 and 198,130 men respectively. He found horses for his cavalry and artillery; doubled the supply of small arms; revived the Imperial Guard; and re-organised and re-equipped the whole of his army. It was only by the vigour and rapidity of his movements, and the suddenness of his blows, that he could hope to check the enormous combination that had been formed against him.

The foes he had first to meet were the Anglo-Belgian and the Prussian armies, which were already converging towards the French frontier. Wellington, who arrived at Brussels and took up his command on the 4th of April, was at the head, early in June, of 105,590 men, with 196 guns. The great defect of this force was its heterogeneous character; it was composed of the troops of several nations, each speaking a different language, but it had a splendid backbone or nucleus in its British regiments, of whom a considerable portion had, at some period or other, served in the Peninsula. And though it is true that nearly one half were second battalions, largely consisting of recruits who had volunteered from the militia when the line battalions were filled up for foreign service, yet, these young soldiers, if unaccustomed to manœuvring, were 'stout of heart and strong of limb.' Some of the British regiments were, indeed, such magnificent specimens that Wellington himself, in referring to these, used language of the most glowing description. With the cavalry he was specially delighted; they were well trained and well mounted, some had to fight to win a name, some had to fight to keep it, and all were animated by the true military spirit. The artillery were not very numerous, but they were highly efficient; the foot batteries were equal to the infantry in persistent resolution and tenacious fortitude; the horse batteries, in speed,

daring, and energy, to the cavalry brigades to which they were attached. Of the King's German Legion it may be said that they were not unworthy of fighting side by side with the British. The remainder of the army, except perhaps the older Hanoverian battalions, was, however, of decidedly inferior quality. The Dutch-Belgians were undisciplined, inexperienced, and inadequately officered. The Brunswickers were full of courage, but young and untried. The Nassauers were partly old soldiers, but were strong neither in body nor in spirit. Such a composite force, at the beginning of the campaign, was necessarily wanting in the mutual confidence and 'solidarity' so essential to success in war. The military virtues and distinctive merits of the British fighting man were unknown to most of his Continental comrades. As for Wellington himself, he had been a successful general, but was as nothing in their eyes when compared with Napoleon, or the abler of Napoleon's marshals. Yet it is certain that 'the heterogeneous mass' assembled in the rich plains of Belgium was held together simply by the genius of the English commander.*

The Prussian army, composed entirely of Prussians under Marshal Blücher, numbered 117,000 men, with 300 guns. One half of the infantry were regulars, and the other landwehr battalions; but the latter, like the former, had undergone the baptism of fire in the War of Deliverance, and on the whole were stout and hardy soldiers. It was a compact and homogenous force, devoted to their rough leader, and inspired by an intense hatred of the French. 'The slow Germans had been moved to wrath, and their rage was of the Teutonic type; a rage that survives defeat, and is not soon satiated by success.'

Wellington's forces were divided into two *corps d'armée* and a reserve, viz.:—

First Corps (under the Prince of Orange):—Cook's and

* Hooper, 'Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon,' pp. 38, 39.

Alten's divisions (1st and 3rd), and the greater portion of the Dutch-Belgians under Chassé, Perponcher, and Colbert.

Second Corps (under Lord Hill):—Colville's and Clinton's divisions (2nd and 4th), and the remainder of the Dutch-Belgians, under Prince Frederick of Orange.

Reserve (under Wellington himself):—Sir Thomas Picton's and Cole's (5th and 6th) divisions, with the Nassauers and Brunswickers, and the cavalry under Lord Uxbridge (afterwards Marquis of Anglesea).

The Prussian army consisted of four corps, stationed at Charleroi, Namur, Civray, and Liege:—

First Corps (under Ziethen), 31,000 men.

Second Corps (under Pirth), 32,000 men.

Third Corps (under Thielmann), 24,000 men.

Fourth Corps (under Bülow), 30,000 men.

The object of the Allies was to guard the frontier while the Austrian and Russian armies got ready to take the field. For this purpose, Wellington posted his first corps, in continuation of the Prussian line, which extended from Liege to Charleroi, around Mons, Enghien, and Nivelles. His second corps he distributed between Nivelles and the Scheldt. His reserve covered Brussels. The front of the first corps was guarded by the Dutch-Belgian cavalry, that of the second by some squadrons of the King's German Hussars, while the remainder of the cavalry was cantoned in the rear. Between the Allied and Prussian armies was an interval of about eight miles, and this interval was bisected by the river Sambre. Some competent critics have questioned the prudence of Wellington in distributing his troops over so wide an area, but Major Adams points out that the British commander acted on the assumption that Napoleon would adopt a defensive policy, and that the Allies would take the initiative. He suggested that when the Austrian and Russian armies were ready the left should move first, because it was the most distant from Paris and opposed by the smallest force, while in the way of an

advance on the right, grave difficulties were thrown by the French fortresses. As soon as the left reached Langres, the centre would cross the Meuse, occupy Sedan, and watch Metz and Thionville; then the right would penetrate into France, and seize upon Givet and Maubeuge. Three great armies, each 150,000 strong, would thus invade France in succession, and, connecting their operations, advance upon Paris, supported by the reserves, principally composed of Russians. But Napoleon's rapidity of movement anticipated and disconcerted Wellington's plans.

The Emperor, on a careful review of the situation, perceived that a defensive war would be ruinous. If, making Paris and Lyons his two bases, and collecting and arming his new levies, he waited for the Allies to attack him, he would have to abandon a portion of French territory, and allow a second invasion of France on so colossal a scale that resistance, if not impossible, would certainly be hopeless. To crush disaffection among his subjects and restore their confidence, it was essential for him to act upon the offensive. He knew that the Allies, or at least, Austria and Russia, could not complete their preparations until August; and he conceived the idea of advancing without delay against the armies nearest to the frontier, and in the most forward state of organisation; of interposing between them, and suddenly turning upon and crushing the one before the other could come to its assistance. He would then throw himself upon that other; and the Allies being driven out of Belgium, and the Rhine frontier recovered, his revived prestige would assist him in breaking up the alliance between the European Powers, and making favourable terms for himself and his dynasty.

'On the supposition,' says Mr Hooper, 'that the Allies could not begin hostilities until the 15th of July, he determined to begin on the 15th of June. He hoped to collect 140,000 men in Flanders, to defeat the Anglo-Belgic and Prussian armies, raise the Belgian people, and recruit the

French from the Belgian army; and then, reinforced by the fifth corps (Rapp's), and by supplies of men from the depôts, to meet the Austrians and Russians, and fight them in the old battle-field of Dumouriez, Champagne. He regarded it as a probable result that the defeat of Wellington would entail the fall of the British Government, which would be replaced, he thought, by the friends of peace; if so, this single event, he said, would terminate the war. It will be seen how full of errors were the premises on which Napoleon built up this prospect of success. He had friends in Belgium, but not more than Louis XVIII had in French Flanders, nay, in Paris, and very few of the Bonapartists were in the Belgian army; while it is now abundantly clear that the British nation was never, during the whole course of the struggle, so conscientiously and so heartily in favour of prosecuting the war against Napoleon.

With vast ability the Emperor concentrated in a few days the force he intended to employ against Wellington and Blücher, consisting in all of 89,415 infantry, 22,302 cavalry, and 15,871 artillery, with 344 guns; and at three o'clock in the morning of the 15th, he moved towards the Sambre. Erlon's corps, after a slight skirmish with the Prussians, seized the Charleroi bridges; and before evening the French army, with the exception of some 35,000 men, had crossed the river, and occupied the ground between Lambresart, Gosselies, Marchiennes, and Charleroi, with an extension towards Frasnes. At this time Blücher had 60,000 men in or near the position of Ligny, and 30,000 at Namur, fifteen miles distant. Wellington, who did not receive definite intelligence of the Emperor's movements until late in the afternoon of the 15th, drew together his scattered divisions in the course of a few hours, and on the morning of the 16th, had 30,000 troops at Quatre Bras; and the remainder around Brussels, at Ath, Soignies, Enghien, and Nivelles.

The immediate object of the French advance was

Brussels; but before he could reach it, Napoleon had to disperse the Allied armies. He proceeded to interpose between Wellington and Blücher, to prevent their junction, and then, after an inexplicable delay on the morning of the 16th, threw the bulk of his forces, 75,000 men, against the Prussians at Ligny. The battle began at half-past two, and was stubbornly contested. The Prussians had the numerical superiority, but the brilliant dash of the Imperial soldiers prevailed, and about eight o'clock, Blücher's army was in full retreat. But though defeated, it was not broken. It fell back in admirable order upon Wavre, where Blücher quickly rallied and re-organised it. Its loss, however had been very heavy—something like 20,000 men, while the victors had lost 11,000. Napoleon had won the battle, and the ground, but he had not separated, as he erroneously supposed, the two Allied armies.

BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS, *June, 16, 1815*

While the Emperor, with the larger portion of his army, was attacking Blücher, Marshal Ney was engaged with the advanced guard of the British at Quatre Bras. In front of that quiet Belgian village was posted the Prince of Orange's division of 7000 men, with sixteen guns, their right resting on the Bois de Bossu, their left on the Bois de Delhatte, and their centre looking towards Frasnes. About half-past one—or an hour before the action began at Ligny—Ney threw forward General Foy's corps of 9000 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and twenty-two guns, knowing that Prince Jerome was rapidly coming up with a corps of 8000 men, followed by Kellerman, and, as he supposed, by D'Erlon. The Prince of Orange, after a gallant struggle, was forced to give ground. At this juncture, a brigade of cavalry came up from Nivelles, and Picton's division, which had marched from Brussels, also made its appearance. Cheered by the sight of these red regiments as they passed

out of Quatre Bras, the Prince rallied his horse and foot, and made one more effort to withstand the veterans of France. He failed; his ranks were swept down before the rush of the impetuous Frenchmen, whose career was stayed only by the solid wall of the British infantry.

Ney then arrayed his forces in two massive columns, which, protected by their guns, and supported by their horsemen, he hurled upon the British left and centre. Wellington, who had arrived upon the field, hastened to anticipate the shock. Through the thick green corn that covered the field he pushed forward Picton's two brigades, who smote the enemy with a strong continuous fire, and afterwards, advancing with fearless mien, levelled their bayonets and drove back the staggering ranks. Meanwhile, General Foy had attacked a division of 4000 infantry and 900 horse, under the Duke of Brunswick, which was posted beyond the Bois de Bossu. The Duke rode up and down in front of his line, coolly smoking his pipe, 'a very gallant figure set in the front of the battle.' To check Foy's onset he advanced his lancers; but they were young soldiers, and the heavy discharges of musketry with which they were received shook their nerves—they turned and fled. The French horse dashed in among the battalions of the Brunswick infantry, who were thus left uncovered, and they, too, after a brief contention, broke, and sought shelter in the wood of Quatre Bras. Their gallant prince vainly called upon them to keep steady, but they had lost heart, and could not recover themselves; and while endeavouring to rally them, the Duke received a mortal wound. The vehemency of their charge carried the French into a collision with Picton's brigade, who, after their victorious fighting, had rested in a slight hollow of the ground, with the 42nd and the 44th in front. In among them stormed the French lancers; and as the flank companies were caught before they could fall into their squares, the carnage was very great. But the general resistance was as spirited as

it was successful. A withering fire emptied the saddles of both cuirassiers and lancers; and in spite of their desperate charges, in spite of the crashing cannonade maintained by the French batteries, our squares kept their formation intact. The 42nd Highlanders were exposed to the shock of battle upon three sides. Two faces of the square were harassed by the French lancers, and a third by the cuirassiers—a fine body of men, with shining armour on back and breast. The fortitude of the bravest might have wavered at such a test! A deep silence hushed their ranks; only a single voice, calm and clear, was to be heard. It was their colonel's, as he called upon his Highlanders to be 'steady.' Onward came the horsemen, and the earth seemed to shake beneath the thunder of their hoofs, and the tall rye went down in swathes as before the reaper. Not a trigger was drawn. Spear and sabre were almost touching bayonet when the word 'Fire!' rang out from the colonel's lips: immediately upon its utterance followed a swift and deadly volley which laid the foremost files of the French prostrate upon the ground, as if they had been smitten by a stroke of lightning. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while rolling waves of musketry fire carried death into their retreating squadrons. The 44th, when attacked, did not even form in square, but presented the old historic 'thin red line;' their colonel, hearing the rush of advancing horsemen, simply ordered the rear rank to face about,—a movement executed as calmly and admirably as if they were 'on parade.'

Later in the day, the whole of his cavalry was sent by Ney to make a final charge, but they fell back from the immovable British squares like waves from an iron-bound cliff. And as they fell back the British guns opened upon them, strewing the ground with horse and rider, the dead and the dying. At this juncture Ney was apprised that D'Erlon's corps, instead of coming to his assistance, was

marching towards Ligny. He sent a peremptory order for it to return, but it arrived too late. At the same time he could see Alten's division, swiftly marching along the Nivelles road, and bringing its solid battalions to swell the British ranks. He resolved upon a final effort; for he knew how much depended on his driving Wellington from the field. Calling upon Kellermann's cuirassiers, he supported them with Foy's two columns of infantry, and threw them on the British centre. It was in vain; fire of cannon and musketry told upon them with such terrible effect that, after an impetuous onset, they turned and fled. The tide of battle flowed in Wellington's favour. Reinforcements came up in quick succession; and when at half-past six the splendid battalions of the Guards arrived, the victory was quickly over. The Bois de Bossu was cleared of the enemy and Ney sullenly fell back to Frasnes.

The victory was not lightly purchased. The Allies lost no fewer than 4659 men in killed, wounded, and missing, of whom 2480 were British. For several hours the strain of the contest had chiefly been borne by Pack's and Kempt's brigades, and out of 5063 engaged, 1569 were placed *hors de combat*. The three Highland regiments, the 42nd, 79th, and 92nd, lost 878, while the Guards, in carrying the wood of Bossu, lost 554. The loss of the French is estimated at 4375 men.

Next morning, Wellington received information of Blücher's retreat to Wavre. In order to keep up his communications with the Prussian army and to cover Brussels, he was therefore forced to fall back a little, but he sent word to Blücher that he would halt at Waterloo, and there accept battle from Napoleon, if he would promise to assist him with 25,000 men. In reply Blücher said that he would join him, not with 25,000 men, but with his whole army, on the heights of Mont St Jean. Accordingly, the Anglo-Belgian army crossed the Dyle at Genappe, and early in the morning of Saturday, the 17th, halted on the plain of

Waterloo. Arms were piled; the guns parked; the cavalry picketed their horses; and the blaze of the bivouac fires soon displayed the extent of the Allied position. Its left was about twelve miles distant from Wavre where Blücher had re-organised his army, and reinforced it with Bülow's corps. The French made no movement until late in the day, Napoleon having again inexplicably wasted several precious hours in doing nothing; but, as night closed in, with a storm of rain and thunder, they arrived at La Belle Alliance, in front of Wellington's army, and hastened to obtain what rest they could.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO, June 18

The fighting strength of the two armies thus brought into deadly opposition must now be computed: Napoleon, after deducting his losses, and allowing for a corps under General Gerard, which had been left at Ligny, mustered 48,950 infantry, 15,785 cavalry, and 7232 artillerymen; in all, 71,947 men, with 246 guns. Wellington could put into line 49,608 infantry (of whom 24,000 were British, and 6000 Germans), 12,402 cavalry, and 5645 artillerymen; in all, 67,655 men, with 156 guns. But of these he had posted a body of 18,000 men at Hal, ten miles off, to prevent the enemy from operating on his right flank—a precaution which some military critics have severely, but, as it seems to us, unjustifiably condemned. On his left he was safe, for a few miles distant were 90,000 Prussians, already marching to his assistance. Otherwise, he would have been forced to retreat; for his army, in fighting power, was greatly inferior to the French; so competent an authority as Sir J. Shaw Kennedy estimating it as equal only to 40,000 men.

The night was one of great discomfort to both armies, owing to the want of shelter and the heavy rain, which did not cease until four o'clock. The French got under arms

at an early hour, but Napoleon suspended his preparations on being informed by his artillerists that the ground was not in a fit condition for the movement of heavy guns, and it was not until eight o'clock that he drew up his troops in battle order. After forming them in three grand lines, he inspected each corps carefully, addressing them in the terse epigrammatic phrases which he framed with so much ingenuity and success. Wellington was equally active in his silent, reserved, and unostentatious way. After his men had cleaned their arms, fed their horses, and breakfasted, he placed each brigade in its proper position, carefully studying the nature of the ground, so as to give it all available cover.

The battle-field of Waterloo may be described in general terms as a slight shallow valley, or depression, of irregular width, which, both on the north and south, is bounded by covering ranges of low hills—covered, in June, 1815, with crops of grain—hills that strike away for some two or three miles in an unbroken line, and slope irregularly, but always gradually, towards this central valley or trough. The northern ridge was occupied by the Allied army, and in its rear centre stood the hill of Mont St Jean; behind the southern ridge, which was thronged by Napoleon's soldiers, stood that of La Belle Alliance. Through both these villages, and consequently crossing the field almost at right angles, runs the broad elevated causeway from Charleroi, winding under the green boughs of the forest of Soignies to Brussels. Near the entrance to this forest is the little village of Waterloo.

The extreme right of Wellington's army was protected by the village and ravine of Merbe Braine, to the west of which lay the village and church of Braine l'Alleud. On the left it was secured by the hamlets of Papelotte, La Haye, and Bouchain. In the centre stood a small outwork, the farm of La Haye Sainte, about two hundred yards from the Wavre road, consisting of a farmhouse, courtyard, and

barn. At the foot of the slope, on the right, stood the chateau, gardens, and wood of Hougoumont, extending half-a-mile into the plain, and forming, with thin hedge bound orchard, walled garden, and dense screen of trees, a defensive post of the highest importance, virtually the key to the British position. It was occupied by a strong garrison of the Guards, the two brigades of which, Maitland's and Byng's, were posted on the rising ground above. The Brunswickers were partly in line with the Guards, and partly kept in reserve. A thick coppice of beech which surrounded Hougoumont was filled with infantry and riflemen, under the Prince of Orange. The centre consisted of Baron Alten's division and the Nassauers, and was protected by the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, which was garrisoned. Colville's and Clinton's divisions, a couple of Hanoverian brigades, and a Dutch corps under Lord Hill, were placed *en potence* in front of the right.

On the left, between the Charleroi road and the village of La Haye, were stationed Sir Thomas Picton's division, Lambert's brigade, a Hanoverian corps, and some companies of Netherlanders. Detachments of Nassauers, under the Prince of Saxe Weimar, occupied the hamlets of Papelotte and La Haye.

Thus the first line was composed wholly of infantry in columns, but its left flank was covered by a couple of brigades of light cavalry. The second line consisted entirely of cavalry, except that some battalions of infantry were held in reserve on the right. The hussars and light dragoons were drawn up on the right, looking as fit as possible for action; while right and left of the Charleroi road were massed the fine troops of the Household Brigade, the Life Guards, the Blues, and 1st Dragoon Guards, under Lord Edward Somerset, and those of the Union Brigade, 1st Royals, Inniskillings, and Scots Greys, under Sir William Ponsonby. The Dutch Belgians were in the rear of these splendid horsemen, and farther to the right,

the 3rd Hussars of the German Legion, under Colonel von Arentschild, an old Peninsular officer.

Napoleon, in like manner, drew up his army in two lines. There was an interval of seventy-five yards between each, and their centre rested upon La Belle Alliance farm, their right upon the village of Planchenoit. The first line included Count D'Erlon's corps on the right, and Count Reillé's on the left,—or some divisions of infantry and two of cavalry, with their quota of heavy guns. In the second line, the right wing was formed by Milhaud's corps of heavy cavalry, and its left by Kellermann's cavalry. Behind each corps of infantry was a corps of cavalry, while in its centre the second line was further strengthened by a corps of infantry and two divisions of cavalry, drawn up on either side of La Belle Alliance. The reserves comprised the three sections of the famous Imperial Guard—the Old Guard, the Middle Guard, and the Young Guard,—with their chasseurs and lances on the right, their grenadiers and dragoons on the left, and artillery on both flanks and in the rear.

This skilful arrangement, says Siborne, presented to its great designer the amplest means of sustaining, by an immediate and sufficient support, any attack, from whatever point he might wish to direct it, and of possessing everywhere a respectable force at hand to oppose any attack upon himself, from whatsoever quarter it might be aimed. All observers agree in remarking the wonderful precision and regularity with which the several masses, constituting thirteen distinct columns, moved to their appointed stations, and all dilate upon the pageant of military pomp which was exhibited by those superb lines as they drew up in battle-array. 'There were nearly 72,000 men, of whom 15,000 were cavalry, and 240 guns, displayed almost suddenly before their expectant foes; a mighty mass of fighting power, revealed as if by magic, in all the majesty of strength and beauty of order, and trembling with eagerness to rush upon the enemy. Napoleon, attended by a glittering staff, rode

along those lines of French fighting-men, and their cries of delight reached the ears of the spectators on the ridge of Mont St Jean, and in the wood of Hougoumont. It was Napoleon Bonaparte's last grand review.'

At the outset of the battle Napoleon stationed himself on the gentle elevation or 'butte' of Rossomme, behind the farmhouse of La Belle Alliance. There he remained for a considerable portion of the day, dismounted, pacing to and fro with his hands behind him, occasionally studying an unfolded map, receiving communications through his aides-de-camp, and issuing instructions to his lieutenants. As the fight grew more and more dubious, he drew nearer to its raging whirlwind, showing his mental agitation by his violence of gestures and his use of immense quantities of snuff. At three o'clock he was on horseback in front of La Belle Alliance; and in the evening, just before the Imperial Guard made its final effort, he had advanced to a point very near La Haye Sainte.

The battle began at twenty minutes past eleven, the French artillery opening fire on the Allied right. Napoleon's attack, however, was directed against the left and centre, in order to force that part of the position, drive the Allies back upon their own right, and secure the great road to Brussels and Antwerp. D'Erlon's whole corps was engaged in it, supported by Lobau's. At the same time Reillé was ordered to carry Hougoumont, and at once sent forward King Jerome's division, which suffered so much from the British artillery, that it distinctly wavered. On reinforcements arriving, they recovered themselves, swarming in the lane, the field, the wood, and thinking that victory was in their grasp, they broke out into loud exultant cries. Suddenly their progress was arrested by the hedge which bounded the wood on the north. Behind it glared the 'bright red bricks' of the garden wall, which blazed all at once with a running tongue of flame, while a pitiless rain of bullets carried wounds and death into the crowded ranks of

the assailants. At that moment Wellington directed Colonel Frazer, with a howitzer horse-battery, to open with shells on the French troops in the woods and field—'a delicate thing,' as any mistake in the range would have inflicted severe loss on the gallant defenders of Hougoumont. But it was admirably done. The bursting shells wrought great havoc among the assailants; they yielded; and immediately the light companies of the Guards dashed in among them, and drove them back to the southern margin of the wood. A brief pause, and the French, recovering themselves, returned to the attack in greater numbers; the Guards, in their turn, were compelled to retire; their assailants recovered the wood; and a furious contest swirled and eddied round the château. Napoleon still maintained the battle in this quarter with a view of compelling Wellington to draw troops from his centre to strengthen the defence; but Wellington knew his Guards, and the heroic endurance of the British soldier, and left them to bear the burden unsupported and to wear the glory undivided. Though two whole divisions of the French army were hurled against them, they calmly held their own, never pausing in the rapidity and destructiveness of their fire. A part of the building was in flames, but they fought on with noble intrepidity, defying the most desperate efforts of their brave adversaries. The carnage was tremendous. In some thirty minutes the small four acre orchard adjoining the château was literally crowded with the wounded and the dead. Booth calculates that the attack and the defence cost the lives of 6000 men. He says that 600 fell in the attack on the château and the farm; 200 were killed in the wood, 25 in the garden, 1100 in the orchard and meadow, 400 near the farmer's garden, and 2000 behind the great orchard. At one time the French got within the walled enclosures, and forced the Guards back into the great courtyard. One body fell upon the hastily barricaded gate, burst it open, and rushed inside; but the Guards met them

with immense ardour; and nearly every intruder was bayoneted on the spot. As the few survivors effected their escape, Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell, Captain Wyndham, Ensigns Good and Harvey, and Sergeant Graham, leaped forward, closed the gate again, despite the furious efforts of the enemy, and barred it against further assaults.

When he had ascertained that Hougoumont was safe, Wellington rode across the field to his left wing, where a great battery of eighty guns was covering the advance of Ney's massive column. About this time the helmets of some Prussian squadrons were seen on the heights of St. Lambert, and Napoleon despatched urgent orders to Marshal Grouchy, who, with his corps of 30,000 men, had been detached to harass the retreating Prussians, to close up his communications with the right of the Imperial army, and crush Bülow and his Prussians. He also threw forward some cavalry—in all 2400 sabres—to stay the Prussian advance. Shortly afterwards the Emperor learned, from a Prussian prisoner, that the whole of Blücher's army, which he supposed to be utterly beaten, was in full march against his right flank. It was long past noon, and the startling intelligence roused Napoleon into giving the signal for Ney's immediate action. With 18,000 infantry, in four columns, composed of 'deep narrow masses,' showing a front of about 150 or 200 men, and a depth of from twelve to twenty-five ranks, the marshal moved forward. Half the left column, flanked by a body of cuirassiers, was thrown against La Haye Sainte, the other half against Papelotte; while the remaining three columns, with the rattle of many drums, and the din of confused war-cries, struck at the left centre of the British. Scarcely waiting to cross bayonets, a Netherlands brigade, panic-stricken at the imposing array, broke and fled; and the French carried, but did not stay to occupy, the farm of La Haye Sainte. They then fell upon Pack and Kempt's brigades, who were under the command of one of England's noblest sons, Sir

Thomas Picton. At Quatre Bras a musket ball had broken two of his ribs; but knowing that the decisive battle had yet to be fought, he concealed his wound from the surgeons, lest they should forbid his appearance on the field. Bringing forward his two brigades (which were scarcely three thousand strong), side by side, in a thin two-deep line, he waited until the French had reached the crest of the hill, and were only thirty yards distant,—then gave the word—‘A volley, and charge!’ All along the ranks rattled the musketry; it ceased, and with levelled steel, the British, cheering loudly, sprang to encounter their foes. As they advanced, their heroic leader was shot dead; a ball crashing through his right temple into his brain. Prompt and terrible vengeance was exacted for his loss, and in absolute disorder the French columns reeled before the rush of that unconquered and unconquerable infantry. Nor was the fighting of Pack’s brigade less heroic or less successful. Then as the dismayed Frenchmen fell back down the slope, the horsemen of Ponsonby’s Union Brigade dashed in among them, plying their eager sabres, and cutting down whole battalions. Three thousand prisoners were taken, and a couple of eagles. Raging ‘like a cloud of locusts,’ these victorious horsemen rode straight upon Ney’s gunners, sabred them as they stood by their pieces, severed the traces and cut the horses’ throats, so that the guns were of no more use to the French during the remainder of the battle. But the fury of their charge carried them beyond La Haye Sainte, and threw them into some disorder. They were halting to re-form when the French cavalry stormed down upon them,—the cuirassiers in front, and the Polish Lancers on their left,—and it was not without much desperate fighting that they regained their position; but help was at hand, and a well-directed movement of Vandeleur’s dragoons swept the ground of the enemy.

Thus the grand attack on the British left had failed. The cuirassiers had made a gallant attempt to support it,

but after a sharp struggle had been scattered by Lord Uxbridge’s Household Brigade. French authorities acknowledge that their loss in this phase of the battle was very great, D’Erlon’s corps in particular losing one man in three, and becoming practically useless for the rest of the day. But the British loss had also been heavy, especially in cavalry, and many of our best officers had fallen. To strengthen his left centre, Wellington drew his brigades closer together, rallied and re-formed the fugitive Belgians, re-organised the shattered Union Brigade, and massed both Vivian’s and Vandeleur’s cavalry on the left. Another effort had been made against Hougoumont, but its gallant defenders had repulsed it nobly. Napoleon had then to decide how he should continue his battle. His infantry having been exhausted in the fierce attack on the Allied left and centre, it was clear that he must call upon his cavalry and the Imperial Guard. Moving Lobau off to the right to hold it against the Prussians, he brought up his Guard, and while bombarding Hougoumont with shot and shell, directed a heavy attack upon La Haye Sainte, which was garrisoned by 500 men under Major Baring. This attack was made by Donzelot’s and Quinct’s divisions. Major Baring had drawn in his men from the orchard, and now held the farmstead. But the ammunition of his men was nearly exhausted. All his efforts to obtain a supply failed. The western door of the barn had been burned for fuel on the previous evening, and now gaped wide open to admit the enemy. The French infantry, supported by cavalry on the left, advanced in two columns, one on the eastern and the other on the western side. Gallant men among them, axe in hand, strove to break in the great barn door facing the Charleroi road, but it resisted all their efforts. Others sought to carry the gateway on the opposite side; before they could cross the threshold they were shot down by the defenders. Beaten off, they fell back to the orchard, and thence renewed the attack, when similar

incidents occurred repeatedly. Twice they were compelled to draw off; twice they set the building on fire, and the fire was as often extinguished by the courageous Germans. Baring had been twice reinforced; but his men fell fast, his ammunition grew scarcer with every shot. Further reserves sent from above were cut off by the French cavalry. Yet the Germans, with admirable devotion, were steadfast to their officers, although they saw no prospect of victory, for the French grew bolder as the fire of their enemies slackened. They broke through a house door, leading by a narrow passage into the courtyard, yet could not make good their entrance. Then they climbed on to the roofs, and fired down upon the defenders. Resistance was no longer possible. The garrison had done all that men in their position, quite cut off from the army, and overwhelmed by numbers, could do; and the shouts of the French loudly proclaimed that they had won the farm. This was the main success won by the French throughout the day; but it was won at an enormous cost, and, when won, could not be utilised from Ney's want of infantry. He threw into it, however, a strong garrison, whose fire proved of serious inconvenience to the Allied centre.

The second grand attack was then undertaken. Napoleon placed under Ney's orders, all Milhaud's cuirassiers and the light cavalry of the Guard; that is, twenty-one squadrons of cuirassiers, seven squadrons of lancers, and twelve squadrons of chasseurs,—5000 splendid troopers, who, in their gorgeous uniforms of lace and scarlet and gold, with shining mail, and spear, and sabre, presented to the eye a glorious picture of the pomp and circumstance of war. With their 'magnificently stern array' they filled the open space between the Charleroi road and the Hougomont enclosures. It was about five o'clock when Ney led them forward, striking diagonally to the left from La Haye Sainte, and dashing at the British squares with a gallantry worthy of their race. But the continuous and steadfast fire

with which they were received, mowed them down by scores, and though they advanced again and again, they could not shake the stern determination of Wellington's immovable infantry.

A third attack was led by Ney in person; the force employed consisting of the dragoons and grenadiers of the Guard, and Kellermann's cuirassiers, in all, 5000 sabres. But the British line, reinforced by Adam's, Duplat's, and Halkett's brigades, stood like a rock, from off which the torrents of French cavalry rolled back exhausted and broken. 'Their first charge,' says an officer who was present, 'their first charge was magnificent. As soon as they quickened their trot into a gallop, the cuirassiers bent their heads, so that the peaks of their helmets looked like visors, and they seemed cased in armour from the plume to the saddle. Not a shot was fired until they were within thirty yards, when the word was given, and our men fired away at them. The effect was magical. Through the smoke we could see helmets falling; cavaliers starting from their seats with convulsive springs as they received our balls; horses plunging and rearing in the agonies of fright and pain, and crowds of the soldiery dismounted; part of the squadron in retreat, but the more daring remainder backing their horses to force them on our bayonets. Our fire soon disposed of these gentlemen. The main body reformed in our front, and rapidly and gallantly repeated their attacks. In fact, from this time till near six, we had a constant repetition of these brave but unavailing charges. There was no difficulty in repulsing them, but our ammunition decreased alarmingly. At length an artillery waggon galloped up, emptied two or three casks of cartridges into the square, and we were all comfortable. . . . The Duke visited us frequently at this momentous period; he was coolness personified. As he crossed the rear face of our square, a shell fell amongst our grenadiers, and he checked his horse to see its effect. Some men were blown to pieces

by the explosion, and he merely stirred the rein of his charger, apparently as little concerned at their fate as at his own danger. No leader ever possessed so fully the confidence of his soldiery; wherever he appeared, a murmur of 'Silence—stand to your front—here's the Duke!' was heard through the column, and then all was steady as on a parade. His aides-de-camp, Colonels Canning and Gordon, fell near our square, and the former died within it. As he came near us, late in the evening, Halkett rode out to him, and represented our weak state, begging his Grace to afford us a better support.'

Meanwhile, Bülow's Prussians, under Generals Zeithen and Steinmetz, having left Thielmann with one division to engage Grouchy's attention, were approaching the contested field. The muddy condition of the roads delayed their march; but at half-past six the whole corps, 29,000 strong, was on the ground; and Lobau, though resisting bravely, was compelled to fall back upon Planchenoit. Blücher, who accompanied his vanguard, made a fierce attack upon the village; and to prevent its capture, Napoleon strengthened Lobau with 4000 of his Guard. The crisis of the battle had come, and it could be turned to the advantage of the empire only by a desperate blow. The British line was sorely thinned; but it was unbroken; and Hugoumont was still occupied by its heroic garrison. His grand attack by infantry, his second general attack by cavalry, had failed; and his sole success had been the capture of La Haye Sainte. An hour or two more and the destroying avalanche of the entire Prussian force would be precipitated upon him. Napoleon resolved, therefore, on calling up his reserve, the chosen veterans of his Old Guard, and directing them against the weakened right centre of the British.

The two regiments of the Guard remaining at his disposal he formed into echelon of columns. The first, or right column of attack, consisting of four, and the second or left column of six battalions. At half-past seven he ordered

them forward, giving the command to Ney—*le plus brave des braves*—and accompanying them a short distance towards the front. Simultaneously, Donzelot, who was then in possession of La Haye Sainte, made a similar advance on the left, and all along the line raged the action with fresh impetuosity. The oncoming of the Guard was preceded by a tremendous cannonade, to avoid the effects of which the British infantry lay down, in a line four deep, behind the crest of the ridge, while their guns played destructively on the impetuous Frenchmen. Ney's horse was killed under him; he led his column on foot, sword in hand. At first only the guns, the Duke, and his scanty staff were visible. Where was the British army? Suddenly, the Duke gave his famous order, 'Up, Guards, and make ready!' and within fifty yards of the astonished Frenchmen, the British soldiers leaped to their feet, and, with wonderful steadiness, poured in a close and deadly volley. In vain Ney's columns attempted to deploy; the incessant, well-directed musketry of the Guards, and the crashing storm of the artillery, broke it up into a disordered mass. The Duke cried out 'Charge!' and as our fighting-men pressed forward, exultant and irresistible, the veterans of France turned, fled. Like ill-fortune attended the second or left column of the Imperial Guard. With a cloud of skirmishers in front, and a body of cavalry in support, it crossed the hollow, and ascended the northern slope to wrest victory from the British colours. But it was taken in flank by the 52nd regiment, whose fire told upon it destructively; the Guards maintained their regular, deadly musketry; and the heavy guns, double shotted, ploughed broad furrows through the wavering ranks. When the 52nd brought their bayonets to the charge, the Frenchmen recoiled before them, and in a few minutes were in rapid and confused retreat. The 52nd pursued, supported on the right by the 71st, and on the left by the 95th, and swept the fugitives along the front of the British centre, over a distance of 800 yards. At Wellington's order, Vivian's cavalry, emerging

from the smoke-cloud which obscured the ridge, passed the Guards on the right, and riding swiftly down the slope, careered across the blood-red field. The whole French attack wavered; the battle-tide hung, as it were, suspended. Wellington's quick eye discovered the critical character of the moment, and his prompt resolution turned it to instant advantage. 'On the ridge, near the Guards, his figure standing out amidst the smoke against the bright north-western sky, Wellington was seen to raise his hat with a noble gesture—the signal for the wasted line of horses to sweep like a dark wave from their coveted position, and roll out their lines and columns over the plain. With a pealing cheer, the whole line advanced just as the sun was sinking, and the Duke, sternly glad, but self-possessed, rode off into the thick of the fight, attended by only one officer, almost the last of the splendid squadron which careered around him in the morning. Shot and shell still played in all directions, but the Duke rode on. The officer begged of him not to expose so precious a life. "Never mind," he replied, "let them fire away. The battle is won, and my life is of no consequence now."'

Yes! Waterloo was won—the great decisive battle of modern times, which settled the peace of Europe for half-a-century. The French were in full retreat, for the Prussians had debouched upon the field in force, and delivered a heavy attack against their flank. After a gallant contention, the Young Guard was forced to abandon Planchenoit, and then the retreat became a flight—to use Napoleon's own words, 'a total rout.' Men thought only of saving their lives—they heeded no longer the honour of the flag, the restraint of discipline—arms were thrown down, knapsacks flung aside, guns abandoned. The carnage was awful, until darkness stayed the firing, when the Allied gunners could no longer distinguish friend from foe. Then, as the Prussians came up from captured Planchenoit, their bands raised the inspiring strains of 'God save the King!'

and the British infantry in the van responded with a cheer full of the consciousness of work well accomplished, victory honourably won.

Somewhere between La Maison du Roi and Rossomme Wellington and Blucher met, and exchanged congratulations. The British army halted when its advanced regiments reached Rossomme, and made over the pursuit to the Prussians. Napoleon escaped with difficulty, and, indeed, only through the courage and devotion of some of the veterans of his Guard. At Quatre Bras he rested for an hour or two, and despatched intelligence to Grouchy of the collapse of the Grand Army. He reached Charleroi at eight, and procuring a carriage, hastened on to Philippeville—an emperor without an empire, a general without an army—for the magnificent host which he had arrayed that morning in all the pomp of battle had literally disappeared. For miles the roads were strewn with wreck—with ammunition waggons, artillery, baggage, stores of flour and bread, of wine and brandy. One hundred and twenty-two guns were captured, 267 ammunition carts, two eagles, and 5000 prisoners. The killed, wounded, and missing cannot have been fewer than 25,000.

So complete a victory was necessarily purchased at a heavy cost. Even the impassiveness of 'the Iron Duke' gave way, when he rode over the field of fight, and saw the ground strewn thickly with the victims of the long day's slaughter. The total loss of the Anglo-Belgians is usually estimated at 14,728,—of whom the British numbered 6963, or about one-fourth of the actual strength engaged. Among the dead (1715 officers and rank and file) were Generals Sir Thomas Picton and Sir William Ponsonby, Colonels Gordon, Canning, and Lawrie, and Major Howard; among the wounded, General Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the Earl of Uxbridge (afterwards Marquis of Anglesea), Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards Lord Raglan), Generals Cooke, Alten,

Halkett, Sir Edward Barnes, the Hon. T. Howard, and the Prince of Orange.

The British regiments engaged at Waterloo were as follows:—

INFANTRY.—1st Foot Guards, 2nd and 3rd battalions; Coldstream Guards, 2nd battalion; 3rd Foot Guards, 2nd battalion; 1st Foot (Royal Scots), 3rd battalion; 4th Foot, 1st battalion; 14th Foot, 3rd battalion; 23rd Foot (Royal Welsh Fusiliers), 1st battalion; 27th Foot, 1st battalion; 28th, 1st battalion; 30th, 2nd battalion; 32nd, 1st battalion; 33rd, 1st battalion; 40th, 1st battalion; 42nd Highlanders, 1st battalion; 44th, 2nd battalion; 51st Light Infantry; 52nd Light Infantry, 1st battalion; 69th, 2nd battalion; 71st Light Infantry, 1st battalion; 73rd, 2nd battalion; 79th Highlanders, 1st battalion; 92nd Highlanders, 1st battalion; and 95th Rifles, 2nd and 3rd battalions.

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

CAVALRY.—1st Life Guards; 2nd Life Guards; Royal Horse Guards Blue; 1st Dragoon Guards; 1st Royal Dragoons; 2nd Royal Dragoons (Scots Greys); 6th Dragoons (Inniskillings); 7th Hussars; 10th Hussars; 11th Light Dragoons; 12th Light Dragoons; 13th Light Dragoons; 15th Hussars; 16th Light Dragoons; 18th Hussars, and 23rd Light Dragoons.

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Shaw Kennedy, 'Narrative of the Campaign of 1815'; Muffling, 'Passages out of my Life'; Jomini, Thiers, Sir A. Alison, etc.

Note

The narrative of Sir Augustus Frazer, who commanded the British artillery at Waterloo, is full of interest. It was written, at eleven P.M., just after the termination of the battle:—

'We have gained a glorious victory, and against Napoleon himself. I know not yet the amount of killed, wounded, or prisoners, but all must be great. Never was there a more bloody affair, never so hot a fire. Bonaparte put in practice every device of war. He tried us with artillery, with cavalry, and last of all with infantry. The efforts of each were gigantic, but the admirable talents of our Duke, seconded by such troops as he commands, baffled every attempt. For some hours the action was chiefly of artillery. We had 114 British and some 16 Belgian guns, 6 and 9 pounders; the enemy upwards of 300, 8 and 12 pounders. Never were guns better served on both sides. After severe cannonading, the French cavalry made some of the boldest charges I ever saw; they rounded the whole extent of our line, which was thrown into squares. Never did cavalry behave so nobly, or was received by infantry so fiercely. Our guns were taken and re-taken repeatedly. They were in masses, especially the horse artillery, which I placed and manœuvred as I chose.'

On the 20th of June he wrote:—

'The last struggle was nearly fatal to us; but our infantry remaining firm, and not only receiving the cavalry in squares, but, on their retiring, darting into line and charging the Imperial Infantry Guards, and again resuming their squares, the enemy was forced to give way. I have seen nothing like that moment, the sky literally darkened

with smoke, the sun just going down, and which till then had not for some hours broken through the gloom of a dull day, the indescribable shouts of thousands, where it was impossible to distinguish between friend and foe. Every man's arm seemed to be raised against that of every other. Suddenly, after the mingled mass had ebbed and flowed, the enemy began to yield, and cheerings and English hurrahs announced that the day must be ours.

We transcribe his account of the attack and defence of Hougomont:—

'Rejoining the Duke [at the beginning of the battle], I was rejoiced to hear that his Grace had determined not to lose a wood, 300 yards in front of that part [the right] of the line, which was in reality our weakest point. I had very hastily, on the preceding day, galloped to this wood, saw its importance, and determined that the heavy howitzer troop should be brought to that point. Soon after, the Duke came up, and the *cortége* walked up and down. I must more minutely explain this wood. It is close to where the extension of our line touched the *pavé* leading to Nivelles from Waterloo. From this *pavé* there is an avenue of two hundred yards, leading to one large and a few smaller houses, enclosed, together with a large garden, within a wall. Beyond the wall, and embracing the whole front of the buildings and an orchard, and perhaps altogether three or four acres, is a thick wood. To the right, as viewed from our position, the wood was high; to the left, less high; and towards our position, thick, but low.

'Whilst looking about, remarking again that the weak point of our line was on our right, and imagining that the enemy, making a demonstration on our centre and left, would forcibly seize the wood, and, interposing between us and Braine l'Alleud, would endeavour to turn the right flank of our second line. I met Lord Uxbridge, who very handsomely asked me what I thought of the position, and offered me the free use of the horse artillery. In a moment

Bell was sent for the howitzer troop, and I rode up and told the Duke I had done so. By this time the enemy had forced a Belgian battalion out of the orchard to the left of the wood, and there was a hot fire on a battalion (or four companies, I forget which) of the Guards, stationed in the buildings and behind the walled garden.

'The howitzer troop came up, and came up handsomely; their very appearance encouraged the remainder of the division of the Guards, then lying down to be sheltered from the fire. The Duke said: "Colonel Frazer, you are going to do a delicate thing; can you depend upon the force of your Howitzers? Part of the wood is held by our troops, part by the enemy." And his Grace calmly explained what I already knew. I answered that I could perfectly depend upon the troop, and, after speaking to Major Bell and all his officers, and seeing that they, too, perfectly understood their orders, the troop commenced its fire, and in ten minutes the enemy was driven from the wood.

'At a quarter before three the large building burst out in a volume of flame; and formed a striking feature in the murderous scene. Imagining that this fire might oblige our troops to quit a post most material, and that it would have an effect, and possibly a great one, on the day, I remarked the time by my watch. The Guards, however, held the post, and maintained themselves in the lesser buildings, a troop of horse artillery was forced to give way; but the point being assailed, I ordered it up again at all hazards.

'By this time the infantry were entirely formed into squares, the cavalry generally in solid column, the crest of our position crowned with artillery. It was now that the French cavalry, advancing with an intrepidity unparalleled, attacked at once the right and centre of our position, their advance protected by a cannonade more violent than ever. Behind the crest of the position the ground declined gradually to the easy valley in which the *pavé* from Nivelles

runs; and by an equally gentle swell the ground rose beyond the *pavé* to the position of the second line, perhaps half-a-mile from the first, but receding more towards the left. This declination of ground was most favourable to the infantry who, under a tremendous cannonade, were in a great measure sheltered by the nature of the ground—in a great measure, too, by their lying down, by order. On the approach—the majestic approach—of the French cavalry, the squares rose, and with a steadiness almost inconceivable, awaited, without firing, the rush of the cavalry, who, after making some fruitless efforts, sweeping the whole artillery of the line, and receiving the fire of the squares, as they passed, retired, followed by and pell-mell with our own cavalry, who, formed behind our squares, advanced on the first appearance (which was unexpected) of the enemy's squadrons. The enemy rushed down the hill, forming again under its shelter, and in a great measure covered from the fire of our guns, which, by recoiling, had retired so as to lose their original and first position. But in a deep stiff soil, the fatigue of the horse artillerymen was great, and their best exertions were unable to move the guns again to the crest without horses; to employ horses was to ensure the loss of the animals.

'The repeated charges of the enemy's noble cavalry were similar to the first; each was fruitless. Not an infantry soldier moved; and on each charge, abandoning their guns, our men sheltered themselves between the flanks of our squares. Twice, however, the enemy tried to charge in front; these attempts were entirely frustrated by the fire of the guns, wisely reserved till the hostile squadrons were within twenty yards of the muzzles. In this the cool and quiet steadiness of the troops of horse artillery was very creditable.

'The obstinacy of these attacks made our situation critical; though never forced, our ranks were becoming thin. The second line, therefore, was chiefly ordered across

the valley, and formed in masses behind the first; the broken intervals of which, where necessary, it filled up. Some time before this the Duke ordered me to bring up all the reserve horse artillery, which at that moment were Mercer and Bell's troops, which advanced with an alacrity and rapidity most admirable.

'It were tiresome to describe further. . . . The horror of the scene strikes me now; at the moment its magnificence alone filled my mind. Several times were critical, but confidence in the Duke, I have no doubt, animated my breast. His Grace exposed his person, not unnecessarily but nobly. Without his personal exertions, his continued presence whenever and wherever more than usual exertions were required, the day had been lost.

"'Twice have I saved this day by perseverance," said his Grace before the last great struggle, and said so most justly.

'Another saying of his Grace that evening to Lord Fitzroy deserves to be recorded: "I have never fought such a battle, and I trust I shall never fight such another." This was after the day was our own.

'In the general action our cavalry behaved well. The Life Guards made some good charges, and overset the cuirassiers, searching with the coolness of experienced soldiers for the unprotected parts of their opponents, and stabbing where the openings of the cuirass would admit the points of their swords . . .

'I may seem to have forgotten the Prussians in this battle. I saw none, but I believe that on our left they did advance; and the knowledge of their position might certainly induce Napoleon to withdraw, when his efforts against us were unavailing. We expected their co-operation early in the day, and earnestly looked for it, but it was not visible from any point where the Duke was till dusk, when we had swept the enemy from the plain in our front.'

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR

THE high dignity and responsible position of Governor-General of India was bestowed, in 1835, upon Lord Auckland.

The condition of affairs in India when he entered upon his duties was not such as to warrant a prudent man in introducing fresh elements of disturbance. In the north-western provinces—in those hot and arid plains which are watered by the great rivers—famine was slaying its hundreds of victims; so that the British residents at Agra and Cawnpore could no longer enjoy their evening drives, from the air being poisoned with the stench of unburied corpses. The famine was occasioned by drought, and brought with it diseases not less deadly than itself—cholera and smallpox, which swept away thousands of poor wretches enfeebled by long privation. In Oudh the disputed succession to the throne had led to insurrection and civil war; and the British, taking charge of the defeated pretender, a boy, and of his grandmother, who had used him as a tool, imposed on the new Nawab a treaty which made him the servant of the British Government. The Nepaulese, a

THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR

33

mountain people, never able to reconcile themselves to the pursuits of peace, were evincing a hostile disposition; and to guard against invasion, it was necessary to accumulate a considerable force on our north-eastern frontier. Then again, troubles were brewing in the east; the Burmese Emperor, Tharawaddee, who, until his accession to power, had always been regarded as friendly to the British, made such open and considerable preparations for war, that the Indian Government had to provide for the defence of that frontier also. Yet it was in this time of trouble that Lord Auckland plunged into difficulties in the north-west which were of even a more formidable character.

Afghanistan, the land of the Afghans, extends between the 28th and 36th parallels of north latitude, and the 62nd and 73rd meridians of east longitude. Thus its length may be roughly estimated at about 450 miles, its breadth at 470, and its superficial area at 210,000 square miles. It is a region of lofty mountain-peaks, deep valleys, and breezy table-lands, with a sandy desert stretching to the south-west. Its climate varies from the icy winter of the mountains to the genial summer of the valleys, where flourish the apricot and the vine, the apple, the plum, and the cherry, oranges, pomegranates, and roses, and waving crops of golden corn. On the north the Paropamisus mountains partly separated from the Central Asiatic steppes, now included in the dominions of Russia; and on the south it is bounded by Baluchistan; on the east by the Indian provinces of Peshawar and Scinde; and on the west by the rugged highlands of the Persian Khorassan. On nearly every side it is penned in by chains of mountain-summits. From the Punjab and the plains of the Indus it is divided by the massive range of the Suleiman or Soliman, and on the north by the heights of Khyber and Khalabagh; this barrier being penetrated by three passes only, the Khyber, the Bolan, and the Kuram. To the north-east tower the huge masses of the Hindu Kush, with

perpetual snow on its culminating peaks, and dark rugged ravines cloven into its depths. Inhabited by a brave and warlike race, it would seem almost impossible that a country thus fortified by nature should ever submit to the rule of a foreign conqueror.

According to an old proverb, no one can be King of Hindustan without being first lord of Cabul; and all the great conquerors who have made their way into India from the Caspian, the Black Sea, or the Mediterranean, have done so by traversing the plains of Afghanistan and its practicable mountain passes. Alexander the Great thus entered India, after taking Herat, which lies at the foot of the mountains, almost on the borders of Persia. Tamerlane conquered the region on his way to the Ganges; and so did Baber, the great founder of the Mogul dynasty, before establishing his imperial throne at Delhi. And it was from Ghizni that Mahmud, the creator of the Moslem empire in India, set out on his vast enterprise. The eyes of the British rulers of India had therefore been frequently turned in this direction as the probable source of attempts against our rule. Wherever the sea washed the shores of the peninsula British India was invulnerable; on the north an effectual rampart was provided by the mighty Himalaya; it was there, in the extreme north-west, that external danger might be expected to manifest itself. As early as 1808, during the short-lived alliance between Napoleon and Alexander of Russia, the Indian Government had apprehended an invasion from this quarter, and despatched Sir Charles Metcalfe to the Punjab and Mountstuart Elphinstone to Cabul, to negotiate alliances in preparation for such an attack. The dread of Russian aggression has never died out since that date,—has indeed been considerably stimulated by the continued advance of Russia in Central Asia,—an advance which has at last brought her within striking distance of Herat, and to Penjdeh on the very borders of Afghanistan. The consequence has been

the formation of two 'schools' of Anglo-Indian politicians; the one, known as 'the forward school,' contending that Herat and Candahar should be occupied by British troops, and the advance of Russia encountered along the line of the Heri-Rud; the other contending that Russia can never invade India with success, that all interference in the affairs of Afghanistan is to be deprecated, and that the business of India is to remain within her own borders, which, by fortifying the passes, and adopting some other military precautions, can be rendered practically impregnable.

In 1835, however, our Indian statesmen were roused into a sudden activity. It was ascertained that the Shah of Persia, who owed his throne to our intervention, had entered into suspiciously familiar relations with 'the White Czar;' and that he was meditating the siege of Herat, one of the 'gates' of India, and an advance, it was said, upon Ghizni and Candahar. If his designs succeeded, he would approach our frontier so closely that only the Punjab would intervene between him and us. True it was that the Shah of Persia was no very formidable foe, and that his vicinity need not cause us anxiety; but the case would be altered if he were, as was generally believed, the instrument of Russia. A vision of Russian agents on the confines of the Punjab, and of Russian intrigues in the courts of the Indian native princes, disturbed the authorities at Calcutta, and they scarcely recovered their composure when the courageous resistance of the Heratees, directed by a young English officer, Lieutenant Pottinger, compelled the Shah to abandon the siege, and retreat discomfited.* For then another complication forced itself upon Lord Auckland's attention. Dost Mohamed, the ruler of Cabul, was at that time in fear of an attack from the great Sikh chief, Runjeet Singh, 'the lion of the Punjab,' and he sought assistance simultaneously from Russia, Persia, and British India.

* September 9, 1838.

Lord Auckland, who was infected with the Russophobia that then agitated the official world of India, seized eagerly upon so favourable an opportunity of establishing a mission at Cabul for the purpose of discovering and countermining the plots of Russian agents.

To conduct this projected mission the Governor-General selected Lieutenant (afterwards Sir) Alexander Burnes, a young man of great energy and force of character, though deficient, as afterwards appeared, in coolness of judgment, and too much of an enthusiast in supporting preconceived opinions against inconvenient facts. He was accompanied by Lieutenants Leech and Wood and Mr Lord; and the special objects of his mission were declared to be 'the opening the river Indus to commerce, and establishing on its banks and in the countries beyond it such relations as should contribute to the desired end.' Leaving Bombay on the 26th of November, 1836, he arrived at Cabul on the 20th of September, 1837. 'We were received,' he wrote, 'with great pomp and splendour by a fine body of Afghan cavalry, led by the Ameer's son, Akbar Khan. He did me the honour to place me upon the same elephant on which he himself rode, and conducted us to his father's court, whose reception of us was most cordial. A spacious garden close to the palace, and inside the Bala Hissar of Cabul, was allotted to the mission as their place of residence. On the 21st of September we were admitted to a formal audience by Ameer Dost Mohamed Khan, and I then delivered to him my credentials from the Governor-General of India. His reception of them was all that could be desired. I informed him that I had brought with me, as presents to his Highness, some of the rarities of Europe; he promptly replied that we ourselves were the rarities the sight of which best pleased him.'

Weeks passed away, and months succeeded months; but the Ameer and the envoy were never again on such cordial terms as on the occasion of their first interview. Dost

Mohamed, threatened by the Sikhs on one side, and by the Persians on the other, demanded material assistance—something more immediately and practically useful to him than assurances of friendship and projects of commercial intercourse. So that when a Russian agent arrived at Cabul, he was led to entertain the thought of a Russian alliance. Burnes hastened to announce the changed aspect of affairs to Lord Auckland, who was then at Simla, urging upon him the necessity of immediate action if British influence were to prevail over Russian in Afghanistan. But the Governor-General could not be induced to offer Dost Mohamed substantial help, or to hold out to him any prospect of his recovery of Peshawar. On the other hand, he was peremptorily ordered to seek a reconciliation with the Maharajah, who was declared to be the true and ancient ally of England; and he was forbidden to hold any communication with Russia, Persia, and Turkistan, though the British Government declined to protect him from the hostility he would thereby provoke. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Ameer, thus affronted and humiliated, learned to regard the British with feelings of anger and aversion.

Lord Auckland's next step was one of the most extraordinary impolicy. He and his advisers conceived the idea (as Sir John Kaye puts it) of re-establishing on the throne of Cabul the old deposed dynasty of Shah Soojah, and they picked him out of the dust of Loodiana to make him a tool and a puppet, with the nominal aid of Runjeet Singh, the Sikh leader, who was astute enough to encourage the British in a mistake which was calculated to promote his own interests. It is only fair to the memory of Burnes to record that for this unwise and unstatesmanlike movement he bore no responsibility; that it was as unjust to him as it was to Dost Mohamed; and it must be regretted that he consented to carry it out, allowing his hatred and suspicion of Russia to prevail over every consideration of good faith and prudence.

In May, 1838, Mr Macnaghten was despatched to Lahore to arrange with Runjeet Singh the conditions on which he would co-operate. His support of Shah Soojah was purchased by the pension of an annual subsidy of two lakhs of rupees, to be paid by the Shah if he recovered his throne. Mr Macnaghten then proceeded to Loodiana, where he had no difficulty in obtaining the Shah's assent to 'the tripartite treaty,' as it was called, as the Shah, to use a familiar phrase, had everything to gain and nothing to lose. So far, however, the British Government was committed only to diplomatic efforts; no mention had yet been made of a military expedition. It has often been said that 'the way to have peace in India is to send out soldiers, rather than civilians, to be governors-general'; and the saying derives considerable justification from Lord Auckland's policy. For, arguing that a campaign conducted by Shah Soojah and Runjeet Singh must prove unsuccessful and that its want of success would discredit the British Government, he resolved that a British army must accompany their forces—in other words, that our troops should cross the territories of doubtful allies, thread their way through difficult mountain-passes, and plunge into the heart of a hostile country, to place on its throne a weak and incapable prince who had no supporters among its people.

An enterprise of greater folly and wilder temerity could hardly be conceived; yet, without referring it to the consideration of the Directors of the East Indian Company, the then President of the Board of Control (Sir John Holburn, afterwards Lord Broughton) gave the scheme his official sanction. By the best authorities in India it was strongly condemned; and the opinion of the native princes in India most favourable to our government was expressed with friendly earnestness by the Khan of Kelat. 'The Khan enlarged,' wrote Burnes, 'upon the undertaking the British had embarked in, declared it to be one of vast magnitude and difficult accomplishment; that instead of

relying on the Afghan nation, our government had cast them aside, and inundated the country with foreign troops; that if it were our end to establish ourselves in Afghanistan, and give Shah Soojah the nominal sovereignty of Cabul and Candahar, we were pursuing an erroneous course; that all the Afghans were discontented with the Shah, and all Mohammedans alarmed and excited at what was passing; that day by day men returned discontented, and we might find ourselves awkwardly situated if we did not point out to Shah Soojah his errors, if they originated with him, and alter them if they sprang from ourselves; that the chief of Cabul was a man of ability and resource, and though we could easily put him down by Shah Soojah, even in our present mode of procedure, we could never win over the Afghan nation by it.' The Khan was wiser than Lord Auckland, who, however, ignored all remonstrances, and persisted in his invasion policy.

On the 11th of October, 1838, Lord Auckland issued a proclamation to the Bengal division of the Army, in which he related the particulars of our disagreement with Persia;—dwelt on the unfriendly dealings of Dost Mohamed of Cabul towards our ally, the chief of the Punjab, Runjeet Singh;—and declared that in such a state of things there could be little hope of tranquillity for our north-western provinces, and that, therefore, he had determined to depose the rulers of Cabul and Candahar, who were of an usurping race, and to place Shah Soojah on the throne.

All these statements, we are compelled to say, were either contrary to the truth or extravagantly coloured. Lord Auckland added, that the orders for the assemblage of a British army were issued with the concurrence of the Supreme Council, whereas the Council had never been consulted. The abandonment by Persia of the siege of Herat deprived the Governor-General of any reasonable plea or excuse for his bellicose policy, and dispelled all fear of

danger from Russian agents and Persian warriors. But Lord Auckland and his advisers had conceived the idea of playing a 'grand game,' and were not to be baulked. Therefore, on the 8th of November, the Governor-General, while expressing his satisfaction at the abandonment of the siege of Herat, announced that he should still prosecute with vigour the measures on which he had previously decided, in order to substitute a friendly for a hostile power in the eastern provinces of Afghanistan, and establish a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression on our north-west frontier. From first to last the Governor-General, as if blinded by some adverse destiny, did all that he ought not, and neglected all that he ought, to have done. He blundered on with a dangerous and dishonourable policy, which dealt a fatal blow to the reputation of the British Government for just dealing and scrupulous good faith.

Towards the close of November, 'the army of the Indus' assembled at Ferozepore, on the banks of the Sutlej, and was paraded before the Governor-General and Runjeet Singh. It was a picturesque spectacle, invested with much dazzling 'pomp and circumstance'; yet a sad one for thoughtful observers, who knew on how iniquitous an enterprise these serried battalions of bayonets and those brilliant squadrons of sabres and lances were unfortunately bound. The total of the forces to be employed was 21,000 effective fighting men. The Bengal column, under Sir Willoughby Cotton, which started on the 10th of December, comprised about 9500 men of all arms, 30,000 camels, and 38,000 camp followers. The Shah's army, as it was called, though led by the Company's officers, and paid from the Company's treasury, consisted of about 6000 men; and the Bombay column, under Sir John Keane, who was appointed to the command-in-chief, of 5600 men.

The expedition was accompanied by Mr Macnaghten, who was to assume office as envoy and minister at the

court of Shah Soojah. Instead of pursuing the direct route through the Punjab, it was compelled, owing to the refusal of our 'valued ally,' Runjeet Singh, to permit its transit, to descend the Indus a thousand miles to Bukkur, and thence strike northward to Cabul, by way of Candahar. In violation of the treaty of 1832 with the Ameers of Scinde, which prohibited the conveyance of military stores by the Indus or through the province, the Bengal column traversed Northern Scinde, while Sir John Keane, with the Bombay column, landed at Kurrachee, and moved up from the south. The convergence of these divisions upon Haidarabad was intended to compel the Ameers to consent to a treaty, by which they were mulcted of a large sum of money, and compelled to pay £30,000 a-year for the charge of an army of occupation. This object having been obtained, Sir Willoughby Cotton crossed the Indus at Bukkur, and on the 21st of February, 1839, effected a junction with Sir John Keane, who then assumed the command. 'The meeting,' says the historian, 'was not a very cheering one. Shah Soojah was there with his troops, who formed the centre of the army. The British forces had suffered much from the fatigues of the way, and yet more, from the attacks of the Baluchis, who by no means approved this invasion of the state which adjoined theirs on the north, by means of humbling that which lay on the east. The army was already more reduced than by a great battle. But the worst was before them. It was March, and the heat in the jungles was overpowering, while in the mountain-passes, snow drove in the soldiers' faces. The Baluchis were always like a whirlwind in flank and rear,—never in front—catching up every straggler, and sweeping off camels, provisions, and baggage. The enemy dammed up the rivers, so as to flood the plains, and the force had to wade for miles together, between dike and dike, with only the jungle in alternation.' Only a month's scanty rations remained when the army reached Dadur, at

the mouth of the Bolan Pass. This rugged gorge penetrates a range of mountains running north and south, and reaching in some places an elevation of 5793 feet. The army spent seven or eight days in clearing its defiles, though the mountaineers, controlled by the Khan of Khelat, offered little opposition. The tents that were left behind, however, and the camels and their loads, became their booty, and the troops emerged from the mountains, hungry and destitute. The van was formed by Sir Willoughby Cotton's column; the centre, under Shah Soojah, reduced from 6000 to 1500 men, and the rear, under Sir John Keane, came up with it at Quetta—now one of the advanced posts of our Indian empire—on the 6th of April. Want of provisions compelled Sir John Keane to push forward to Candahar, which was undefended, its prince having fled to join his brother at Cabul. Shah Soojah entered it, unopposed, on the 25th of April. A few shouts of 'welcome' were heard, and some individuals, probably bribed for the purpose, threw flowers in his path; and mistaking the curiosity of the populace for a warmer feeling, Mr Macnaghten assured the Governor-General that the new sovereign had been received almost with adoration. But when he was crowned, on the 8th of May, though everything was done to dignify the ceremony that military pomp permitted, and the welkin resounded with the thunderous salute of one-hundred-and-one guns, it was only too evident that the attitude of the people was one of suspicion and dislike.

For a few weeks the army remained at Candahar, waiting for the harvest to ripen, that fresh supplies of corn might be gathered in. On the 27th of June, Sir John resumed his march, and through the Turnuk Valley advanced upon Ghizni, the famous fortress of Mahmoud, whence he descended, upwards of eight centuries ago, to carry the blood-stained standard of the Crescent into the fertile plains of India. The Afghans regarded it with proud satisfaction as a virgin fortress, impregnable to every attack.

At this time it was garrisoned by 3000 men, under Dost Mohamed's son, Hyder Khan, and was provisioned for six months, and in an admirable condition of defence. Misled by erroneous information, Sir John Keane had left his battering train at Candahar, believing that Ghizni could easily be carried; but he was speedily convinced of his error. It was surrounded by a deep wet ditch, behind which rose a massive rampart, some sixty to seventy feet in height. For mining or escalade the conditions were equally unfavourable; yet a regular siege was impossible from the delay it would entail. An exact description of the defences was obtained, however, from a nephew of Dost Mohamed, who for a heavy bribe played the traitor; and Captain Thomson, the chief engineer, learning that all the gates had been blocked up except one, the Cabul, suggested that this should be forced by an explosion of gunpowder. His advice was adopted; and under cover of a stormy night, nine hundred pounds of gunpowder, packed in twelve sand bags, were placed before the gate, which was shivered into shapeless ruin by the force of the explosion. Through the breach rushed in the storming party, under Colonels Sale and Dennie; and the garrison, taken by surprise, threw down their arms. Sir John Keane was apprised by three hearty cheers of the capture of the fort; and at daybreak the British ensign took the place of the Crescent. In this gallant exploit our loss was seventeen killed and 165 wounded. About 600 of the enemy were slain, and 1600 made prisoners.

Two days later some *ghazis*, or Mohammedan fanatics, made a desperate attempt to break into Shah Soojah's camp, and murder him; but they were driven off by Captain Outram. The prisoners whom he captured were handed over to the Ameer, who ordered them to be executed, and they were accordingly cut to pieces in front of his tent.

The news of the fall of Ghizni overwhelmed Dost Mohamed. He had expected that its siege would delay

the invaders for some months, and in the interval had intended to collect his forces, hoping to crush them by sheer numbers. With the Koran in his hands, he made an animated appeal to his officers:—'For thirteen years,' he said, 'you have eaten my salt; grant me but one favour in return. Stand by the brother of Futteh Khan while he makes one last charge against these Feringhee dogs. In the battle he will fall, and you can then make your own terms with Shah Soojah.' But they were stricken with alarm at the rapidity and success of the British movements, and listened apathetically to their sovereign's fiery words. He, when he saw that they had resolved on abandoning him, parked his guns at Negundeh, fled from Cabul, and with a few faithful attendants, made towards the Hindu Kush. The British army entered Cabul; and Captain (afterwards Sir James) Outram, with eleven other officers, 250 British cavalry, and 530 Afghan cavalry, was despatched, on the 3rd of August, in pursuit of the fugitive chief. For six days and nights he followed him with grim tenacity; but his perseverance was eventually foiled by the treachery of the Afghan leader, Haji Khan Khankar, who, pretending illness, held back his troopers a march or two in the rear, and thus contrived to give the ex-Ameer a start of thirty miles. At Bameaan the pursuit was given up, and Outram returned to Cabul. Haji was duly punished for his treachery, being sent into Hindustan, and imprisoned at Chewar.

On the 7th of August, Shah Soojah, blazing with jewellery, entered Cabul in state, and was conducted to the Bala Hissar; but the populace received him with cold indifference, while his British escort called forth manifestations of hatred. Towards the end of August, his son Timur arrived, with the division under the command of Colonel Wilde, who had forced the Khyber pass, and captured the fort of Ali Musjid. Thus, to all appearance, the object of the expedition had been accomplished, and Lord

Auckland's policy seemed triumphantly justified. But the important question arose, What was to be done with the victorious army? It had successfully made its way through the rugged mountain passes, captured the strongest of the Afghan fortresses, and placed Shah Soojah on the throne of Cabul. What next—and next? In the natural order of things it should have returned at once to India; but Sir William Macnaghten,* who had been appointed 'envoy and minister' at the Afghan court, though sufficiently disposed to look at things through rose-coloured glasses, perceived that for some time to come Shah Soojah's throne would need the support of British bayonets. And this view of the case he impressed upon Lord Auckland with so much energy that the Governor-General, not without reluctance, gave orders for a portion of the invading army to remain in Afghanistan; and, accordingly, about 10,000 troops of all arms, under Sir Willoughby Cotton, were distributed in garrison in Cabul, Jellalabad, Ghizni, Candahar, and other places.

In the meantime, Dost Mohamed, who had retired into Kohistan, was busily employed in rallying around him a force of native warriors. Hunted down, however, with relentless energy, by a flying column under Sir Robert Sale, he fell back from point to point, until, on the 2nd of November, he was overtaken in the valley of Purwandura. He had with him only two or three hundred troopers, and was preparing to seek safety in flight, when a regiment of Sepoy cavalry rode down at full charge. Like a lion at bay he faced his pursuers. Baring his head, and lifting himself in his stirrups, he called on his faithful partisans, 'in the name of Allah and the Prophet,' to assist him in driving the accursed infidels from the land profaned by

* The Home Government showered rewards with a liberal hand in acknowledgment of the success of the expedition. Lord Auckland was made an Earl; Sir J. Keane became Lord Keane; Macnaghten and Pottinger received baronetcies.

their presence. And so fierce was his onset, that the Sepoys broke like reeds before a storm, and spurring from the field, left their officers to perish, sword in hand. Sir Alexander Burnes, the British political agent, who had accompanied Sale, and was a witness of the disaster, sent a hasty message to Macnaghten, that they should be obliged to fall back upon Cabul. It did not reach Sir William, however, until the following afternoon, when he was enjoying his daily ride; and he had scarcely finished reading it, when a horseman, soiled with dust, galloped up, exclaiming,—‘The Ameer is at hand!’ ‘What Ameer?’ ‘Dost Mohamed Khan!’ And almost immediately afterwards the ex-Ameer arrived, with an escort of British cavalry, and, dismounting, offered his sword to Sir William, and solicited his protection. He felt, he said, even in the hour of victory, that it would be impossible for him to struggle against the powerful British Government. Sir William handed him back his sword, and requested him to remount. They then rode together to the British cantonments. After a day or two’s rest, the ex-Ameer was sent to Calcutta. The Governor-General received him with due distinction, and granted him two lakhs a year to enable him to maintain his household on a scale commensurate with his rank.

With Dost Mohamed in gilded chains at Calcutta, every obstacle to the settlement of Afghanistan seemed removed, and Sir William Macnaghten was so far misled by the superficial tranquillity as to assure Lord Auckland that peace had been securely established. ‘The invaders rejoiced as if there were nothing hollow in this sudden conquest. . . . Sir John Keane left at Cabul a force much too small for a position so dubious; and while there were too few men, there were far too many women and children. The slightest knowledge of the character of the people ought to have shown the managers of the invasion that this was no place yet for the residence of English ladies and young children, or for thousands of helpless camp-followers hanging about

the soldiery, whose utmost efforts might be required at any moment. In the rash confidence which marked the whole series of transactions, Sir Alexander Burnes encouraged any and everybody to sit down beside him in Cabul, where he cultivated his garden, wrote gladsome letters to Scotland, and praised the people by whom he was soon to be murdered; Macnaghten never doubted about settling his wife in the same place; and other officers naturally shared in the confidence of these leaders.’

In April, 1841, Major-General Elphinstone, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Peninsular War, but was now old, infirm, irresolute, and partly imbecile, assumed the command of the army of occupation. In May, Sir Eldred Pottinger arrived from Calcutta, having been appointed political agent for Kohistan. The moment he arrived he saw, and frankly asserted, that the military force was inadequate to the duty cast upon it, and that it might be necessary at any moment to encounter a rising of the Ghilzee chiefs. Even Sir William Macnaghten admitted the truth of this, and complained that Lord Auckland had insisted upon a reduction of the allowances to those chiefs at the very moment their good-will was most needful. As a matter of fact, the deadly animosity of the Ghilzees had already been incurred by ‘a mistake’ committed some few months before, when a British officer had slaughtered a small garrison friendly to the Shah, under the belief that they were enemies. A Ghilzee chief was among the victims, and to avenge him 5000 Ghilzees were watching their opportunity.

The position of the British in Cabul was affected for the worse by the changes which took place in the Punjab. The death of Runjeet Singh who, on the whole, had proved faithful to the British alliance, had thrown the Punjab into a chaos of confusion. He had been succeeded, in June, 1839, by his son, Khurrak Singh, but as he was mentally incapable, the real power rested in the hands of *his* son, Nao

Nihal Singh. The former died of premature decay in November, 1840, and on the same day perished Nao Nihal, under singular circumstances. He had celebrated the last rites at his father's funeral pyre, and passing under a gateway with the oldest son of the vizier, Gholat Singh, when part of the structure fell, killing the young man on the spot, and injuring the prince so severely that he died a few hours afterwards. The succession was then disputed between Shar Singh and Chemd Khan; the former ultimately prevailed, and was declared Maharaja of the Punjab, but while the contention lasted, the Punjab could not be regarded as a safe and friendly country, into which the British forces in Cabul could retire, if adverse circumstances rendered retreat desirable.

Such was the condition of affairs, when, in England, Sir Robert Peel's administration came into office, and, as one of its earliest acts, recalled Lord Auckland, and appointed Lord Ellenborough in his stead. Before the new Governor-General, however, could take the reins of power into his hands, the expedition to Afghanistan had closed with a tragic catastrophe its romantic record.

The more thoughtful and observant among the British officers at Cabul had passed the summer of 1841 in deep anxiety. They were living in cantonments near the city; and so badly had their position been arranged that they were fully a mile-and-a-half from the palace-citadel of the Bala Hissar, where Shah Soojah resided, with a river between them. All the four corners of the cantonments, where imperfect defences had been constructed, were commanded by the hills or by Afghan forts; and their supplies of provisions were stored in a fort at some distance from cantonments. General Elphinstone's infirmities increased; and he called in, as his adviser, Brigadier Shelton, an officer whose great aim and desire was to return to India, and who therefore refrained from any effort to strengthen the British position. It has been well said that from the moment an

army knows itself to be ill-led, its heart and soul die out. So was it now. The officers grew moody and discouraged, as they saw the danger drawing nearer and nearer, while no preparation was being made either for defence or escape. The men were worn and weary with incessant fatigue; with bearing the insults of the natives, and with receiving frequent tidings of their comrades being picked off by roving enemies, as often as opportunity offered. The ladies occupied themselves with their gardens, which, in that temperate climate, rewarded all the pains they took. Sir Alexander Burnes gloried in his, which was attached to his house in the city; and during those last months of his life he was as confident and gay as ever. 'He had real friends among the Afghans; and these friends warned him again and again of danger—told him that he was deceived, that the ground was mined beneath his feet, and he must save himself, now or not at all.'

In the autumn of 1841, Sir William Macnaghten was appointed Governor of Bombay, and began to make preparations for leaving the country early in November. He was not, however, to escape the penalty for advising and sharing in an unjust and aggressive war. During the month of October, a league was secretly formed for the purpose of expelling the British from Afghanistan, and almost every chief of influence became a member of it. Warnings of the imminent danger continued to pour in upon both the English envoys. Mohun Lal, a Kashmir youth, who had received an English education, and was Burnes's faithful assistant, told him, on the 1st of November, 'that the confederacy had grown very high, and we should feel the consequences. He stood up from his chair, sighed, and said he knew nothing, but the time had arrived when we should leave this country.' Yet, on the same evening, Burnes called on Sir William Macnaghten, and disguising his apprehensions, congratulated him that he

would leave the country in a condition of perfect tranquillity!

For some months, the hope had been entertained that General Nott was coming up from Candahar with a well-disciplined force under his command, and with what was not less important, a clear intellect and a strong will. But he did not appear, and gradually it became known that he himself was beset by difficulties. Early in September, skirmishes had taken place frequently in the mountains north of Cabul, when parties were out collecting the revenue. In the following month, Akbar Khan, the second son of Dost Mahomed, descended from the hills, and posted himself in the Khoord Cabul Pass, ten miles from the city—that is, on the road to India. General Sale, who was on the point of taking up winter-quarters at Jellalabad, started to clear this pass. His soldiers forced it, but could not clear it, for the enemy was perched upon the rocky heights, where no guns could be brought to bear upon them; and maintained an incessant fire until General Sale's column emerged upon the open plain.

The British communications were now in the hands of Akbar Khan, and the suspense and anxiety which prevailed in the cantonments were terrible. Sometimes rumours of battle reached them, with great slaughter of the British on the road to Jellalabad, and no letters came to clear up the matter. Sometimes a messenger arrived, but he brought newspapers only,—not a written line even for the General. Occasionally, a letter or two came with a forged seal; occasionally, a letter, which itself appeared to be forged. On the 31st of October, 'no dispatches for the general,' nor private letters; but further accounts were expected on the morrow. On that morrow, 'no letters from camp, which has caused both surprise and anxiety. In the evening, as already stated, went Mohun Lal to Burnes, with his urgent but neglected warning. Early next morning [November 2] some faithful friends called on the Resident with fresh in-

formation. The first, arriving before daybreak, were not admitted, for Burnes was asleep. But when the Afghan minister, Dosman Khan, made his appearance, the servants woke their master, who hastily rose and dressed, in order to receive him. Then, indeed, he saw signs on every side, the significance of which he could not ignore. The streets were crowded with armed men; the air resounded with the roar of threatening voices. A dense ring of infuriated Afghans surrounded the Residency. Dosman Khan begged Burnes to accompany him to the British cantonments; but he was too proud and too resolute to abandon his post, and he still trusted to his personal influence over the Afghans. He could not but perceive, however, that Cabul was in a state of insurrection; and he wrote to Macnaghten at the cantonments for British troops, and to some friendly Afghan chiefs for assistance. Unhappily, too late! The mob in front of his house was raging for his blood. From a balcony in the front, attended by his brother Charles, and by his friend, Captain Proudfoot, he addressed the insurgents; but with yells of rage and hatred they overpowered his voice. At length they began to fire; and nothing remained for these three Englishmen but to show their enemies how bravely Englishmen could die. Proudfoot cut down six with his own hand before he fell. Setting fire to the stables, the assailants poured into the garden, and summoned Burnes to surrender. Appealing to their cupidity, he offered them a large sum of money if they would permit him to leave the city. Their reply was a demand that he should cease firing, and come down into the garden. A Kashmir Mohammedan, obtaining an interview with Burnes, swore solemnly on the Koran that he would conduct him and his brother to a place of safety, if he would order his guard to ground their muskets. As further resistance seemed useless, Sir Alexander consented; but no sooner were he and his brother in face of their murderous enemies than their treacherous guide exclaimed: 'This is Sekundu Burnes Sahib!' They fell

upon him, and cut him to pieces; his brother also perished.

While this tragedy was being consummated, the British army lay supine within their cantonments, about a mile and a half distant. Early in the morning Sir William Macnaghten had received information of the condition of the city, and that Sir Alexander Burnes's house was beleaguered; but he could not be induced to treat the outbreak as serious, and Elphinstone, always shrinking from active exertion, willingly agreed in this infatuated optimism. So it came to pass that a rising which, at the outset, might perhaps have been put down, was allowed to develop into formidable and fatal proportions. At length, after a disastrous delay, it was resolved to send assistance to Sir Alexander Burnes, and Brigadier Shelton's regiments were ordered to enter the city and take possession of the Bala Hissar. Valuable time was lost, however, in obtaining the Ameer's consent to this movement, and it was mid-day before the brigadier was able to set out. The Shah, it must be admitted, had acted with more vigour than the British authorities. On being apprised of the revolt, he sent his regiment of Hindustanis, under Colonel Campbell, to restore order; but that officer, instead of taking the most direct and open route, dragged his guns through the narrow and devious streets of the city, where the inhabitants contrived to block his progress. His regiment was driven back, and Brigadier Shelton arrived just in time to cover his retreat.

The standard of revolt had by this time been planted firmly, and the British were menaced with a danger which they were in no position to cope with successfully. The army was separated into two weak divisions, one of which occupied, as we have seen, the Bala Hissar, while the other lay in cantonments, a mile-and-a-half distant, with a broad canal and the river Cabul between them. The cantonments were almost incapable of defence, for they were

commanded by the neighbouring hills and buildings; the ramparts were so low that an officer backed his pony to scramble over them; and a host of camp followers occupied an area much too extensive for the limited number of troops appointed to guard it. But the fatal weakness of the situation was the incompetency of the commander, who hesitated and delayed when he should have struck, and struck promptly. Three courses were obviously open: to retreat at once to India; to remain in cantonments, keeping up a vigorous defence until assistance arrived; or to crowd into the Bala Hissar, sacrificing the horses, and there await relief. Either of these was dangerous, but either would have saved the army from annihilation, and the British flag from shame. But no decision was taken; nothing was done. Things went from bad to worse. The fort containing the commissariat stores was lost through the General's indecision; which made itself so conspicuous that, on the 9th of November, Brigadier Shelton was recalled from the Bala Hissar to infuse a little energy into the actions of the military authorities. The Brigadier was a man of iron nerve, brilliant courage, and strong will; but he was also a man of imperious temper, who sought to take into his own hands the supreme direction of affairs. Hence a desperate quarrel between him and his aged commander; and the two generals, allowing their private feuds to dominate over their public duties, opposed each other at every point. When both Macnaghten and Elphinstone would have adopted the Ameer's judicious advice, that the whole army should be concentrated within the Bala Hissar,—a strong strategical position, capable of being easily defended, Shelton was strenuous in his opposition, and insisted that the army should retire upon Jellalabad.

On the morning of the 10th, the Afghans, mustering in force on the contiguous heights, discharged volleys of *feu de joie*, and filled the air with tumultuous shouts of defiance. They seized upon several forts near the cantonments, which

enabled them to harass the British with a continuous fire. As one of them, the Pika-Bashee, was within musket-shot of the British position, so that the Afghan marksmen coolly picked off our artillerists at their guns, Macnaghten persuaded General Elphinstone to order Shelton to attack it with a force of about 2000 men of all arms. 'I was occupied,' says Shelton, 'in telling off the force about 10 A.M., when I heard Elphinstone say to his aide-de-camp: "I think we had better give it up!"' The latter replied, "Then why not countermand it at once?" which was done, and I returned, as you may conceive, disgusted with such vacillation.' Fresh pressure being applied by the enemy, Elphinstone again ordered an attack, but in the interval the enemy had strengthened their defences, and though the fort was eventually carried, the operation cost 200 killed and wounded.

Discouraged by these incessant differences between the military commanders, Macnaghten made an attempt to purchase from the Afghan chiefs a secure retreat for the British forces; but his offers of two, three, and even five lakhs of rupees were coldly rejected. On the 13th, the enemy assembled on the Behmaroo Hills, and cannonaded the British camp. The envoy wished them dislodged; but neither Elphinstone nor Shelton would act until Macnaghten assumed the responsibility. Then the Brigadier sallied forth, and, from dawn until far into the day, was hotly engaged. His soldiers were victorious, but the enemy speedily re-assembled in their commanding position. On the 23rd the attack was repeated. Shelton, with his usual impetuosity, carried the hills, and posted himself on the north-eastern extremity, overhanging the village of Behmaroo. He took with him only one gun; but this was skilfully and steadily worked, until rendered unserviceable by the overheating of the vent. The British movements had been seen from the city; and soon after daybreak the plain was covered with thousands of the enemy, who either re-occupied

the village or seized an opposite hill, from which their musketry was incessant and destructive. Leaving five companies in position, Shelton led the remainder of his troops, with one gun, to a point near the brow of the hill, over a deep gorge, where the enemy had mustered in greatest force. Unhappily, the one gun soon proved useless; and our men were compelled to meet the far-reaching Afghan matchlocks with their worn-out and short-range muskets, which did but little execution. They maintained their ground, however, until a body of Afghans, who had lain concealed in the gorge, crept up the hill-side, and suddenly fell upon their flank. Taken by surprise, and spent with hunger and fatigue, our men gave way. 'Shelton, who ever in the midst of danger, stood with iron courage exposed to the thickest fire of the enemy, vainly called upon his men to charge. Not a man brought down his bayonet to the position which the English soldier knows to assume when he sees the enemy before him. The Afghans had planted a standard upon the hill, only some thirty yards from the British squares; and now an officer proclaimed a reward, equal in the eyes of the common Sepoy to a year's pay, to anyone who would advance and take it. But not a man responded to the appeal. A great fear was upon them all. The officers stood up like brave men, and hurled stones at the advancing enemy. But nothing seemed to infuse courage into our panic-stricken troops.'

They were thoroughly demoralized, and had lost confidence in themselves, in each other, and in their commanders. With so much haste was their retreat conducted, and with such vigour did the enemy press the pursuit, that Afghans and British got mixed up together, and the Afghans might easily have poured into and captured the cantonments, if they had realised the full measure of their success. But the chiefs drew off their men and marched back to Cabul, contented with their victory.

As the army had lost all heart and courage, all unity

and discipline, one of two alternatives must needs be adopted; either that occupation of the Bala Hissar which Shah Soojah had already suggested, or a renewal of the negotiations with the insurgent chiefs. The latter was decided upon, and, after some delay, two Afghan leaders arrived to consult with the envoy. Their demand, that the British should surrender at discretion, giving up their arms, ammunition, and treasure, was at once refused. Then came another period of delay, but as the British supplies were rapidly diminishing, and the shadow of approaching famine impended over the army, Macnaghten, on the 11th of December, had a second interview with the Afghan chiefs, and finally agreed, though with a heavy heart, to the following conditions:—

That the British troops at Cabul, Jellalabad, Ghizni, and Candahar should evacuate the country, receiving the fullest assistance in carriage and provisions.

That Shah Soojah should be allowed to accompany the British troops, or remain in Afghanistan, as he might prefer.

That on the arrival of the British troops at Peshawar, Dost Mohamed, his family, and all Afghans detained in India, should be set at liberty; that the army was to quit the cantonment in three days, and in the meantime to receive ample supplies of provisions, for which due payment was to be made; and, finally, that four British officers were to be given up as hostages for the fulfilment of those conditions.

Seldom has a British army been called upon to assent to terms so humiliating; but the reproach does not lie with Macnaghten so much as with the unwise policy of which he was the instrument. And it must be remembered that his hands had been tied by the vacillation and incompetency of the military authorities. Unfortunately, humiliating as these terms were, the British failed to secure from the Afghans a faithful interpretation of them; and the ink

with which the treaty was signed had hardly time to dry, before they prepared to violate its conditions. The Bala Hissar was evacuated on the 13th, and its garrison retired to the cantonments; but the Afghans harassed them incessantly on the road, and destroyed a considerable portion of the stores. Provisions were supplied in such small quantities, that our troops suffered severely from hunger. Frequently they were intercepted by the rabble of fanatics and robbers, who surrounded the cantonments; these, however, a whiff of grape-shot might have dispersed, had the British commander been gifted with a particle of energy.

The end of this tragical chapter of errors was fast approaching. The forts around the cantonments were given up; then might you have seen the painful spectacle of the boastful Afghans, sitting on the walls which overlooked the British quarters, and mocking at the humiliation of the British flag. But the departure of the army was still delayed; the chiefs withholding the promised supplies of provisions and beasts of burden; and Sir William Macnaghten tarrying in the hope of reinforcements coming up from Candahar, which might enable him to turn the tables on his enemies. Graver mistake was never made! Had the army begun its retreat immediately on the signature of the treaty, and by forced marches hurried through the passes, no doubt it would have reached Jellalabad in safety, and a dark chapter would have been wanting in our military annals. But the delay proved fatal. The very elements seemed to conspire against our countrymen; on the 18th of December snow began to fall, and to fall so thickly that, before sunset, it lay several inches deep on the ground. Accepting this warning, Sir William, next day, despatched orders for the evacuation of Ghizni, Jellalabad, and Candahar, and made a fresh attempt to compass his objects by diplomacy. While openly negotiating with the Barukzyes and their leader, Akbar Khan—the younger son of

Dost Mohamed, of whom mention has already been made—he secretly endeavoured to bribe the Ghilzees and the Kuzzilbashs to espouse the cause of Shah Soojah and the British. This was a dangerous game for even a player with Oriental skill and subtlety; in Macnaghten's less cunning hands it proved a failure. There can be no manner of doubt that the Afghans detected his double-dealing, and that it precipitated the catastrophe.

On the evening of December 22, Akbar Khan sent Major Skinner, his prisoner, with two vakeels, to submit to Sir William Macnaghten new proposals. These were of so fair a character that the envoy forgot or made light of a warning he had secretly received, that a snare was being laid for his destruction, and that it would be fatal to treat separately with the young Barukzye chief. He hastened to accept them, though their extreme favourableness should have awakened his suspicions. This was their effect:—That Akbar Khan and the Ghilzees should unite with the British, and attack the fort of Mohamed Khan; that the British army should remain until the spring, and then retire voluntarily; that Shah Soojah should enjoy the title of Ameer, and Akbar Khan become his vizier, with an annuity from the British Government of four lakhs of rupees and an immediate payment of thirty lakhs.

Next morning Macnaghten revealed his new treaty to General Elphinstone and Captain Mackenzie, both of whom denounced it as an imposture and a trap, and endeavoured to dissuade him from attending a conference which Akbar Khan had suggested. 'Let me alone for that,' replied the envoy, 'dangerous though it be; if it succeeds, it is worth all risks; the rebels have not fulfilled one article of the treaty, and I have no confidence in them, if by it we can only save our honour, all will be well. At any rate, I would rather suffer a hundred deaths than live the last six weeks over again.' He added a request to the general that he would get ready two regiments and a couple of guns as

speedily and as quietly as possible, for the capture of Mohamed Khan's fort. At noon, accompanied by Captains Trevor, Mackenzie, and Lawrence, and escorted by sixteen horsemen, the doomed man set out on his fatal expedition.

Near the bank of the Cabul river, and about six hundred yards from the cantonments, rose some small hillocks, and on the further side, where the snow lay less thickly than on other parts, Akbar Khan's servants had spread some horse-cloths. The British officers exchanged greetings with the Afghan sirdars, and conversed for a short time on horseback. Sir William presented a beautiful and spirited Arab to Akbar Khan, who received it with many expressions of gratitude, and at the same time returned thanks for a gift of pistols sent to him on the preceding day. Dismounting, the whole party then repaired to the hillside, where Macnaghten stretched himself full length upon the bank, with Trevor and Mackenzie sitting beside him. The conference opened with a question from Akbar Khan, who sat on the other side of the envoy: Was he ready to carry out the proposal of the preceding evening? 'Why not?' said Macnaghten. The increasing numbers of armed Afghans at this time excited the suspicions of Lawrence and Mackenzie, who protested that if the conference were to be a private one, the intruders ought to be removed. Thereupon some of the chiefs lashed out with their whips at the narrowing circle; but Akbar Khan remarked that their presence did not signify, as all were in the secret with him.

Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips when the envoy and his companions were roughly seized from behind. A scene of terrible confusion followed. The officers were compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief, and were soon running the gauntlet of a mob of fanatics, who struck at them as they passed. Unfortunately Captain Trevor lost his seat, and was cut to pieces.

Lawrence and Mackenzie, however, contrived to reach Mohamed Khan's fort.

A desperate struggle took place between Macnaghten and Akbar Khan. Eye-witnesses tell us that their countenances could never be forgotten by those who saw them. Macnaghten's charged with 'horror and astonishment,' Akbar's with 'diabolical ferocity.' The only words Macnaghten was heard to utter were 'Az borac khoda' (for God's sake). Exasperated past all control (it is said) by the resistance of his victim, whom he intended only to seize and detain as a hostage, the Afghan drew a pistol from his girdle, and shot him through the body. Whether he died on the spot, or whether he was slain by the infuriated natives, who had pressed eagerly forward, is not known; but these ferocious fanatics flung themselves on the prostrate body and hacked it to pieces with their knives. They made a plaything of his head, with its green spectacles, and held up one of his severed hands at the prison-windows of the officers whom the intervention of the Afghan chiefs had rescued.

Even this gloomy tragedy infused no activity into the councils of the British commanders; nor could Pottinger, who succeeded to Macnaghten's post, persuade them to adopt a bold and resolute movement. To get out of Afghanistan, by some arrangement with the Afghan chiefs, seemed their one aim and object. A new treaty was negotiated, in spite of Major Pottinger's remonstrances, which conceded the surrender of all the new and spare muskets and guns, except six, and arranged for the detention of General Sale, his wife, and daughter, and all other officers of rank, who were married and had families, as hostages. On the 26th, letters arrived from Peshawar and Jellalabad, with the news that Lord Auckland was hurrying up reinforcements from India, and imploring them to hold their ground. As it was known that the Afghan chiefs were quarrelling with

one another, the major again urged the generals to throw aside their delusive treaties, and either fling themselves into the Bala Hissar, or cut their way down to Jellalabad. But he was again defeated. Profoundly mortified, he proceeded with the negotiation, but refused to complete the pecuniary arrangements without the presence of Captain Lawrence, the late envoy's secretary. He was accordingly released, and on the 29th of December, came into cantonments, where he drew bills upon the Indian Government for fourteen lakhs of rupees. But as he made them payable after the safe arrival of the army at Peshawar, which the chiefs professed to guarantee, he left it open to the Government to repudiate them. The next step was the surrender of the guns, an indignity which even the generals felt like a stroke of mortal pain, and afterwards, the hostages were delivered up, namely,—Captains Walsh and Drummond, and Lieutenants Webb and Warburton,—besides Lieutenants Conolly and Airey, who were already prisoners. On their part, the Afghan chiefs released Major Skinner and Captain Mackenzie. The ratified treaty, to which were attached the seals of eighteen of the Afghan chiefs, was sent in on the 4th of January, but with it came messages from friendly Afghans, that preparations were being made to attack the British as soon as they were clear of their cantonments, and that Akbar Khan had sworn to annihilate all but one soldier, who was to be allowed to carry to Jellalabad, the dark tidings of the destruction of the British army.

On the morning of the 6th of January, 1842, General Elphinstone's battalions, about 4500 strong, with 11,000 camp-followers, marched out of camp, and began their retreat towards the Indus.

Two hours after midnight, the rear guard, which had been under arms since eight in the morning, encamped on the right bank of the river, near Begramee. They had had a sharp skirmish with the enemy, and had left fifty of their

comrades dead or dying on the snow. Though their march had covered only five or six miles, their experiences had been such as to fill the minds of the generals with the gloomiest apprehensions of future disaster. Dying wretches, stricken by the terrible cold, lay huddled up in the roadway. The feeble children of India, unused to so severe a climate, perished like flies. Even the Sepoys fell on the line of march, but, preserving the instincts of discipline, awaited death in silence. Major Pottinger had advised that all the old horse clothing, and similar material, should be cut into strips, and rolled around the feet and ankles of the soldiers, after the Afghan fashion, as a protection against the snow. But this simple precaution was ignored by the authorities; and in a few hours the frost did its cruel work effectually.

To some extent, though necessarily on a smaller scale, the British retreat copied the painful features of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Here is Sir John Kaye's vigorous description of its more painful incidents:—

'The night,' he says, 'was one of suffering and horror. The snow lay deep on the ground. There was no order—no method in anything that was done. The different regiments encamped anywhere. Soldiers and camp-followers were huddled together in one inextricable mass of suffering humanity. Horses, camels, and baggage ponies were mixed up confusedly with them. Nothing had been done to render more endurable the rigour of the northern winter. The weary wretches lay down to sleep,—some never rose again; others awoke to find themselves crippled for life by the biting frost.

'The morning dawned, and without any orders, without any attempt to restrain them, the camp-followers and baggage struggled on ahead, and many of the Sepoys went with them. Discipline was fast disappearing. The regiments were dwindling down to the merest skeletons. It was no

longer a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight. The enemy were pressing on our rear, seizing our baggage, capturing our guns, cutting up all in their way. Our soldiers, weary, feeble, and frost-bitten, could make no stand against the fierce charges of the Afghan horsemen. It seemed that the whole rear guard would be speedily cut off. All thoughts of effectual resistance were at an end. There was nothing now to be hoped for but from the forbearance of the Afghan chiefs.'

Had this ill-fated army pushed on with full speed, and cleared the mountain passes, it is possible that a considerable number of lives might have been saved. But, with strange indifference to the critical nature of his position, the general halted the second night at Batkahl. Akbar then appeared on the scene with 600 horsemen, and demanded additional hostages as security for the evacuation of Jellalabad. Major Pottinger and Captains Lawrence and Colin Mackenzie, were placed in his hands, and the doomed army resumed its fatal march, entering the stupendous mountain-gorge of the Khurd-Kabul. Seldom is this rugged ravine, throughout its five miles of rocky sinuosities, visited by the rays of the sun; and in its gloom brawls a mountain torrent, which the road crosses and re-crosses eight-and-twenty times. Within its jaws the confused mass of soldiers and camp-followers was attacked by the fanatical Ghilzees, who openly disobeyed the commands of Akbar Khan; and there three thousand poor wretches, it is said, perished by the enemy's fire, or fell from sheer exhaustion, and were butchered by Afghan knives. Painful it is to remember through these bloody shambles rode delicately-nurtured English ladies, on horseback or in camel-panniers, vainly endeavouring to keep watch over their children, and losing them too often in the wild disorder of the interrupted march.

Weary and hungry, the fugitives passed another night in the snow. In the morning reappeared Akbar Khan,

offering a supply of provisions, and advising the general to halt. In spite of the remonstrances of Brigadier Shelton and his officers, he adopted the insidious counsel and wasted an entire day, when a swift march could have carried the troops clear of the mountain snows. Akbar also offered to take charge of the English ladies and their children, and convey them to Peshawar; and as this seemed the best chance of their speedy deliverance, the offer was accepted. Lady Macnaghten, Lady Sale, nine other ladies, and fifteen children, together with eight married officers, were given into his hands. Thus they had the good fortune to escape the calamity that befell so many of their countrymen.

Next morning, the 10th, the remains of the British force resumed the weary march to Jellalabad. By this time discipline had almost ceased to exist. Soldiers and camp-followers rushed pell-mell to the front. The Sepoys had flung away their muskets, and thought of nothing but flight. Without aim or object they rushed forward despairingly, scarcely knowing wherefore or whether; while ever and anon the Afghans, with their long knives flashing, swept in among the confused and panic-stricken crowd of fugitives, slaying them like sheep. 'A narrow gorge between the precipitous spurs of two hills' became the scene of a hideous massacre, and was soon choked up with the dead and dying. Not a solitary Sepoy survived. The British were reduced to about fifty horse artillerymen, with one howitzer gun, some 250 men of the 44th, and 150 cavalry troopers. Thus, of the 15,000 soldiers and camp-followers who marched out of the Cabul cantonments, three-fourths had perished?

Elphinstone sent an officer to Akbar Khan to reproach him with his breach of faith, and to call upon him to put a stop to the butchery. He professed himself unable to control the Ghilzees, unless the British threw down their arms, and placed themselves under his protection. This last and bitterest drop in the cup of humiliation, of which he had

drank so deeply, Elphinstone refused; and what was left of the once victorious 'Army of the Indus' slowly descended the steep declivity of the Haft-Kotul into a narrow defile, crowded with the dead bodies of the hapless wretches who had hurried on in advance of the column. The enemy assailed the rear with a heavy fire, until Shelton turned at bay with a few Europeans, and by his courage and energy gained time for the column to get clear of the defile.

On their arrival at Jugdulluk, fresh negotiations were opened with Akbar Khan, who promised to supply the fainting troops with water and provisions, if Generals Elphinstone and Shelton gave themselves up as hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad. No alternative offered itself, and this final indignity was accepted. But it then appeared that Akbar was really unable to restrain the fanatical fury of the Ghilzees, who heeded neither his promises nor his threats, his entreaties nor his commands. At eight o'clock on the evening of the 12th, the remnant of the army, about 125 men, resumed the fatal march; but on reaching the Jugdulluk Pass, found its mouth blockaded with a barrier of bushes and branches. In this *impasse* our British soldiers vindicated the old renown of 'the flag' by their stubborn courage, and, though almost overwhelmed by the hostile masses, and hampered by the shrieking crowd of camp-followers, a score of officers and some five-and-forty of the rank and file cut their way through to Gandamuk. There another stand was made; but the diminished band of heroes could not prevail against overpowering odds, and, with the exception of two officers and a few privates, who were taken prisoners, they fell, as English soldiers should fall, sword in hand, and with their faces to the foe.

Meanwhile, seven officers and five privates had pushed on from Surkhab, which lies between Jugdulluk and Gandamuk, in advance of the column. One by one they dropped by the wayside, until their number was reduced to six. These, Captains Bellew, Collyer, and Hopkins, Lieu-

tenant Bird, and Drs Harpur and Brydone, reached Futtehabad, which is only sixteen miles from Jellalabad, so that their escape seemed certain. Some of the neighbouring peasants, taking pity upon them, came out of their huts, and offered them food. Exhausted and half famished, they halted to partake of it. Unhappily, the delay gave time for the armed inhabitants of the town to sally forth and attack them. Bellew and Bird were immediately cut down. The others rode for their lives, but, with the exception of Dr Brydone, were overtaken, when within four miles of safety.

His deliverance is one of the most pathetic incidents in our military history. A living artist, Mrs Butler, has commemorated it on eloquent canvas, but it still awaits—what, to us, it seems so well to merit—fitting record by our poets.

The English soldiers who kept guard on the ramparts of Jellalabad saw in the distance—about noon on the 17th of January—a solitary horseman, slowly and painfully staggering across the open plain, and wondered among themselves who this jaded traveller might be. As he drew nearer, it became evident that the weary animal he rode could scarcely stumble further on its way, and that he himself was worn and wan, like one who had suffered greatly. A party was sent forth to his assistance. His name was soon known and his tale told—the dark, the appalling tale of the destruction of an army! He was Dr Brydone, and the sole survivor, one hundred and twenty prisoners excepted, of the fifteen thousand fighting-men and camp-followers who, eleven days before, had marched out of Cabul.

The earliest acts of Lord Ellenborough were necessarily directed towards the settlement of affairs in Afghanistan. Lord Auckland had bequeathed to his successor a deplorable legacy—the restoration of the prestige of our arms—in other words, another war of invasion and aggression to undo the evil results of the late iniquitous war. It was supposed to be essential—and perhaps it was—to the security

of our rule in India, that we should chastise the Afghans for having defended their liberties against our unjust encroachments. It has been well said that, 'for purposes of our own—foolish purposes, as it happens—we invaded their country; forced on them a sovereign whom they hated, and who had actually no party among them; invited aggression from them by our weakness and supineness; melted away under their aggression; and at last poured in upon them with overwhelming forces—blew up their strongholds, razed their cities, hunted their mountain population like vermin, burning, slaying, and ravaging; and then withdrew, giving them leave to place upon the throne the very ruler we had come to depose.' In this brief sentence is summed up the whole history of the Afghan War. We did a great wrong, and then set to work to avenge our errors and our mistakes on the people whom we had wronged. There are many black pages in the history of our Indian Empire, but none so black as those which treat of the two Afghan campaigns—the campaign of aggression and the campaign of retribution.

Of the various positions in Afghanistan which, as shown in the preceding pages the invading forces had occupied, Ghiznee alone was surrendered. Though the Cabul division, under Elphinstone, had perished in the mountain-defiles, and only one survivor had reached in safety an English garrison, Candahar was resolutely held by General Nott, and Jellalabad by General Sale, who gallantly sustained a vigorous blockade, in the conviction that a relieving army would be despatched by the Indian authorities. Even before the departure of Lord Auckland, all the troops that could be spared from Northern India had been pushed forward to Peshawar; and Lord Ellenborough, on taking up the reins of office, infused an extraordinary activity into the necessary military operations.

The command of the so-called 'army of retribution,' designed to relieve and bring away our garrisons, and

punish the Afghans for their 'cruelty' and 'treachery,' was entrusted to a very capable officer, General Pollock. He arrived at Peshawar on the 5th of February. Two months later, having spent the interval in collecting reinforcements and improving the discipline of the troops, he left Peshawar, with 8000 men, to undertake the relief of Jellalabad. His line of advance included the formidable Khyber Pass, which no man had ever before traversed in the face of an enemy. It was defended by 10,000 Khyberees, but Pollock's skilful dispositions, and the steady courage of his men, triumphed over their opposition and over the physical obstacles. Dividing his army into three columns, he ordered the right and left wing to scale the heights on either side, and sweep them clear of the enemy, while he led the centre into the pass itself. His plan was as brilliantly executed as it was well conceived. The British infantry clambered up the rugged cliffs, and poured a heavy fire upon the Khyberees, who, surprised and disconcerted, took to flight; while Pollock's column destroyed the barrier erected at the mouth of the pass, and forced its way to Ali Musjid. This splendid feat of arms was accomplished with a loss of only 14 killed, 104 wounded, and 17 missing.

Ali Musjid was attacked and captured on April 6th. Pollock was then in command of the whole stretch of the Khyber and of the road to Jellalabad.

Here we must pause for a moment to glance at the position of affairs in the west. Fierce fighting had not ceased around Candahar, from which the Afghan chiefs made vigorous efforts to expel General Nott. Early in March their investment was felt to be so harassing that the general, leaving a garrison of 2600 men in the city, sallied forth with the rest of his army, and dealt such a crushing blow at the enemy, that, though 12,000 strong, with one half cavalry and well mounted, he compelled them to retreat hastily across the rivers Turnuk and Urgundeh. Following them up, he overtook them on the 9th, and by

an effective use of his artillery, dispersed them in all directions.

During his absence, a strong body of Afghans came suddenly upon Candahar. Major Lane, who had been left in command, made immediate preparations to receive them; but, under cover of the darkness, they contrived to approach and set fire to the Herat gate. The major at once reinforced its defence, and opened a destructive cannonade, which the enemy returned with spirit, while some of the more daring tore down the burning fragments, and contrived to effect an entrance. These, however, were at once bayoneted; and about midnight, after a contention of four hours, in which they suffered severely, the enemy retired. Towards the end of April the security of Candahar was established by the arrival of Brigadier General England and Colonel Agnew with reinforcements.

Turning to Cabul, we find that, after the departure of the British, Shah Soojah for a time held undisturbed sway; but when he quitted the Bala Hissar to take the command of a military expedition, it was seized by the Barukzye Sirdars, and in the conflict that thereupon ensued, Shah Soojah was murdered. His son, Futteh Jung, recovered possession of the Cabul citadel, but, on the approach of Akbar Khan, was compelled to surrender it. He was allowed to retain the title and pomp of Ameer, on condition that the sovereign authority was exercised by Akbar as his vizier. Of this subordinate and shadowy position he soon grew weary, and escaping the surveillance of his 'mayor of the palace,' fled to the camp of General Pollock.

To that veteran commander and his army we now return. Considerable delay was experienced by Pollock through the vacillations of the Governor-General, to which we shall presently refer. After his arrival at Jellalabad on the 16th, his further advance was forbidden, and it was not until the following August that he was permitted to resume operations. Two days before his entry into the town,

General Sale had gained a signal victory over Akbar Khan, which we must not pass unnoticed. Having resolved to attack and break up Akbar Khan's camp, and relieve Jelalabad from the blockade which pressed upon it with such severity, Sale formed his troops into three columns, the centre mustering 500 bayonets, and the right and left about 360 each, with orders to move at daybreak. 'The artillery,' says Sale, 'advanced at the gallop, and directed a heavy fire upon the Afghan centre, whilst two of the columns of infantry penetrated the line near the same point, and the third forced back its left from its support on the river, into the stream of which some of his horse and foot were driven. The Afghans made repeated attempts to check our advance by a smart fire of musketry, by throwing forward heavy bodies of horse, and by opening upon us three guns from a battery screened by a garden wall, and said to have been served under the personal superintendence of the sirdar. But in a short time they were dislodged from every point of their position, their cannon taken, and their camp involved in a general conflagration. The battle was over, and the enemy in full retreat, by about 7 A.M. We have made ourselves masters of two cavalry standards, re-captured four guns lost by the Cabul and Gandamuk forces, the restoration of which to our government is matter of much honest exultation among our troops, seized and destroyed a great quantity of material and ordnance stores, and burnt the whole of the enemy's tents. In short, the defeat of Mohamed Akbar, in open field, by the troops whom he had boasted of blockading, has been complete and signal. The enemy suffered severely. . . . The field of battle was strewn with the bodies of men and horses, and the richness of the trappings of some of the latter seemed to attest that persons of distinction had been among the casualties. The loss on our side was small. Eight privates of the 13th Native Infantry, and two of the 35th Native

Infantry, were killed. Three officers and about fifty men were wounded.'

While our soldiers were thus at issue with their Afghan enemies, Lord Ellenborough's mind was given over to perplexity. He was a man of buoyant spirits and much intellectual exaltation so long as he basked in the sunshine of prosperity; but adverse changes of fortune depressed him greatly. Having received information of a defeat sustained by Brigadier England at Hykulzye and of his retirement upon Quetta, he shrank from the hazard of a second advance into Afghanistan; and, on April 19th, unexpectedly announced to the Commander-in-Chief his resolution to withdraw the armies of Generals Nott and Pollock at the earliest possible date, to the points which would secure their communication with India. Instructions were given to General Nott to evacuate Candahar and retreat to the Indus, after demolishing the defences and blowing up the gateways. The Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Jasper Nicholls, who had never approved of the Afghan expedition, was directed to recall General Pollock's army to Peshawar, but the Governor-General thrust upon him the responsibility of determining whether 'the troops, redeemed from the state of peril in which they had been placed in Afghanistan, and it may still be hoped not without the infliction of some severe blow on the Afghan army, it would be justifiable again to put them forward for no other object than that of avenging our losses, and re-establishing our military character in all its original brilliancy.' Sir Jasper Nicholls availed himself of this latitude, to order the immediate withdrawal of General Pollock's army to Peshawar, unless he had brought negotiations for the release of the prisoners to such a climax that they would be endangered by the retirement of the troops, or had reason to expect an attack from Cabul.

General Pollock strenuously represented that their retire-

ment in the then position of affairs would be regarded as a virtual defeat, and would destroy the already shaken prestige of the British arms. He protested also against the abandonment of measures for the recovery of the prisoners. And he added that, for the present, and perhaps for some months, the want of carriage cattle would prevent him from quitting Jellalabad. This ingenious suggestion furnished him with an excuse for holding his ground until, as he hoped, another change in Lord Ellenborough's views permitted his advance. In reply, the Governor-General agreed to his remaining at Jellalabad until October; and Pollock proceeded to make the best use of the time at his disposal by pressing forward negotiations for the ransom of the British prisoners.

When it became known that Lord Ellenborough had ordered the evacuation of Afghanistan, the Anglo-Indian community gave expression to feelings of the strongest indignation. The turmoil had its effect on the mind of the Governor-General, especially as the Court of Directors and the British Government were of opinion that the prisoners should be released by force of arms, and the honour of the flag vindicated, before we retired from the country. But having committed himself to the 'withdrawal policy,' he was seriously at a loss for some device by which to preserve, if only nominally, his reputation for consistency, while he vindicated the fame of the arms of England. That which he finally adopted has not unjustly been described as 'unparalleled, perhaps, in the political history of the world.' He ordered Pollock and Nott to advance, while giving out that this forward movement was really a retirement from Afghanistan. On the 4th of July he despatched two letters to General Pollock and two to General Nott, in which he repeated that the withdrawal of the British armies across the Indus was the main object of his policy, but intimated that Nott, if so disposed, might retire from Candahar by way of Ghiznee, Cabul, and Jellalabad, and that Pollock

might assist the retreat of Nott by moving forward upon Cabul.

'It was fortunate for Lord Ellenborough and for the country,' in Sir John Kaye's opinion, 'that he had to deal at this time with men who thought more of the honour of Great Britain than of their own safety; and who did not shrink from responsibility if, by incurring it, they had a chance of conferring great and lasting benefits upon the government which they served, and the nation which they represented.' They did not refuse to assume the responsibility which Lord Ellenborough unjustly imposed upon them. Confident in the spirit of their fighting-men, provided with adequate equipment, and agreed upon a plan of operations which was to bring both armies to Cabul simultaneously, they prepared to advance.

On the 10th of August, Pollock left Jellalabad at the head of 8000 men. At Jugdulluk he fought a fierce but successful action with the Ghilzees, driving them with great slaughter from heights apparently inaccessible. This severe repulse alarmed the Afghans, and its impression was deepened by the celerity and boldness of Pollock's movements. Despatching his prisoners and hostages into Turkistan, Akbar Khan, with the principal Afghan chiefs and their followers, resolved to encounter the British advance at the pass of Tezeer, which, a few months before, had been the scene of so terrible a massacre. He mustered 16,000 men, and drew them up on ground of considerable strength. On the 13th Pollock came up with them, and resolved on an immediate attack. His soldiers burned with the desire of victorious battle; and it was evident that for all arms there was almost an equal chance of gaining distinction—the cavalry on the plain, the infantry on the hills, which were alive with Afghan marksmen, and the artillery everywhere.

The Afghan horse poured into the valley; whereupon

Pollock let loose his British troopers, who, supported by native cavalry, soon drove them afar in bewildered rout, and pursued them with restless sabres. Our infantry, in the teeth of the Afghan matchlocks, charged up the steep acclivities, and fixing bayonets, rushed at their enemy with a shout that told of coming victory. Bravely as the Afghans met the shock, it proved beyond their strength to resist; and flying from crag to crag, they soon broke their order, and became a disorganised rabble. But when they gained the summit-ridge they feebly rallied, and seeking such covert as the ground afforded, continued the fight, each for his own hand, firing their matchlocks with savage persistency. Desperate was the effort to keep back the sons of England from the heights of the Haft-Kotul; but on that day their stern, resolved courage was not to be denied. They mounted the Haft-Kotul; and on gaining the top of that stupendous ascent broke out into three exultant cheers, well pleased with what they had done that day, as, indeed, they had a right to be.

'A more decisive victory,' says Kaye, 'was never gained. The Afghan chiefs had brought out their best fighting-men against us. They had done their best to turn the difficulties of the country to good account against the strangers. Their people were at home in those tremendous defiles, whilst few of our troops had ever seen them; few were accustomed to the kind of warfare which now alone could avail. There was everything to stir into intense action all the energies of the Barukzye chief and his followers. They were fighting in defence of their hearths and altars; the very existence of the nation was at stake. It was the last hope of saving the capital from the grasp of an avenging army. But with everything to stimulate and everything to aid him, Akbar Khan could offer no effectual resistance to the advance of Pollock's retributory force. The Afghans were fairly beaten on their own ground, and in their own peculiar style of warfare. It has been often said that our

troops were maddened by the sight of the skeletons of their fallen comrades, and that they were carried on by the irrepressible energy of revenge. It is true that all along the line of country, from Gandamak to Khurd-Kabul, there rose up before the eyes of our advancing countrymen hideous evidence of the January massacre, enough to kindle the fiercest passions in the hearts of the meekest men. But I believe that if no such ghastly spectacles had lain in the path of the advancing army, the forward feeling would have glowed as strongly in the breast of every soldier of Pollock's forces.'

Swiftly and surely the victorious general pressed on to the formidable pass of the Khurd-Kabul. He threw out detachments of infantry to seize the heights, but the enemy, beaten and disheartened, had made no effort to secure them. On the 14th he arrived at Butkhuk; and, next day, pitched his tents on the race ground of Cabul. On the 16th, with his staff, and a strong escort, he entered the Bala-Hissar; and soon, amid ringing cheers and the well-known sounds of England's national anthem, the British standard was planted on its summit.

Our narrative now returns to General Nott.

So soon as he had received Lord Ellenborough's 'permissive' despatch of the 4th of July, and concerted a detailed plan of operations with General Pollock at Jellalabad, Nott prepared 'to retire to India by way of Cabul.' Sending back Brigadier England with a portion of his army and the heavy guns, he evacuated Candahar on the 7th of August, leaving it in the hands of Sufder Jung, the son of Shah Soojah. It may here be noted that the inhabitants witnessed the departure of the British with regret, so admirable had been the conduct, and so perfect the discipline of our troops. Nott met with but little opposition as he advanced upon Ghaznee, where the citadel was found in excellent condition, but the town in a state of ruin. The

fortifications were immediately blown up, and all the timber-work set on fire; the flames which reddened heaven throughout the night proclaiming far and wide the signal vengeance of the British. Here were found the so-called 'gates of Somnauth,' which, according to tradition, had been carried away from their original site at Guzerat to adorn the tomb of Mahmoud. For some romantic but unintelligible reason, or as a bid for popularity among the Hindoos, Lord Ellenborough had ordered General Nott to bring them back to India. 'The work,' says Rawlinson, 'was performed by Europeans, and all possible delicacy was observed in not desecrating the shrine further than was absolutely necessary. The guardians of the tomb, when they perceived our object, retired to one corner of the court, and wept bitterly; and when the removal was effected, they again prostrated themselves before the shrine, and uttered loud lamentations. Their only remark was: 'You are lords of the country, and can of course work your will on us: but why this sacrilege? Of what value can these old timbers be to you? while to us they are as the breath of our nostrils.' The reply was: 'The gates are the property of India; taken from it by one conqueror, they are restored to it by another. We leave the shrine undesecrated, and merely take our own.'

Writing at the time, Sir Henry Rawlinson adds: 'The sensation is less than might have been expected, and no doubt the mullaks, who have had the guardianship of the tomb for generations in their family, will be the chief sufferers by the measure. I doubt if the Afghan tribes, lately risen from obscurity to power, and holding the country rather as conquerors than citizens, possess that feeling of unity with each other, and identity with the interests they are supposed to protect, to view the abduction of the gates as a material outrage. The act may be made use of by the priesthood to excite fanaticism against us; but if the Barukzye chiefs could only retain their darling plaything, power, they would care little about the gates of Somnauth. With Shah Soojah

the case was different. As the representative of the Sud-dozye family, aiming at the reconsolidation of monarchical power, he could not but view the demand of Runjeet Singh for the gates as a national indignity, powerfully affecting his own personal and political interests. At present, religious excitement is alone to be apprehended from our carrying off these trophies. I call them trophies, although assured that they are spurious, for the belief in their genuineness is, politically considered, the same as if they really were so.'

Carrying with him these singular memorials of conquest, General Nott continued his march to Cabul. On approaching Maidan, he encountered a large force of Afghans, under the principal chiefs, strongly posted on the heights. He spent the 14th and 15th of September in driving them from their commanding positions, and, having completely broken down their defence, continued his march to Cabul, where he found General Pollock.

Pollock's first object, after the occupation of the capital had been accomplished, was the release of the British prisoners. Officers and ladies, with their children, had been suddenly removed from Cabul on the 25th of August, and compelled to travel day and night, without an interval of repose, and insufficiently clothed and fed, to Bameean, on the other side of the snow-shrouded Hindoo Kush. Sir Richmond Shakespear, the general's military secretary, was immediately sent forward, with 600 troopers, to overtake them; and was followed next day by a brigade of infantry, under Sir Robert Sale. Now, the commander of the Afghan escort, a certain Saleh Mohammed, who had deserted from the native army in the previous year, was shrewdly suspected to be by no means incorruptible; and offers of a lakh of rupees were made to him if he would hand over the captives. At first the bait seemed to have no attraction for him. But, on the 11th, he made known to Major Pottinger and Captains Johnson and Lawrence that he had received a

letter from Akbar Khan ordering him to place the prisoners in charge of the Usbeg chief of Khulum. As this was equivalent to condemning them for life to confinement among ignorant and savage barbarians, they were overcome with grief, until Saleh added that he had also received a message from the Moonshee, Mohun Lall, at Cabul, that General Pollock was willing to pay him a gratuity of £2000 and a monthly payment of £100, if the prisoners were delivered up. He knew nothing, he said, of General Pollock, but would be quite satisfied if Major Pottinger guaranteed the offer he had received. The proposal was joyfully accepted; and all the prisoners hastened to sign an obligation to provide the requisite funds, according to the measure of their capability. Vigorous action was immediately taken by Major Pottinger. With the utmost coolness he deposed the governor of Bameean, and appointed in his stead a friendlier chief. To supply the immediate wants of himself and his fellow-prisoners, he levied contributions on a party of Loharree merchants who were passing through the town. He issued proclamations, calling upon all the neighbouring chiefs to come in and make their salaam. He granted remissions of taxation, and expended all the decent clothes belonging to the party in gifts of *Khelats*, or dresses of honour. It may be doubted whether the superiority of race, and the influence of a man of strong will, accustomed to rule, was ever more strikingly manifested.

The final deliverance of the prisoners is thus described by Pottinger in his despatch to General Pollock:—

‘On September 16th we marched to Tophee Bala, and encamped with the castle in our front, so that we could occupy it, if need be. On the morning of the 17th I received a letter from Sir Richmond Shakespear, informing me that he had reached Siv-i-Cheshmeh with 610 Kuzzilbash horse, to our aid. We immediately crossed the Kalie Pass, and marched to the castle of Mur Morad Beg, near the foot of the Hajghah Pass, where we were joined

by Sir Richmond Shakespear with the Kuzzilbash horsemen, who had marched ninety miles from Cabul over that mountainous country in two marches. The 18th being supplied with seventy-seven horses of the Kuzzilbash and twelve by the Hazarchs, we managed to march to Gurdendwab; at that place we learned that a body of horse and foot from the Shekhali and Gharebund districts had marched on Kalu to intercept us. On the 19th, with the same assistance as before, we marched to Thikanch, where we heard that the pass of Sufeyd Khak was occupied by the Afghans, intending to check us. Sir R. Shakespear immediately wrote to request that the British officer—who, report also told us, was advancing in that direction—would occupy the pass, and to say we would if opposed, hold out in some of the castles about, till relieved. On the morning of the 20th, we marched, and found the cavalry of Sir A. Sale’s detachment at Koto Ashru, and his infantry holding the heights, and had the pleasure of joining his camp at Urghendeh, whence I proceeded with Major-General Nott’s camp, and remaining there during the night, joined yours this morning. I have given the Hazarch chiefs, who joined us at first, remissions on their revenue, and on our march back I paid for the necessary supplies to the party by orders on the revenue to the amount of the supplies furnished.’

Among the captives thus happily delivered were Lady Sale and her daughter, and their meeting with General Sale was an incident of such deep pathos that grey-bearded men shed tears as they witnessed it. The entire company arrived in camp on the evening of the 21st, and were received with a royal salute and a welcome of the most enthusiastic character. They included General Shelton—General Elphinstone had died in captivity in the preceding April—Colonel Palmer, Majors Pottinger and Griffiths, twelve captains, three surgeons, nine lieutenants, three ensigns, and twenty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates. The females were Ladies Macnaghten and Sale, besides the wives of five

officers and three privates. There remained only Captain Bygrave, who had been detained by Akbar Khan; but he, too, arrived on the 27th, with a despatch from that formidable chief.

By this time the remnants of the Afghan army had collected in the Highlands of the Kohistan, north of Cabul, where, under Anim-ullah Khan, they resolved to protract the struggle. General Pollock determined, therefore, to dislodge them from their fastnesses, and prevent their reappearing in such numbers as to threaten danger. He ascertained that they had concentrated upon Istalif—a town of considerable importance, beautifully situated in a genial and peaceful valley, and accessible only across ranges of heights, separated by deep ravines, and covered with orchards, gardens, and vineyards, which afforded admirable shelter for the Afghan marksmen. General Pollock despatched a division against their centre, under General McCaskill; but the plan of battle was really conceived and directed by Captain (afterwards Sir Henry) Havelock. The troops, in two divisions, advanced with admirable regularity in the teeth of violent and incessant musketry, until, uniting in one column, they attacked the village of Ismillah, which constituted the key of the enemy's position. It was carried with a rush; and then, pouring onwards, our fighting-men made themselves masters successively of all the garden enclosures, the forts, the heights, the suburbs, and finally, of the town. The women and children in affrighted groups hastened to escape up the mountain acclivities, where they were not pursued. But if bodies of armed men attempted to rally on the distant heights, some guns were dragged up the narrow paths, and brought to bear upon them. The success of the attack was complete. The Afghan army ceased to exist; their last fortress was demolished; and the campaign of retribution was at an end. Akbar and the other chiefs principally involved in the insurrection had fled across the frontier, and sought

refuge in Turkistan; the prisoners had been recovered; the prestige of the British flag was abundantly vindicated, and as winter was rapidly approaching, the generals resolved on the evacuation of the country. Futteh Jung, the son of Shah Soojah, had seated himself on the throne; but, with the wisdom born of experience, the British had carefully refrained from promising their support, and when it was found that the Kazzilbashs and other chiefs preferred his younger brother, Shah Poora, they did not attempt to oppose them. Before quitting the capital, Pollock resolved to mark, in an emphatic way, the retributive spirit in which the British had, for a second time, occupied it. At the solicitation of the friendly chiefs, he agreed to spare the Bala Hissar, but he razed to the ground the great Bazar, where the mutilated remains of Sir William Macnaghten had been exposed to the gaze of the mob. Such was the solidity of its construction, that it would yield only to gunpowder, and its demolition occupied two days. Strenuous efforts were made to save the city from injury; but the fury of the soldiers and the camp-followers, whose worst passions had been excited, would not brook control.

'That many excesses were then committed,' says Kaye, 'is not to be denied. The principal gates of the city were guarded; but there were many other points of ingress, and our people streamed into the streets of Cabul, applied the firebrand to the houses, and pillaged the shops. Guilty and innocent alike fell under the heavy hand of the lawless retribution which was now to descend upon the inhabitants of Cabul. Many unoffending Hindoos, who, lulled into a sense of delusive security, by the outward re-establishment of a government, had returned to the city and re-opened their shops, were disastrously ruined. In the mad excitement of the hour friend and foe were stricken down by the same unsparing hands. Even the Chundarwal—where dwelt the friendly Kuzzilbashs—narrowly escaped destruction. Such

excesses as were committed during the last three days of our occupation of Cabul must ever be deplored, as all human weakness and wickedness are to be deplored. But when we consider the amount of temptation and provocation; when we remember that the comrades of our soldiers and the brethren of our camp-followers had been foully butchered by thousands in the passes of Afghanistan; when everywhere tokens of our humiliation, and of the treachery and cruelty of the enemy, rose up before our people, stinging them past all endurance, and exasperating them beyond all control, we wonder less that when the guilty city lay at their feet, they should not wholly have ruined it in their passions, than that, in such an hour, they should have given them so little heed.'

On the 11th of October, the 'army of retribution' began its homeward march in three divisions; the van commanded by General Pollock, the centre commanded by General M'Caskill, and the rear by General Nott. A light corps under General Sale was thrown forward in advance, to clear the road, and occupy the heights of the Khurd-Kabul Pass. Pollock's division arrived at Jugdulluk on the 16th, having met with little annoyance from the enemy. General M'Caskill, however, was engaged in several skirmishes, while General Nott was delayed by the exhaustion of his baggage-cattle, of which numerous bodies of Ghilzees took advantage to deliver several fierce attacks. They were of course repulsed, but not without a total loss of twelve killed and forty-nine wounded.

From Jugdulluk the march of the three divisions was so regulated as to leave a day's interval between each of them; and they arrived at Jellalabad on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th in succession. Three days were spent in demolishing the fortifications of that famous 'place of arms.' On the 27th General Pollock resumed his march, followed on the 29th by

M'Caskill and Nott. The passes were cleared with all possible expedition. M'Caskill and Nott experienced some annoyance from the Khyberees, having omitted to adopt General Pollock's precaution, and occupy the heights on either flank before entering the defile. At night, therefore, the Khyberees attacked the rear, and a sharp contention ensued, in which we lost two officers, a considerable number of men, and a couple of guns, which however, were recaptured on the following day.

Having destroyed the fortress of Ali Musjid, the three divisions pushed on to Peshawar, where they were reunited. On the 17th of November they crossed the Indus at Attock, and, traversing the Punjab by easy marches, arrived at Ferozepur, where the Governor-General received them with the splendid ceremonial in which his soul delighted. A few days previously he had issued a proclamation to the rulers and peoples of India, which acquired an unfortunate celebrity from its inflated language and bombastic reference to the gates of the Temple of Somnauth being brought back from Ghiznee. Both in England and India it met with general condemnation; some taking offence at its apparent patronage of idolatry; others showing that, if it flattered the prejudices of the Hindoos, it insulted those of the Mahomedans. In this State Paper, Lord Ellenborough further made it known that the Afghans, in the hands of the Anglo-Indian Government, would immediately be set at liberty. Among the prisoners who thus obtained their release was Dost Mohamed, who, soon afterwards, set out on his return to his whilom kingdom; so that, as it was bitterly said, all things reverted to the old order, and oceans of treasure had been scattered, and thousands of gallant lives sacrificed, with no other result than to embitter the Afghans against the British name.

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END OF BOOK II

BOOK III—THE VICTORIAN ERA

CHAPTER I

THE WAR IN SCINDE

THE extensive province of Scinde is bounded on the north by Baluchistan and the Punjab; on the east, by Rajputana, on the west by Baluchistan; and on the south by the Arabian Sea, while it is separated from Cutch by the broad inlet of the Great Western Runn. Its inhabitants consist chiefly of Juts and Baluchis. In 711 it was subdued by the Khalif Abd-ul-Mulek, and for some centuries it remained a portion of the Mohammedan empire. In 1756 it was conquered by the Afghans. Seventy-three years later the Baluchis recovered their independence, and raised their leader, the chief of the Talpur tribe, to the sovereign authority. To secure his dynasty he divided considerable domains among his brothers and kinsmen, with the result that at Haidarabad there were four nobles or ameers, one at Murpur, and three at Khyapur. In this division originated the anomalous order of succession that obtained among them, the *rais puggree* or turban of superior rule descending in each family to the brother instead of the eldest son.

The gradual extension of their territories brought the Ameers up to the frontiers of British India, and gave them, moreover, complete command of the navigation of the Indus. Commercial intercourse with them was very limited until, in 1831, Sir Alexander Burnes ascended the Indus on his embassy to the court of Runjeet Singh at Lahore. Said a Baluchi soldier to Burnes, when his boat ploughed the waters of the great river,—‘The mischief is done: you have seen our country!’ Treaties were concluded with the Ameers in 1832 and 1834, each of them extorting some concession from the reluctant Ameers, and another in 1838, provided for the permanent residence of a British political agent at Haidarabad.

When Lord Auckland initiated the unhappy Afghan war he decided that a British army should occupy Skiapur, and also insisted that the Ameers should pay to his puppet-sovereign, Shah Soojah, a sum of money in discharge of certain claims which the latter put forward. This was in 1829. Three years of calm followed; the Ameers gave free passage to British troops and stores, and supplied our ships and steamers on the Indus with fuel and provisions. The disaster at Cabul, and the retreat and destruction of General Elphinstone’s army shook the belief of the Ameers in our invincibility, and two or three allowed their feelings of hostility to become evident. Lord Ellenborough, never wanting in decision, though frequently deficient in judgment, immediately declared his intention of inflicting heavy punishment, even to the confiscation of his territory, on any Ameer who proved false to the Indian Government; though he added that this faithlessness must be clearly proved, and not provoked by the conduct of the British agents.

In 1842 the command of the troops in Baluchistan, and in Upper and Lower Scinde, was bestowed upon General Sir Charles Napier, a soldier of wide experience, unbounded energy, and brilliant military capacity, whose great qualities,

however, were marred by his vehement temper and the strength of his personal prejudices. During his command of the Bombay army he had done much to improve its discipline and moral tone, and had deeply impressed the natives by his intrepidity and iron strength of character. A remarkable instance of his moral courage is related by his biographer. He was present at a public festival, when a Hindoo sword player, or juggler, offered to cut an orange in halves on a man’s hand, which should not even be scratched. Napier offered his right hand for the trial, but after close examination the swordsman refused it; he presented the left hand, and it was acknowledged to be rightly formed: still the performer was evidently nervous, and disinclined to display his skill on a man of such high rank. Napier gravely insisted; and at last, the swordsman, drawing a deep breath, struck, and severed the orange. The skin of the great soldier’s hand was slightly touched, but no blood drawn. The native mind was deeply impressed by this cool contempt of danger.

Lord Ellenborough sent Napier into Scinde with full authority to take such action, political or military, as circumstances might seem to him to require. There can be little doubt but that he went with a preconceived conviction of the faithlessness of the Ameers, and a determination to annex their country to our Indian empire. At all events he had scarcely arrived at Sukkur before he declared that the treaty had been violated, and insisted that a new and more stringent one should be concluded, by which the Ameers were to be deprived of their privilege of coining money, and the towns of Sukkur, Bukkur, and Roree, with some other territory, were to be ceded to the British. Mur Rustum, the aged prince of Upper Scinde, if left to act of his own volition would probably have consented; but he was secretly instigated to refuse by Ali Mourad, the prince of Lower Scinde, who meanwhile, was privately plotting to overthrow him and secure his inheritance, and representing

himself to Napier as devoted to the British interests. A subtle web of intrigue was craftily woven, until Mourad, by his ingenious deceptions, persuaded Rustum to abandon his palace, and escape to the Baluchi camp at Dingee.

Incensed at this indication of mistrust, Napier hastened to issue a proclamation by which he recognised Ali Mourad as head of the Ameers of Scinde, though he was not without strong suspicion that the latter had been playing a double game. At the same time he decided upon a military movement which should convince the Baluchis of the irresistible power of a British army. This was nothing less than the capture of the desert fortress of Emamghur, which all Scinde believed to be as impregnable as the battlements of Heaven. 'I am fully aware,' he wrote, 'of the danger of these marches in the Desert, but they may be done; where one man goes, another can, and until I prove to these Ameers they can go nowhere without my following them, they will think their Desert a safe retreat, and Scinde will never be quiet.'

It was reported that a large force of Baluchis was assembled on the borders of the desert; but in order to lessen the difficulty of conveying supplies, Napier resolved to take with him only a handful of troops—200 irregular cavalry, and 350 foot of the 22nd regiment, whom he had mounted on camels. Ten camels carried provisions, and eighty skin-bags of water. This was the expedition which, on the 3rd of January, 1843, marched out of Sukkur to plunge into the wild and lonely desert.

'His guide might be false,' says the historian, 'and lead him astray; Ali Mourad might prove a traitor; the wells might be poisoned or filled up, or the water-skins might be cut in the night by a prowling emissary. The skirts of the waste were swarming with thousands of Baluchi horsemen, who might surround him on the march; and the Amirs had many more and better camels than he had upon which to mount their infantry. Emamghur, the object to be attained

was strong, well provided, and the garrison alone four times his number! To look at these dangers with a steady eye, to neglect no precautions, but, discarding fear, to brave them and the privations of the unknown desert, was the work of a master-spirit in war, or the men of ancient days have been falsely and idly called great.'

For eight days Napier marched his little army through the wilderness. For hundreds of miles bare and dreary sand-hills stretched away to the north and south, breaking up into parallel ridges, with slightly rounded summits, and marked with a thousand regular wrinkles, like the sea-sand's ripples after a placid tide. In height, and breadth, and steepness they varied considerably, but their surface presented a remarkable uniformity. 'The sand was mixed with shells, and ran in great streams, like a network of rivers, skirted on either side by parallel bites of soil, which fed a thin and scattered jungle. At first, as they moved along, the soldiers noticed the occasional tracks of hyænas, and wild boars, and small deer; but these soon disappeared, and the hideous solitude of the desert seemed to petrify around them.'

On the 6th of January Napier writes:—'This part, which has never before been penetrated by Europeans, is sandy, with brushwood, tamarisks chiefly, and another shrub without leaves, a blighted-looking bush.'

On the 9th:—'This march eleven miles; the road hilly, sand deep, but we arrived safe, and are in a punch-bowl, or small plain, without an opening: with rain we should be quickly flooded. I dug nine wells—good water in all—had we failed there was plenty on the camels. Our march to-morrow begins with a very steep sand-hill, and very deep: I turned out the 22nd soldiers this evening, and they ran the guns up it with cheers in five minutes, though from bottom to top it is not less than four hundred yards! What fellows British soldiers are, all laughing and joking, and such strength!'

On the 10th . . . 'A wild place, very little food for camels; one well which we exhausted quickly, but plenty on the camels; more sand hills, and hard labour to get along.'

January 12 . . . 'Emamghur. Desperate sand hills; the whole march of ten miles over a sea of sand! The fortress evacuated!'

On the 13th . . . 'The sands we passed yesterday, indeed for the last two or three days, were very wild and deep; yesterday it was like a sea, or rather like a vast plain of round hills and grotesque-shaped ground, deeply covered with drifted sand, channelled or ribbed with little lines like sand on the sea-shore, and full of shells.'

Emamghur had been abandoned by its garrison two days before the arrival of Napier and his fighting men, into whose hands fell all its stores of grain and powder. The fortress proved to be square-built, with a square tower in the centre fifty feet high, constructed of well-burned bricks. This was surrounded by walls, forty feet high, strengthened with eight round towers, and beyond these was another strong wall, fifteen feet high. After blowing up this formidable stronghold, Napier returned to the Indus, having accomplished an exploit of the most remarkable character, which deserves a foremost place in the annals of military adventure.

BATTLE OF MEANEE, *February 17, 1843*

Open war between the British and the Baluchis was hastened by an attack upon the British Residency at Haidarabad on the 15th of February. It was not possible to allow an act of hostility like this to go unpunished, without risk of weakening the fame and character of England throughout all India. Sir Charles Napier was equal to the occasion; he moved swiftly, and he struck heavily. On the

morning of the 16th, he arrived at Muttaree, where he ascertained the Amirs and their army were posted at Meanee, about ten miles distant. Writing to a friend on the same day, he announces his determination to attack them: 'To-morrow,' he says, 'I march towards Meanee, where, report says, that the Amirs have 30,000 men, but have not the pluck to lead them in person. I march at midnight, and may begin the battle sooner than the tribes, who have sworn on the Koran to destroy us. Expect I can take into action about 2800 men and 12 guns; they have about the same number of guns, but their cavalry is called 20,000, and on a smooth plain; mine are about 802—long odds, but to-morrow or the day after we shall know each other's value.' In his journal he makes entry: 'My troops are in high spirits; so am I. Not to be anxious about attacking such immensely superior numbers is impossible; but it is a delightful anxiety. Three hours I have to get some sleep, and, at nine o'clock to-morrow, my gallant soldiers shall be launched against these brave Baluchis! It is my first battle as a commander: it may be my last. At sixty that makes but little difference; but as my feelings are, it shall be do or die. Beaten, I could not show my face, unless the fault was with the troops.'

I do not know that I can make the movements of the battle intelligible to my readers. To non-military readers a battle necessarily seems a confused medley, in which regiments march to and fro, and foes attack one another, and this side wins and that side loses, for no very obvious reason. It is taken for granted, however, that the victory goes with the best soldiers and the best generals, unless there is a glaring disparity of numbers. Certainly, at Meanee, it was skill and courage that carried off the victory, and this, too, in the face of tremendous odds. The position occupied by the Baluchis, on the morning of the 17th of February, was one of great strength. For twelve hundred yards their front lined the deep nullah, or dry bed, of the river Fullailee,

which, with its high bank sloping towards the plain beyond, furnished a solid defence. Each flank was screened by a shikargah, or wooded jungle, which afforded excellent shelter for infantry. Behind the shikargah on the right, the river made a sudden bend, so as to form a deep loop, within which the enemy had placed their camp and cavalry.

After examining this position, Sir Charles, who had formed his line of battle about nine o'clock, decided that to attack the enemy on either flank would be very hazardous, and must expose his little army to severe loss. He resolved, therefore, to break through the centre. His camp-followers, animals of burden, and baggage, he posted in a circle, close behind his line of battle; then, surrounding it with the camels, which were made to crouch down with their heads inwards, he placed the waggons between them, and in this way constructed a kind of breastwork or rampart, over which the armed followers might ply their muskets. As a baggage-guard he detached 250 cavalry and four companies of infantry; with the remainder of his force, 1780 rank and file, he meant to win the victory. On the right he threw out some skirmishers, and posted a battery of twelve guns. His left was guarded by Colonel Jacob's Irregular Cavalry, and the 9th Bengal Cavalry. The infantry consisted of the 22nd Queen's, the 25th, and 12th native regiments, and the 1st Grenadiers.

Napier gave the word to advance, and accompanied by his staff, galloped forward under a swift musketry fire. The Baluchi right centre was protected by the village of Kaltree, which was filled with fighting men, and virtually impregnable. But on the left his keen eye detected a weak point, by which he immediately profited. On this flank the shikargah was enclosed by a wall, with one narrow opening, or gateway, through which, it was clear, the Baluchis intended to pour in overwhelming strength on the British flank and rear. On examining this wall, it was

seen to be nine or ten feet high, and to have no loopholes through which the enemy could fire. Napier, therefore, sent the Grenadier company of the 22nd to fill the gap, informing their brave captain, Law, that he was to stand there, and block it up; to die, if need be, but never to give way. Faithful to his trust, Law held his post firmly; he died there, but he did not give way; the opening was heroically defended; and some eighty cool, intrepid men thus courageously checked the action and prevented the movement of fully 6000.

Both sides were firing at one another heavily, when the 22nd reached the Fullailee with a run, and, encouraged by their general, clambered up the slope, and stood upon its summit. The prospect before them was one to daunt the bravest:—'Thick as standing corn, and gorgeous as a field of flowers, stood the Baluchis in their many-coloured garments and turbans; they filled the broad deep bed of the Fullailee; they clustered on both banks and covered the plain beyond. Guarding their heads with their large dark shields, they shook their sharp swords, beaming in the sun; their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder, as with frantic gestures they rushed forward, and fell against the front of the 22nd—dashed with demoniac strength and ferocity. But with shouts as loud, and shrieks as wild and fierce as theirs, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the Irish soldiers met them with that queen of weapons, the musket, and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood.'

Such was the crushing pressure of the masses of the enemy, that, with all their heroism, the 22nd wavered twice, and twice were rallied by their lion-hearted general. The 25th Native Infantry thrice gave way, for the Baluchis fought with brilliant courage, and had the advantage of numbers. To keep their men in heart the European officers had to expose themselves unshrinkingly, so that nearly every one was killed or wounded. 'For three hours and a

half,' says Napier, 'we were only one yard apart, man to man; fearful odds, and they fought like heroes. Covered by their shields they ran upon us, sword in hand, with desperate fury. But down they went under the musket and bayonet.' Gradually the superior discipline, the better weapons, and the stronger will of the British, prevailed; and detecting signs of weariness and despondency among the Baluchis, Napier suddenly let loose his horsemen. With a yell and a rush, they crossed the Fullailee, broke on the staggering enemy with carbine and sabre, attacking them on flank and rear. Tremendous was the effect of this impetuous, furious dash; the masses of Baluchis reeled from right to left with a kind of simultaneous motion. The battle was won: stricken with terror, the dusky-faced foe took to flight; and after a brief pursuit, the victors rested for the night upon the hard-fought field. Their loss in killed and wounded was 256; that of the enemy exceeded 6000.

BATTLE OF DUBBA (OR HAIDARABAD)

With the energy that marked his character, Napier proceeded to follow up his success. He sent a message to the Ameers that unless they immediately surrendered he would storm Haidarabad; and by this time they knew him well enough to be sure that he would keep his word. They submitted; gave up their fortress, and laid at the general's feet their jewelled swords, which, with a Napier-like touch of chivalrous feeling, he returned. On the 20th the proud ensign of old England waved from the summit of the great round tower of Haidarabad; a royal salute was fired, and the victorious soldiery, who had acquired no small amount of booty, lifted up their voices in a rolling British cheer. Napier then resolved to proceed against Sheer Mohamed, 'the lion of Meerpur,' who was known to have a large army in the field, and until this was defeated and dispersed, he knew that his

conquest could not be considered complete. Reinforcements having arrived from Sukkur, he was able to place a garrison of 1000 men in Haidarabad, after which he encamped, with 2800 men, on the bank of the Indus, to wait until he should be strong enough to assume the offensive.

The battalions hurried up to his assistance about the middle of March rendered him, in his own opinion and in that of his men, equal to any force the enemy could bring into the field. At the head of 5000 fighting men, 1100 of whom were cavalry, he marched against Sheer Mohamed, who, with 25,000 Baluchis, was posted at Dubba, six miles from the capital, and arrived in front of the enemy on the morning of the 24th. Their position was very strong. The Fullailee and a breadth of jungle on their right, a small wood on their left; and, in front, a nullah, or dry water course, eight feet deep, with high banks scooped so as to form a parapet. The cavalry were gathered up in a cloud behind the left wing, and behind the right stood the village of Dubba, the houses of which had been loopholed and were filled with men. Nor was this all. Between the first line of the right and centre and the village, ran a second water-course, or nullah, forty-two feet wide and seventeen feet deep, with its bank scarped and prepared like the first.

The battle on the part of the British began with a heavy cannonade against the enemy's centre, which soon showed symptoms of confusion. Sir Charles then threw his horse artillery, sustained by two regiments of cavalry, on their right flank. His men charged with irresistible courage, their different war cries ringing loud and shrill, their sabres whirling above their heads in shining circles, charged again and again, until the Baluchis, horsemen and footmen, were driven into swift flight, and ridden down for several miles. Meantime, the 22nd regiment, with musket and bayonet, stormed the first nullah, driving the dark skinned warriors into the second and deeper nullah, which was also carried, but not without grievous loss. The general himself was in

the thick of the fighting, the hilt of his sword was broken by a bullet, and he was so close to a Baluchi magazine which exploded that his clothes were singed; yet he escaped without a wound. The attack was followed up by the 2nd brigade, supported by the fire of a field battery; on the right were the 8th and 1st; the two divisions advanced with the regularity of a parade, and carried the village in gallant style. The Baluchis then gave way in all directions, some following the line to the desert, more making for the Indus, in order to cross that river, and take refuge on the right bank; but our troopers interposed between them and the cultivated country, and scattered them towards the wilderness.

When Sir Charles returned with the horsemen of his left wing from the pursuit, he was received by his soldiers with a burst of cheering, in honour of his conduct as a commander, and his personal bravery in this bloody three hours' battle. The Baluchis lost about 5000 killed, besides twenty-seven standards and fifteen guns. The loss of the British was 270 men and officers, of whom no fewer than 147 belonged to the gallant 22nd.

The general was not less ready and vigorous in gathering the fruits of victory than he was in fighting for them. Finding that 'the Lion' had retreated towards Meerpur, he set his troops again in motion, and, under a blazing sun, resumed the pursuit. Next day his horsemen were at the gates of Meerpur, forty miles from the battle-field! Astonished by the swift action of his adversary, Sheer Mohamed fled in all haste to Omercote, his fortress in the desert; but was closely followed by Napier, though the heat was intense, and the waters of the Indus were rising in his rear. Again the Ameer took to flight, and Omercote was garrisoned by a British detachment, just two days after the Battle of Dubba (or Haidarabad), though one hundred miles distant, and in the heat of a sandy wilderness. 'These operations,' as the historian remarks, 'could not have been

successfully conducted without astonishing exertions and resolution, which finely illustrated the character of the troops, and displayed the spirit which their general had awakened in them. On one of these long marches, which were almost continual, the 25th Sepoys, being nearly maddened by thirst and heat, saw a water-carrier approaching with full skins of water; they rushed towards him in impetuous crowds, tearing away the skins and struggling together, with loud cries of 'Water! Water!' At that moment, some half-dozen straggling soldiers came up, apparently exhausted, and asked for a draught. At once the generous Indians withheld their hands from the skins, forgot their own sufferings, and gave the fainting Europeans to drink; then they all moved on, the Sepoys carrying the 22nd men's muskets for them, patting them on the shoulders, and encouraging them to hold out. It was in vain; they did so for a short time, but soon fell. It was then discovered that these noble fellows were all wounded—some deeply; but thinking there was to be another fight, they had concealed their hurts, and forced nature to sustain the loss of blood, the pain of wounds, the burning sun, the long marches, and the sandy desert, that their last moments might be given to their country on another field of battle. The officers were worthy of the men and of their commander. It was a grand and touching spectacle to see the poor soldiers displaying such heroism, and the young officers, full of fire and intelligence, gathering about their veteran leader, offering to him in service that hardihood which no fatigue will break down; that resolution which no danger could appal; that nervous strength and courage in battle before which no army could stand; yet acknowledging that none among them endured more labour of body and mind than he, their aged chief. For his victories were not gained lightly; nor was his the generalship that required hundreds of camels from the public service to carry his personal baggage; he did not direct the marches from a luxurious palanquin.

appearing only when the battle was commenced. Five camels, purchased at his own cost, carried all the baggage and records of his head quarters; and all day the soldiers saw him on horseback engaged with field objects, while his staff knew that far into the night he was engaged in the administrative duties. Seldom did he sleep more than five hours. But none could know the extent of deep and painful meditation which, amidst all this activity and labour, enabled him to judge clearly of affairs, and organize with so much simplicity the means of winning these glorious battles, and conquering so great a kingdom.

After the capture of Omercote, the general formed his army into flying columns, with which he hunted down the scattered bands of Baluchis that still kept the field—dispersing them one after the other, and rapidly stamping out the centres of resistance. So that he was able to announce to Lord Ellenborough the complete submission of Scinde, which, soon afterwards, was formally annexed to the British Empire.

AUTHORITIES.—Sir W. Napier, 'The Conquest of Scinde,' and 'Life of Gen. Sir Charles James Napier'; Postans, 'Scinde'; Edwards and Merivale, 'Life of Sir James Outram'; Marshman, 'History of India'; W. Napier Bruce, 'Life of Sir Charles J. Napier' (1886); Wheler, etc.

CHAPTER II

THE WARS WITH THE SIKHS

I.—*The Campaign of 1845-46.*

THE Punjab, or 'five rivers,'—so named from the five affluents of the Indus that fertilise it with their waters, the Chewab, Ravee, Jhelum, Beas, and Sutlej,—is an extensive territory in the north-west of India, bounded by the Sutlej on the east and south, by Kashmir on the north, and on the west by the Suliman mountains. Its inhabitants belong to various races, the Juts, Rajputs, Goojurs, and Pataurs: two-thirds are Mohammedans, one-sixth Hindoos, and one-sixth Sikhs. The last named are followers of a gooroo, or teacher, named Nanah, born near Lahore, in 1469, died in 1539. More than a hundred and fifty years later appeared another gooroo, the famous Govind, who preached with great energy the religion of the sword, and converted the Sikhs into a nation or caste of proselytisers. Generations passed away, fraught with many vicissitudes to the Sikhs, but they adhered to the teaching of Govind, and, as their numbers increased, spread victoriously over the whole country from the Jhelum to the Sutlej. Towards the close of the last century an able and

resolute man, named Runjeet Singh ('the lion,') asserted his supremacy over the other chiefs, and in 1799 established himself at Lahore. In 1808 he extended his authority into the northern Punjab, and by 1823 had brought under his rule the three great provinces of Kashmir, Moulton, and Peshawar. Towards the end of his reign the relations between the Indian Government and himself became distinctly 'strained,' but he avoided an open rupture, and even sent an auxiliary force to assist the British army in its invasion of Afghanistan. How long the collision of antagonistic interests might have been delayed, we cannot pretend to conjecture; but, happily, perhaps, for his fame, he closed his restless and romantic career in June, 1839. 'He found the Punjab a waning confederacy, a prey to the factions of its chiefs, pressed by the Afghans and the Marathis, and ready to submit to English supremacy. He consolidated the numerous petty states into a kingdom, he wrested from Kabul the fairest of its provinces, and he gave the powerful English no cause for interference. He found the military array of his countrymen a mass of horsemen, brave indeed, but ignorant of war as an art; and he left it mustering 50,000 disciplined soldiers, 50,000 well-armed yeomanry and militia, and more than 300 pieces of cannon for the field. His rule was founded on the feelings of a people, but it involved the joint action of the necessary principles of military order and territorial extension; and when a limit had been set to Sikh dominion, and his own commanding genius was no more, the vital spirit of his race began to consume itself in domestic contentions.'

These domestic contentions gave a dangerous influence to the Khalsa or Sikh army, and made its chiefs the virtual rulers of the country. It was observed that at the same time a bitter feeling of hostility against the British began to prevail among these Punjabee warriors; until the aspect of affairs became so menacing that Lord Ellenborough deemed it advisable to assemble on the frontier a force of 27,000 men,

with sixty-six guns. When Sir Henry Hardinge succeeded to the Governor-Generalship he increased this force to 40,500 men, with ninety-four guns, believing that an invasion of British India was imminent. It was well that he did so. The Maharaja, Dhuleep Singh, was a mere boy, and during his minority the reins of power were held by his mother, who, as well as her ministers, saw that internal safety could be obtained only by engaging the army in some foreign enterprise. They did their utmost, therefore, to influence its hatred of the British, declaring that they meditated the annexation of the Punjab; and they appealed to its cupidity by promising it the plunder of Agra, Delhi, and Benares.

Confident in their valour, and believing in their military superiority, the Sikhs, some 60,000 strong, with 150 guns, suddenly broke across the Sutlej, and on the 14th of December, took up a position within a few miles of Ferozepur. There Sir John Littler was in command, with a garrison of 10,000 men. It was unquestionably a military blunder to allow the Sikhs to cross the river unopposed; nor were its effects entirely remedied by the rapidity with which the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, moved to the relief of Sir John Littler, accomplishing a forced march of 150 miles in six days, under the blazing sun of India.

Littler, on the advance of the Sikhs, had drawn out his troops, and offered battle; but the challenge was not accepted, either because the two chiefs, Lal Singh and Tij Singh, had been secretly bribed by us, or because they were afraid of their own soldiers. On the 18th two divisions of Sir Hugh Gough's army reached Moodkee, twenty miles from Ferozepur, and were suddenly attacked by a large body of Sikhs (10,000 cavalry and 4000 infantry, with twenty-two guns). Our men now for the first time learned what capable warriors these sons of the Punjab were. After a severe hand-to-hand struggle they were driven back; but the severity of the fight is proved by the extent of the British loss—215 killed and 657 wounded.

BATTLE OF FEROZESHUHUR

After a rest of ten days, the British army moved forward, accompanied by the Governor-General, to Ferozeshuhur, where Sir John Littler joined it on the 21st, with 5500 men and twenty-two guns. The Sikhs had pitched their camp in the form of a parallelogram, about 1800 yards in length by 900 yards in breadth, enclosing the village of Ferozeshuhur; the longer side, on the east, facing towards Ferozepur and the plain; the shorter sides, towards the Sutlej and Moodkee. They numbered 35,000 fighting men, with 100 guns and 250 camel swivels; heavy siege-guns armed their batteries. Heeding little their numerical superiority, Sir Hugh Gough resolved to attack them immediately; but, for some unexplained reason, a delay of three hours and a half took place, and the day was already waning before the order to advance was given. Sir Hugh, a man of splendid bravery but no proficient in the art of war, did not resort to any strategy. Ignorant of the warrior-phase in the Sikh character, he expected to win an easy victory by hurling his columns at the enemy's guns, and carrying them by the bayonet. He himself took command of the right wing; Sir John Littler of the left; while the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, with noble self-effacement, consented to lead the centre.

The left advanced against the western side of the enemy's position with intrepid steadiness, and in the face of a tremendous fire, charged to the very mouth of the guns. Then the deadliness of the incessant storm of shot averted their progress. Heroically the 62nd held their ground, until they had lost seven officers and seventy-six men, when they were compelled to retire. On the right and centre, the attack was not less vigorous, nor was the resistance less determined. The Sikh batteries were very powerful, and their gunners worked them with great energy and skill.

'Guns were dismounted, and the ammunition was blown in the air; squadrons were checked in mid-career; battalion after battalion was hurled back with shattered ranks, and it was not until after sunset that portions of the enemy's position were finally carried. Darkness and the obstinacy of the contest threw the English into confusion; men of all regiments and arms were mixed together; generals were ignorant of the fact or of the extent of their own success, and colonels knew not what had become of the regiments they commanded, or of the army of which they formed a part. Some portions of the enemy's line had not been broken, and the uncaptured guns were turned by the Sikhs upon masses of soldiers, oppressed with cold and thirst and fatigue, and who attracted the attention of the watchful enemy by lighting fires of brushwood to warm their stiffened limbs. The position of the English was one of real danger and great perplexity; their mercenaries had proved themselves good soldiers in foreign countries as well as in India itself, where discipline was little known, or while success was continuous; but in a few hours the 5000 children of a distant land found that their art had been learnt, and that an emergency had arisen which would try their energies to the utmost. On that memorable night the English were hardly masters of the ground on which they stood; they had no reserve at hand, while the enemy had fallen back upon a second army, and could renew the fight with increased numbers.'

A division, under Sir Harry Smith, had actually forced its way into the heart of the Sikh position, and, after a tremendous carnage, had occupied the village of Ferozeshuhur; but it was unsupported, and the artillery fire poured upon it was so destructive that, in the depth of the night, it was reluctantly compelled to fall back a couple of miles. Another division, General Gilbert's, which was animated by the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General, was more successful. It captured

the batteries in its front, though a hurricane of musketry then stayed its further advance, and it bivouacked for the night on the border of the Sikh camp.

'The night of the 21st of December,' wrote Lord Hardinge afterwards, 'was the most extraordinary of my life. I bivouacked with the men without food or covering, and our nights are bitter cold. A burning camp in our front, our brave fellows lying down under a heavy cannonade, which continued during the whole night, mixed with the wild cries of the Sikhs, our English hurrah, the tramp of men, and the groans of the dying. In this state, with a handful of men who had carried the batteries the night before, I remained till morning, taking my short intervals of rest by lying down with various regiments in succession, to ascertain their temper and revive their spirits. . . . My answer to all and every man was, that we must fight it out, attack the enemy vigorously at daybreak, beat him, or die honourably on the field.'

Sir Hugh Gough has put on record an example of the Governor-General's chivalrous activity. 'Near the middle of the battle,' he says, 'one of the enemy's heavy guns was advanced, and played with deadly effect upon our troops. Sir Henry Hardinge immediately formed Her Majesty's 80th foot, and the 1st European Light Infantry. They were led to the attack by their commanding officers, and animated in their exertions by Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, who was wounded in the outset. The 80th captured the gun, and the enemy, dismayed by this counter-check, did not venture to press on further. During the whole night, however, they continued to harass our troops by fire of artillery, whenever moonlight discovered our position.'

There was not wanting earnest advice—and this, too from experienced officers, who stood aghast at our heavy losses—that we should retire to Ferozepur. But the Governor-General would not hear of such a retrograde movement, the effect of which would have been to have

inflamed the martial ardour of the Sikhs to madness, and have roused to action every discontented spirit in the empire. It so happened that, in the camp of the enemy, affairs had gone far from smoothly. Lal Singh's military chest had been plundered; the leaders were consumed by jealousies and rivalries; while both Lal Singh and Tij Singh desired in their hearts the destruction of an army which refused to be controlled. At daybreak the scattered battalions of the British were re-organised, and led once more against the Sikh entrenchments, Sir Hugh Gough commanding on the right, and Sir Henry Hardinge on the left. They advanced with a dogged resolution which defied all opposition; drove the enemy out of their lines and cleared the village of Ferozeshuhur; then, changing front to the left, swept along the entire position with the ruthlessness of a simoom. Well satisfied with the success they had achieved, they halted in good order, as if on a field day at home, and received their two gallant leaders with a loud and long British cheer, waving the captured standards of the Khalsa army.

The echoes of that shout of victory still floated over the contested field, when the bayonets of a new enemy were seen advancing through rolling clouds of dust. Each weary warrior asked himself and his comrade, what is now to be done? The answer was invariably the same. Since victory against such odds is impossible, we will die as English soldiers know how to die! The army so rapidly approaching proved to be Tij Singh's division, consisting of 20,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, with seventy guns. But finding the Sikh camp at Ferozeshuhur in the possession of the British, and Lal Singh's beaten forces in full retreat towards the Sutlej—ignorant that the victors were spent with battle and faint with hunger, that their guns were mostly dismounted and their ammunition exhausted—they contented themselves with a distant cannonade, and shortly retreated. Probably never before or since—not even in the worst throes of the Sepoy mutiny—has the existence of our Indian

empire been on so slight a thread. Had Tij Singh thrown his fresh and powerful division upon our exhausted soldiery, not even British courage and tenacity could have saved them from defeat, perhaps destruction.

The terrible losses of the British testify to the desperate character of the contest in which they had been engaged:—694 killed and 1721 wounded, or 2415 in all, amounting to about one-seventh of the whole British force engaged. The Sikhs had 2000 killed and from 5000 to 6000 wounded. Seventy-three guns were captured. The doubtful issue of the battle, and the extreme bloodiness, are attributable to two causes: the courage and discipline of the Sikhs, who are superior in fighting qualities to any other native race, except, perhaps, the Ghorkhas; and the ineffective generalship of the British commander, who without any attempt at manœuvres, threw his men upon rows of bristling batteries, exposing them to certain slaughter, and allowing the Sikhs to make free use of their splendid artillery which surpassed that of the British in number and power.

On the public mind a very painful impression was not unnaturally produced by the action at Ferozeshuhur. It was true that some cannon had been captured, and the Sikhs had undeniably been driven out of their camp; yet in its consequences such a victory was scarcely less disastrous than a defeat. The conquerors had lost one-seventh of their numerical strength, and had been unable to pursue the Khalsa army in its slow withdrawal across the Sutlej. That the military prestige and imperial authority of England must immediately be vindicated, everybody agreed. A large supply of military stores, a train of heavy guns, and reinforcements were ordered up from Delhi, and to await their arrival Sir Hugh Gough distributed his forces along a line extending from Ferozepur towards Hurreekee, or parallel to that occupied by the Sikhs. The inaction of the British was misunderstood by the enemy, whom it so emboldened that, towards the end of

January, 1846, Runjur Singh crossed the Sutlej with a strong division, and advanced against Loodiana. Sir Harry Smith, with four regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and eighteen guns, was immediately despatched for the defence of that important station. He marched on the 17th, but on the 21st received information that, the day before, Runjur Singh, with 10,000 men, had moved to Buddaval. Here a brisk skirmish took place, but it had no decisive effect, and Sir Harry continued his march to Loodiana.

He was soon afterwards reinforced by a brigade of infantry, and ordered to prevent the enemy from attacking the large and valuable convoy which was hastening up from Delhi. Runjur Singh had also received reinforcements, and mustered 15,000 men against Sir Harry Smith's 11,000 men, when, on the 28th of January, the two armies came into collision at Aliwal, a village on the Sutlej. A decisive victory rewarded the gallantry with which Sir Harry's regiments stormed the Sikh position, and carried the village of Aliwal at the point of the bayonet, a brilliant charge of cavalry consummating the success. The Sikhs fled in disorder across the Sutlej, abandoning their camp and baggage, their grain and ammunition, and fifty-two guns.

This reverse induced the Sikh leaders to open secret negotiations with the Anglo-Indian Government, which intimated its readiness to grant favourable conditions if the Khalsa army were disbanded. Gholab Singh, Rajah of Sammoo, who took the principal part in these communications, replied that he was wholly unable to control the army, which, in truth, was the supreme power in the state. Eventually, an agreement (it is said), was arrived at by which the Sikh leaders betrayed their own soldiers. The Khalsa army was to be attacked by the British, and when defeated, abandoned by its own Government; and the road to Lahore was to be thrown open to the victors.

At this time the Khalsa army, 35,000 strong, was con-

centrated in a formidably entrenched camp upon the Sutlej, near the village or villages of Subraon. The river formed the basis of a series of semi-circular lines, the outermost of which was covered by a deep ditch, and armed with sixty-seven heavy guns. A bridge of boats connected the camp with a fortified port on the opposite bank of the river. Tij Singh commanded in these entrenchments; Lal Singh, at the head of the cavalry, lay higher up the Sutlej. The Sikh soldiery were full of exultation and defiance; and still further to excite their ardour, a veteran chief, Sham Singh, of Alaue, resolved on a formal act of self-devotion in the course of the coming battle, in order to propitiate the invisible Powers which watched over the fortunes of the children of Govind.

BATTLE OF SUBRAON, *February 10, 1846*

For seven long weeks the British soldiers and their Sepoy comrades watched the encampment of the enemy increasing in extent and strength; and it was with unrestrained delight that they hailed the arrival of their own long-expected train of huge and heavy ordnance, with ample supplies of ammunition. Every man was determined that, as far as in him lay, the next contention with the Sikhs should end in a decisive victory. The attack was fixed for the 10th of February, and the generals drew up their force in three divisions, mustering in all about 5000 British, and 10,000 native soldiers. The left wing was placed under General Dick, the centre under General Gilbert, and the right wing under Sir Harry Smith. The generals, on a careful survey of the Sikh position, came to the conclusion that, by carrying it at either end, it would be possible to take the batteries of the centre line in reverse, so that their fire would be practically nullified. As the right flank was apparently the weaker, General Dick, whose division was the strongest, received orders to deliver there a serious assault, while the attention

of the enemy was distracted and his resources divided by feigned attacks on the left and centre. The whole of the heavy artillery sent up from Delhi was collected in masses, opposite particular points, so that at each of them might be directed a tremendous and an overpowering storm of shot and shell. These preparations occupied the 9th of February. Early on the following morning, under cover of a dense fog, the British lines advanced, and, unseen by the enemy, pushed forward until within striking distance. Then the sun arose—the fog vanished swiftly—and the two armies stood revealed to each other in all the grim array of battle. The British cannon opened fire, eliciting a fierce reply from the guns of the Sikhs. The cannonade continued for two hours, when Sir Hugh Gough discovering that he could not silence the enemy's powerful ordnance, resolved on charging with the bayonet.

In even order and with a brisk step the left wing of the British army moved to the attack; but the regiments had unhappily been formed in line instead of in column, and their losses were much heavier, therefore, than they need have been. 'Every shot from the enemy's lines told upon the expanse of men, and the greater part of the division was driven back by the deadly fire of muskets and swivels and enfilading artillery. On the extreme left, the regiments effected an entrance amid the advanced banks and trenches of petty outworks, where possession could be of little avail; but their comrades on the right were animated by the partial success; they chafed under the disgrace of repulse, and forming themselves instinctively into wedges and masses, and headed by an old and fearless leader, Sir Robert Dick (who fell mortally wounded, close to the trenches), they rushed forward in wrath.' With a mighty martial shout they crossed the ditch, scaled the rampart, and bayoneted the gunners at their guns. A bitter resistance was still offered; but the centre came up, and with levelled steel drove the Sikhs from the ground.

Along the right and centre of the hostile lines, the batteries were all carried; and the assault being renewed on the left, with both infantry and cavalry, it ultimately proved successful. Within the camp, however, the Khalsa warriors still contended desperately, their military ardour influenced by religious enthusiasm. Tij Singh, it is true, filled up the measure of his treachery to his countrymen by a precipitate flight; while, either by accident or design, a boat in the middle of the bridge that spanned the Sutlej was sunk or sank. The venerable Sham Singh perceived that, if the battle were to be won by the fulfilment of his vow, the hour had come. Clad in the white robes of martyrdom, and solemnly exhorting his fellow warriors to fight for their faith, he inspired the defence with indescribable zeal, until a bullet laid him dead upon the field. For full thirty minutes this new phase of the battle lasted. Amid the sharp continuous rattle of the musketry and the intermittent thunder-peals of the cannon arose the shout of triumph and the yell of defiance; until, at times, all lesser sounds were silenced by the explosions of magazines of gunpowder, which hurled bursting shells and masses of earth and flaming brands high up into the smoke-clouds that over-canopied the field of battle. Gradually the stern tenacious courage of the British soldier prevailed. The foe was driven back upon the rolling waters of the Sutlej, never offering to submit, never asking for quarter. 'The victors looked with stolid wonderment upon the indomitable courage of the vanquished, and forebore to strike where the helpless and the dying frowned unavailing hatred. But the necessities of war pressed upon the commanders, and *they* had effectually to disperse that army which had so long scorned their power. The fire of batteries and battalions precipitated the flight of the Sikhs through the waters of the Sutlej, and the triumph of the English became full and manifest. The troops, defiled with dust, and smoke, and carnage, then stood mute indeed for a

moment, until the glory of their success rushing upon their minds, they gave expression to their feelings, and hailed their victorious commanders with reiterated shouts of triumph and congratulation.'

The loss of the Sikhs in this great battle has been variously estimated at 8000, 9000, and 10,000 men, besides 67 guns, upwards of 200 camel-swivels, numerous standards, and large supplies of munitions of war. On the side of the British, 320 were killed, and 2083 wounded. The defeat and discouragement of the Khalsa army was complete. The British forces and camp-followers, an aggregate of 100,000 men, together with 68,000 animals and forty pieces of artillery crossed the Sutlej unopposed, entered the Punjab, and on the 12th took possession of the town and fortress of Kusoor. On the 20th they encamped on the plain in front of Lahore, and a British garrison was thrown into the citadel. The terms of peace then imposed by the Governor-General included the cession to the British of the district between the rivers Sutlej and Beas; and also, as the Lahore treasury was empty and could not pay the required indemnity, of the province of Kashmir and the highlands of Summoo. Kashmir was immediately made over to Gholab Singh on payment of a crore of rupees, he agreeing to acknowledge the suzerainty of the British. The Khalsa army was disbanded, and a small Sikh army of 20,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry raised to keep the peace. Further a British resident (Major Henry Lawrence) was appointed to advise and control the Maharaja and the council of regency; he was to exercise 'unlimited authority in all matters of internal administration and external relations during the minority of the Maharaja.'

In 1848 Lord Hardinge returned to England. He was succeeded in the Governor-Generalship by Lord Dalhousie. At that time the empire seemed to be enjoying the *pax Romana*; but in the affairs of States as of individuals it is always the unexpected that happens. Like a bolt from the

sky came the intelligence of a sudden outbreak at Mooltan, —a fortified city, the capital of a large district between the Indus and the Sutlej,—and of the murder of Mr Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, the representatives of the British Government. Such an outrage called for immediate punishment; but Lord Gough was averse to moving the troops until the cold season, and the consequent delay gave time to the leaders of the insurrection to rekindle the fanaticism of the Sikhs and plunge them into armed strife with the British. Through the promptitude, energy, and ability of Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Herbert) Edwards, who was then engaged on a special service across the Indus, and had with him a small force of infantry and cavalry, the movement was kept within moderate limits for a time. In August, General Whish, with 7000 men, was despatched to re-capture Mooltan, but he was deserted by Shere Singh, and his Sikhs, and compelled to entrench himself near the river, until he could receive reinforcements. This failure had an unfortunate effect. It fanned the fires of rebellion until their flames spread from end to end of the Punjab, and Lord Dalhousie awoke to the fact that he had to deal with a nation of warriors, bent on expelling the British from the territory of the Five Rivers. All the energy and vigour of his hard Scotch intellect were immediately brought into play. Supplies were rapidly sent forward, and reinforcements hurried up to the frontier; so that in a few weeks a large and well-appointed army was concentrated at Ferozepur. When Lord Gough arrived to take the command, in the month of October, he found himself at the head of four British and eleven native regiments of infantry, and of three British and five native regiments of cavalry, with seventy-eight guns. Completing his arrangements with all possible expedition, he was able to make a forward movement on the 16th of November, when he crossed the Ravee and advanced towards the Chenab. At Ramnugger he found Shere Singh posted on both banks of

the river, with 15,000 fanatical warriors. The main body occupied the right bank, where it was skilfully covered by batteries armed with twenty-eight guns. At this point there was a convenient ford, but Shere Singh had thrown a strong detachment across the river to hold it. Without waiting for his artillery to come up, and ignoring the formidable character of their position, Lord Gough, with all his old impetuosity, dashed at the Sikhs on the left bank, intending to drive them headlong across the river (November 22nd). His light field-pieces, of which he had twelve, compelled the enemy to fall back; but the Sikh batteries on the right bank, as soon as they got the range, assailed the British artillery with such volleys of shot and shell that, in its turn, it retreated.

The logic of circumstances convinced Lord Gough that the Sikh position could not be stormed with the bayonet; and he resolved, therefore, to pass a strong division across the river some distance above it, which should operate against its left flank, while the attention of its defenders was occupied by a brisk cannonade in front. A body of 8000 infantry and cavalry, with thirty field-pieces and two heavy guns, was placed under the command of an able and experienced officer, Sir Joseph Thackwell. He began his march during the night of the 1st of December, and pushing forward to Wuzeerabad, twenty-four miles, he crossed the Chenab at noon on the 2nd. Having rested and refreshed his men, he marched down the river about half-way towards the hostile camp. Orders to attack it on the left, while the main body crossed and delivered an assault in front, reached him at midnight, and calling his weary soldiers again to arms, he advanced another six miles with cheerful perseverance. Then came fresh instructions from the Commander-in-Chief. A sufficient number of boats for the passage of the army could not be found; but he (Thackwell) would be reinforced by General Godly's brigade, which would cross the river six miles up. He immediately

secured the ford by which Godly would have to cross, and then proceeded to serve out rations to his soldiers, who had fared indifferently since they quitted the British camp. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while they were thus engaged, the sound of cannon was heard; and Sir Joseph's outposts came in with the news that Shere Singh had marched down from Ramnugger to attack him. Rapidly getting his division into battle-order, he made the best preparations possible to receive the enemy, and, as they advanced, greeted them with a heavy artillery fire; but the feebleness of his force compelled him to act upon the defensive. At nightfall the guns on both sides sank into silence; and, covered by the darkness, Shere Singh hastily broke up his camps, removed his army to the Jhelum, and there, with equal skill and swiftness, entrenched himself very strongly.

BATTLE OF CHILLIANWALLAH, *January 14, 1849*

A delay of several weeks ensued, the blame of which must be equally shared, it seems, by the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. During this period of inaction the strength of the enemy was gradually increasing; and Lord Gough became convinced at last of the necessity of striking a decisive blow. On the 12th of January, 1849, he left his encampment at Janikee, and advanced as far as Dingee. Next day he pushed forward with the view of turning the enemy's left at Russool, but the formidable character of the position and its natural difficulties induced him to hesitate. Moreover, experience had shown that in the defence the Sikhs almost equalled his own troops in high military qualities. On the 14th he advanced to Chillianwallah, and there discovered that Shere Singh had descended from his camp on the Russool heights, and massed his troops in the plain, with his front protected by a dense jungle and much broken ground.

Lord Gough perceived that in the circumstances it would be imprudent to attack before the position had been accurately reconnoitred, and he issued orders for his troops to pitch their tents; but a volley from some of the Sikh guns seemed an insult to the flag, and aroused his old impetuous temper. It was late in the day—in fact, within only two hours of nightfall—but he prepared for immediate battle.

The British artillery at once opened fire; but the Sikh lines were sheltered by thick jungle, and suffered very slightly. The attack was commenced by General Sir Colin Campbell's division, which consisted of two brigades, under Brigadiers Hoggan and Pennycuik, on the left. They moved forward with true British steadiness, and though their ranks were torn by the tremendous fire which greeted them, Brigadier Hoggan's warriors succeeded in driving back the dusky battalions opposed to them. Their comrades, under Brigadier Pennycuik, were less successful. The 24th sprang forward with an elastic step, as if on parade, but, over-mastered by their ardour, they broke into double-quick march, and, before the native regiments could close up, went headlong at the Sikh guns. But the defence was too strong for them. Largely outnumbered, and with men falling dead and wounded at every step, they retreated in disorder, and, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the officers, the disorder spread to the native troops. Brigadier Pennycuik and Colonel Roberts were killed in the fierce affray. The Sikhs made a tremendous assault on the discouraged and disorganised mass, using their tulwars with fatal effect; they carried off the colours of the 24th, which had lost twenty-three officers and 459 men killed and wounded. Lord Gough sent the reserve, under General Penny, to restore the battle, but it lost its way in the thick coverts of the jungle; and it was left to General Campbell to retrieve the honour of the British arms by leading Brigadier Hoggan's victorious regiments against the exultant enemy. The Sikhs were met at the point of the bayonet

forced back into their own lines, and their guns were taken.

On the right the burden of the battle was borne by General Sir Walter Gilbert's division. Brigadier Mountain's brigade carried the enemy's position and captured several guns, though not without heavy loss. Brigadier Godly's also succeeded in occupying the enemy's ground, but becoming involved in the jungle, it was decimated by a flank fire, and saved only by the admirable conduct of the field battery under Major Dawes.

The part played by our cavalry in this desperate action must next be described. As it had been employed by Lord Gough to protect the flanks of his infantry and extend its meagre line, it was greatly harassed by the tremendous fire of the Sikh artillery. 'On the right flank,' says Marshman, 'in prolongation of the infantry, were the 14th Dragoons, the 9th Lancers, and two native cavalry regiments. The troops of artillery attached to the brigade were planted in the rear, and could not therefore open fire from a single gun. This strong cavalry brigade was entrusted to Brigadier Pope, who had been an active officer in his youth, but was now unable to mount his horse without assistance. He was, moreover, of a fanciful and irritable temper, and obstinately wedded to his old-fashioned notions of cavalry manoeuvre. He advanced his four regiments forward in a single line, and though the forest was dense, not a skirmisher was sent forward to explore the way, and no reserve or supporting column was provided against temporary reverse. As the line advanced, first at a walk and then at a trot, it was broken up by trees and clumps of brushwood into numerous series of small sections, doubled behind each other. In this state of things a small body of Sikh horse, intoxicated with drugs, rushed in a mass upon the centre, wounded the brigadier, and caused a sensation of terror among the native cavalry which it was found impossible to counteract.' Just at this crisis, some one in the ranks of

the 14th Dragoons, whose name has never been ascertained, uttered the words, 'Threes about.' The regiment at once turned to the rear and moved off in confusion, and, as the Sikh horse pressed on its track, galloped headlong in disgraceful panic through the cannon and waggons posted in its rear, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of its commander, Colonel King, and of the chaplain of the forces, the Rev. Mr Whiting, to rally the fugitives. The Sikh horse entered the ranks of the artillery along with the flying dragoons, and captured four guns; the disgrace of the brigade was irreparable. On the left, however, Sir Joseph Thackwell's troopers vindicated their old renown; and riding down the Sikhs with relentless fury, cut their way to the rear of their position.

Night came on, and the fighting ceased. The British army, shattered as it was, occupied the ground which the enemy had covered in the morning, but Lord Gough judged it prudent to retire to Chillianwallah, that his troops might obtain fresh water and a little repose. Under the shelter of the darkness, bands of Sikhs prowled about the battle-field, murdering the wounded, and stripping and mutilating the slain; they also carried off the guns captured by the British, with the exception of twelve, which had previously been brought into camp.

Though Chillianwallah cannot be called a victory—was, at the most, only a drawn battle—yet it is not one of the least memorable or least honourable actions in which the British army have been engaged. Our soldiers, badly led, deprived of a fair opportunity of meeting their foes on something like equal terms, thrown against a formidably strong position, and a numerous artillery, fought with wonderful steadiness and with a fortitude that took no account of odds; and their heavy losses bore witness to their unconquerable martial spirit. Their killed and wounded were reckoned at no fewer than 89 officers and 2269 rank and file. It is probable that the loss of the Sikhs was

almost double. The Sikhs captured three regimental colours and four guns of the horse artillery; they themselves lost twelve guns.

When the news of this bloody and indecisive field reached England, the impression of alarm and anxiety which it produced was wide-spread and deep. A proud imperial race had been ill-fitted by a long series of brilliant victories to hear with composure of British guns and colours being taken,—of British cavalry flying before an Asiatic host,—of a British army barely able to save itself from defeat by a semi-civilised people. There could be no doubt that our prestige and power in India had been dangerously shaken; and the disaster was attributed, not altogether without justice, to the errors of the Commander-in-Chief. With the concurrence of the Government, the Directors of the East India House resolved on the extreme step of recalling Lord Gough, and despatching Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, to take the direction of the war. At first he would have excused himself on the ground of ill health, but the Duke of Wellington said, 'if you do not go, I must;' and Sir Charles then withdrew his objections. In three days he left England, and within a few weeks of his appointment was at Calcutta. But with all this rapidity of action he was anticipated by events; and while he was still on his voyage, Guzerat was won, Mooltan taken, and the Punjab annexed.

BATTLE OF GUZERAT, *February 21, 1849*

Before venturing upon another engagement with his courageous enemy, Lord Gough was compelled to wait until General Whish had reduced Mooltan, and could bring up his division to his reinforcement.

It is necessary to remind the reader that, after Shere Singh's treacherous defection (in September 1848), General Whish retired to a secure position at Suruj-Khund, his force

being inadequate to the siege of so strong a place as Mooltan. Three months elapsed before some regiments were sent from Bombay to his assistance, and in the interval, the Sikhs collected a large stock of provisions, and repaired and extended the fortifications of the town and citadel. The Bombay corps, 9000 strong, arrived at Rom on the Indus about the 18th of December; and a week later, reached Suruj-Khund, increasing General Whish's strength to 17,000 fighting men, with sixty-four guns. On the 27th, he re-invested Mooltan, and day after day bombarded it with great determination. A sortie made by a couple of thousand of the Sikh garrison was gallantly driven back by Herbert Edwardes' levies, under the eye of Sir Henry Lawrence. When the British artillery had cleared the suburbs, it opened on the walls of the town, and for five days and nights hurled at them a storm of shot and shell. On the third day, a mosque, which the enemy had converted into a magazine, and filled with 400,000 lbs. of gunpowder, was set on fire; the magazine exploded, and wrought tremendous havoc over a wide area. On New Year's Day, a practicable breach was effected, and next day it was stormed, and the town carried with heavy slaughter. With equal energy was pushed forward the siege of the citadel, and on the 3rd, Masbruj opened up communications with General Whish. But when he found that the English commander would hear of nothing but an 'unconditional surrender,' he renewed his defence; and for another fortnight the citadel was exposed to an artillery fire of the most formidable nature. On the 22nd, Masbruj yielded, and General Whish, placing Herbert Edwardes, with a sufficient garrison, in charge of the captured city, broke up his camp, and proceeded by quick marches to reinforce Lord Gough.

A very considerable change had by this time taken place in the situation of the army at Chillianwallah. It had long kept watch and ward over the Sikhs as they lay encamped on the heights at Russool; but on the 6th of February

it was ascertained that Shere Singh, with the tactical skill he had always exhibited, had moved from Russool, turned the British right, and was advancing upon Lahore. Lord Gough immediately sent forward General Gilbert to reconnoitre the Sikh camp at Russool; he found it deserted and silent. Either from want of supplies, or to satisfy the impatient ardour of his fighting-men, Shere Singh had marched upon Guzerat, and thrown a portion of his army across the Chenab at Wuzeerabad. Had he pushed forward rapidly, he might have crushed General Whish's brigades in succession, and decided the campaign against the British. But he seems to have recoiled from his own audacity, and, by recalling the detachment he had sent across the Chenab, gave time for General Whish to seize and guard all the fords. Thereupon he concentrated his troops at Guzerat, which was associated by the Sikhs with some auspicious events, and prepared to encounter the shock of British battle.

General Whish's division completed its junction with Lord Gough on the 20th of February, and the Commander-in-Chief, at the head of 20,000 men, with a hundred guns, immediately advanced. From a reconnaissance made by General Cheape, a competent and experienced engineering officer, it was known that Shere Singh's army numbered 50,000 men, with sixty guns, and was posted, in the form of a crescent, in front of the walled town of Guzerat. On the right it was protected by the deep dug bed of the Dwara, which winds round two sides of the town, diverging to a considerable distance on the north and west, and then striking southward across the British position. A deep, narrow, and wet nullah, running from the east of the town, and falling into the Chenab, covered its left. Between this and the Dwara extended an area of about three miles; and near Guzerat lay two small villages, which Shere Singh had fortified and garrisoned with matchlock men. The Khalsa regiments were entrenched in the open

space, their front covered with batteries, and their disposal so skilfully made that of every inequality of ground full advantage had been taken.

The order in which the British forces were drawn up Lord Gough thus describes in his dispatch:—

'On the extreme left I placed the Bombay column, commanded by the Honourable H. Dundas, supported by Brigadier White's brigade of cavalry, and the Scinde horse, under Sir J. Thackwell, to protect the left, and to prevent large bodies of Sikh and Afghan cavalry from turning that flank; with this cavalry I placed Captain Duncan's and Whish's troops of horse artillery, whilst the infantry was covered by the Bombay troop of horse artillery, under Major Bond.

'On the right of the Bombay column, and with the right resting on the nullah, I placed Brigadier-General Campbell's division of infantry, covered by No. 5 and No. 10 light field batteries, under Major Ludlow and Lieutenant Robertson, having Brigadier Hoggan's brigade of infantry in reserve.

'Upon the right of the nullah I placed the infantry division of Major-General Sir Walter Gilbert, the heavy guns, eighteen in number, under Majors Day and Horsford, with Captain Shakespear and Brevet-major Sir R. Shakespear; commanding batteries being disposed in two divisions upon the flanks of his left brigade.

'The line was prolonged by Major-General Whish's division of infantry, with one brigade of infantry, under Brigadier Markham, in support, in second line; and the whole covered by three troops of horse artillery and a light field battery, with two troops of horse artillery, in a second line, in reserve, under Lieutenant-Colonel Brind.

'My right flank was protected by Brigadiers Hearsay and Lockwood's brigades of cavalry, with Captain Warren's troop of horse artillery.

'The 5th and 6th Light Cavalry, with the Bombay

Light Field Battery, and the 45th and 69th regiments, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Mercer, most effectually protected my rear and baggage.

'With my right wing, I proposed penetrating the centre of the enemy's line, so as to turn the position of their force in rear of the nullah, and thus enable my left wing to cross it with little loss; and, in co-operation with my right, to double upon the centre the wings of the enemy's force opposed to them. . . .

'At half-past seven o'clock,' says Lord Gough, 'the army advanced in the order described, with the precision of a parade movement. The enemy opened their fire at a very long distance, which exposed to my artillery both the position and range of their guns. I halted the infantry just out of fire, and advanced the whole of my artillery, covered by skirmishers.

'The cannonade now opened upon the enemy was the most magnificent I ever witnessed, and as terrible in its effects.'

In the Sikh camp was at this time, and for some time previously had been, a prisoner, Major George Lawrence. The Sikh chiefs treated him with courteous attention. In conversation with him, they had frequently commented on the great error of the British Commander-in-Chief in neglecting to utilise his formidable artillery, and pushing forward his infantry, unsupported, to the very mouths of the hostile guns. Being allowed to visit on parole his brother, Sir Henry Lawrence, at Lahore, he repeated this shrewd criticism, which Sir Henry thought worthy of transmission to Lord Dalhousie in his camp on the Sutlej. We are told that the Governor-General brought it to Lord Gough's notice. However this may be, it is well known that a similar opinion had been expressed with much warmth by Brigadier-General Tennant and other distinguished artillery officers. That Lord Gough acted upon it at Guzerat is certain; and the

victory he won was in great measure due to the tremendous cannonade which, for three hours, was directed at the Sikh position. The enemy's gunners could reply but feebly and ineffectively to an artillery which both in number and calibre surpassed anything ever before brought into the field in India. They were compelled to fall back; the British guns then pushed ahead, took up a new line, and resumed their fire. At length, when many of the Sikh pieces were dismounted, and the enemy's firing had almost ceased, Lord Gough deployed his infantry, which moved forward with characteristic British phlegm, supported by the field batteries.

Right in the way of Sir Walter Gilbert's advance lay the larger of the Habea villages, in which was posted a larger body of the enemy, flanked by a couple of batteries. It was carried in splendid style by Brigadier Penny's brigade, his men forcing an entrance into the loopholed huts, and bayoneting the Sikh soldiers where they stood. Almost at the same time the smaller Habea was cleared by the gallant 10th, in spite of a fierce and tenacious resistance. The heavy artillery continued their forward movement, successively taking up positions nearer the enemy; and their incessant volleys, combined with the swift and telling fire of the horse artillery and light field batteries, overwhelmed the hostile ranks at all points. The British fighting-men, with exultant shouts, and levelled steel, dashed ahead; cleared the nullah; swept the enemy out of several villages, and took possession of his camp. After which, the right wing swept onward in pursuit to the eastward, while the left wing diverged to the westward, killing and wounding, with relentless severity.

'The retreat of the Sikh army, thus hotly pressed, soon became a perfect flight; all arms dispersing over the country, rapidly pursued by our troops for a distance of twelve miles, their track strewn with their wounded,

their arms, and military equipments, which they threw away to conceal that they were soldiers.'

The pursuit was duly taken up by the cavalry, who plunged in among the scattered battalions with the fury of battle kindling in their blood, and never drew rein or paused for breath until half-past four, when their 'ride of death' had carried them fifteen miles beyond Guzerat. Next morning, the chase was continued under the direction of Sir Walter Gilbert, *le plus beau sabreur* of the Indian army; while Sir Colin Campbell's division marched in the direction of Bosubu, and a body of horsemen, under Colonel Bradford, pushed on several miles into the hills. The Khalsa army was completely broken up, and the Sikhs found themselves compelled to submit unconditionally. They gave up all their prisoners on the 5th of March, and on the 12th laid their swords at Sir Walter Gilbert's feet. Forty-one pieces of cannon were at the same time given up; making, with those captured in battle, one hundred and sixty in all, which had fallen into British hands.

Lord Dalhousie, in the proclamation which announced those great successes, remarked, that the war was not yet concluded, nor could there be any cessation of hostilities until Dost Mohamed Khan and the Afghan army were either driven from the province of Peshawar or destroyed within it. The chastisement of these Afghan auxiliaries was entrusted to the indefatigable Gilbert, for whom, as truly as for any moss-trooper or border-rider of the days of old, the saddle was his home. On the evening of the day which had witnessed the disarming of Shere Singh's army, he mounted and rode away towards Attock, in order to overtake the Afghans before they could cross the Indus. But they had already passed the river; and Gilbert, accompanied by his staff and only a small escort, galloping forward to an eminence, could see them labouring strenuously at the destruction of the bridge of boats by which they had effected the transit. His artillery coming up, he soon

put them to flight, and fifteen of the best of the boats that had formed the bridge were saved. With these the British troops began to cross the Indus. Negotiations meanwhile were opened up with some of the mountain tribes to obstruct the retreat of the Afghans through the Khyber Pass. But the river was rapidly rising, delaying the passage of the cavalry and infantry; while the Afghans, having abandoned their baggage, continued their flight with a rapidity that outstripped their pursuers, and succeeded in reaching Dekka, on the west side of the Khyber.

The war was ended, and the victors were at liberty to dispose of their conquest. As a matter of course, the Punjab was annexed to our Indian empire, and this annexation was formally announced by Lord Dalhousie in a proclamation, dated March 30, 1849, in which he said:—

'For many years in the time of the Maharaja Runjeet Singh, peace and friendship prevailed between the British nation and the Sikhs. When Runjeet Singh was dead, and his wisdom no longer guided the counsels of the state, the Sirdars and the Khalsa army, without provocation and without cause, suddenly invaded the British territories. Their army was again and again defeated. They were driven with slaughter and in shame from the country they had invaded, and at the gates of Lahore the Maharaja Dhuleep Singh tendered to the Governor-General the submission of himself and his chief, and solicited the clemency of the British government. The Governor-General extended the clemency of his government to the state of Lahore; he generously spared the kingdom which he had acquired a just right to subvert; and, the Maharaja having been replaced on the throne, treaties of friendship were formed between the states.'

After a rapid summary of the iniquities of the Sikhs, Lord Dalhousie continued:—

'Finally, the army of the state and the whole Sikh

people, joined by many of the sirdars in the Punjab, who signed the treaties, and led by a member of the Regency itself, have risen in arms against us, and have waged a fierce and bloody war for the proclaimed purpose of destroying the British and their power. The Government of India formally declared that it desired no further conquest, and it proved by its acts the sincerity of its professions. The Government of India has no desire for conquest now; but it is bound, in its duty, to provide fully for its own security, and to guard the interests of those committed to its charge. To that end, and as the only sure mode of protecting the state from the perpetual recurrence of unprovoked and wasting wars, the Governor-General is compelled to resolve upon the entire subjection of a people whom their own government has long been unable to control, and whom (as events have now shown) no punishment can deter from violence, no acts of friendship can conciliate to peace. Wherefore, the Governor-General of India has declared, and hereby proclaims, that the Kingdom of the Punjab is at an end, and that all the territories of Maharaja Dhuleep Singh are now and henceforth a portion of the British Empire in India.'

CHAPTER III

THE CRIMEAN WAR

THE war with Russia, which broke out in 1854, lies still too much within the province of modern history to be made the subject of cool and impartial discussion. At all events, in these pages, we are not called upon to discuss the method of its inception, or to decide whether, with greater firmness on the part of our rulers, it might or might not have been avoided; whether it was or was not precipitated by Louis Napoleon to serve a selfish dynastic purpose; whether, in any degree, it sprang from a misunderstanding on the part of Russia as to the views and motives of the English Government. For ourselves, we shall be content to say that what, on the whole, appears to us a dispassionate judgment of it, and a tolerably adequate exposition of its causes, will be found in Sir Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort,' in the Prince Consort's own words. And we must give it as our impression that the majority of Englishmen still think, as the Prince Consort thought, that it was a just and necessary war. It is frequently asserted that its results were inconsiderable; but this is not a fair statement of the case. It certainly accomplished all, or

nearly all, that was desired by those who waged it. The advance of Russia was checked for a quarter of a century, and Turkey was granted a further interval of peace in which to carry out the reforms urged upon her by the Western Powers. That she did not so utilise the interval was due to a mistaken feeling, for which she has since severely suffered. As far as England was concerned, the war indicated the very grave defects existing in our military organisation; and the work of reparation and restoration then initiated has continued to the present time with the happiest consequences. There have been many wars of which less could be said in vindication. And we may add that, though it produced no great military commander, it fully maintained the reputation which the British soldier has won on so many fields by his admirable fighting qualities.

France and Great Britain, having concluded with the Sublime Porte an alliance offensive and defensive against Russia, and issued their formal declarations, proceeded to active hostilities; and a British expedition intended for service in south-eastern Europe, left London in February, 1854. At that time it was the belief of some members of the British government, and of a large and influential class of politicians, that the Czar of Russia, when he perceived that England, always so slow and unready, had at last drawn the sword, would re-open negotiations; and it was commonly said that our troops would not be required to go beyond Malta. But the troops reached Malta, and then moved onward to Gallipoli and Scutari, and yet Russia resolutely preserved her defiant attitude. At length, the Allied generals, Lord Raglan (who, as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, had earned distinction under Wellington), and the Marshal St. Arnaud (who had seen much service in Algeria), were directed by their respective governments to undertake the siege and capture of Sebastopol, the great Crimean fortress and sea-port, which, from its position

and military strength, commanded the navigation of the Euxine, and constituted a permanent menace to Constantinople.

The troops embarked at Varna on the 29th of August; and the vast fleet of steamers and transports which conveyed them, sailed from Varna Bay a few days later. On the 14th of September it arrived off a point on the Crimean coast called Starve Akropshorri, or 'the Old Fort,' in Kalamita Bay, near Eupatoria. Under the direction of Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, the landing was accomplished with great speed and facility. The muster of the British forces, when thus disembarked in the Crimea, was as follows:—

1. The *First Division* (under H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Major-General Bentinck, and Brigadier-General Sir Colin Campbell), including the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards, and the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders.

2. The *Second Division* (Major-General Sir De Lacy Evans, Brigadier-Generals Pennefather and Adams), including the 30th, 41st, 47th, 49th, 55th, and 95th regiments.

3. The *Third Division* (Major-General Sir R. England, Brigadier-Generals Campbell and Eyre), including the 1st Royals, the 28th, 38th, 44th, 50th, and 68th regiments.

4. The *Fourth Division* (Major-General Sir George Cathcart), including the 20th, 21st, and 63rd regiments, the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and the 46th and 57th regiments.

5. The *Light Division* (under General Sir George Brown, Major-General Codrington, and Brigadier-General Buller), including the 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade, the 7th Fusiliers, the 19th, the 23rd Fusiliers, the 33rd, 77th, and 88th regiments.

These divisions of infantry numbered about 26,000. The cavalry, 2000 strong, under the Earl of Lucan, the Earl of Cardigan, and Brigadier-General Scarlett, was composed of the Scots Greys, the 4th, 5th, and 6th

Dragoons, in the Heavy Brigade; and the 4th and the 13th Light Dragoons, 8th and 11th Hussars, and 17th Lancers, in the Light Brigade. There were sixty guns. The corps of Engineers was commanded by Sir John Burgoyne, a Peninsular veteran, and Brigadier-General Tylden.

The French contingent, under Marshal St Arnaud, Commander-in-Chief, and Generals Canrobert, Bosquet, Forey, and Prince Napoleon, as divisional commanders, numbered 30,204 foot and horse, with sixty-eight guns. There was also a Turkish division of 7000 men; so that the entire strength of the Allies may be stated at 64,000 men and 128 guns. 'These forces,' says Kinglake, 'partly by means of the draught animals at their command, and partly by the aid of the soldier himself, could carry by land the ammunition necessary for perhaps two battles, and the means of subsistence for three days. Their provisions beyond these limits were to be replenished from the ships. It was intended, therefore, that the fleets should follow the march of the armies, and that the invaders, without attempting to dart upon the inland route which connected the enemy with St Petersburg, should move straight upon the north side of Sebastopol by following the line of the coast.'

On Monday morning, September 19th, the Allies began their march, with their flank covered by the British fleet, which darkened the air with innumerable columns of smoke,—ready to shell the enemy should they attack them on the right, and commanding the land for nearly two miles from the shore. The Russian army, 39,000 strong (3600 of whom were cavalry), with ninety-one guns, under the command of Prince Mentschikoff, had taken up a strong position on the left bank of the Alma, where it was crossed by the Eupatoria and Sebastopol road. There rises a range of broken, irregular heights, varying in elevation from 100 to 600 feet; and along these rocky heights the Russians were distributed over a line of about one league in length,

strongly fortified with batteries, redoubts, and deep trenches. His extreme right touched the Kourgavi Hill; and this was made by Prince Mentschikoff the corner-stone of his position. Here was the Great Redoubt, armed with twelve heavy guns; and to defend this part of the ground was assembled a force of sixteen battalions of regular infantry, besides two battalions of sailors, and four batteries of field-artillery. The left wing, commanded by General Kiriakoff, occupied the hills of the so-called Telegraph Height, and consisted of thirteen battalions of regulars, with one or two companies of rifles, and a ten-gun battery of artillery. In the centre, prince Mentschikoff placed four battalions of light infantry, with three companies of rifles, under Prince Gortschakoff, and across the Great Road and along the slopes were posted four-and-twenty guns.

The Russian right and centre were opposed by the British, who, on the day of battle, put into the field 25,000 infantry and artillerymen, and 1000 cavalry. Against the Russian left were massed the 37,000 infantry and artillery of the French, supported by the fire of nine war steamers; so that the French faced much less than one-third part of the Russian force; while the British had to deal with much more than the other two-thirds. 'St Arnaud, with his Frenchmen alone, was to his then confronting adversaries in a proportion not very far differing from that of three to one; and the 7000 Turks that he also commanded increased yet further his great numerical preponderance, whilst, moreover, of guns he had sixty-eight to ten. Lord Raglan, on the other hand, was upon the whole fairly matched by his antagonists in numbers of men and guns; but the distinguishing characteristic of the task that awaited him was this: he had to attack troops entrenched, and entrenched, too, upon very strong ground.

'The heights about to be invaded by the French presented grave physical obstacles to their advance, but the greater part of them were undefended by troops, and had

nowhere been strengthened by field-works. The ground attacked by the British did not oppose great physical obstacles to the advance of the assailants, but it had been entrenched, and, besides, was so formed by nature as to give great destructive power, and, by consequence, great strength to an enemy defending it with the resources of modern warfare. The French were covered and supported on their right by the sea and the ships; on their left, by the British army. The British were covered on their right by the French, but they marched with their left flank quite bare. The French advanced upon heights well surveyed from the sea—except in an imperfect way from maps, the British knew nothing of the ground before them.' It will be seen, therefore, that the British, as compared with the French, fought under special disadvantages, and that the stress and strain of the battle would necessarily fall upon them. To them, therefore, belongs the honour of the victory which crowned the hard day's fight.

It was a special disadvantage that the British, in all their movements, were hampered by the necessity of waiting for their Allies. The kind of joint command held by Lord Raglan and Marshal St Arnaud was not favourable to unity of design or rapidity of operation. In the great war with France, *tempore Annae*, we fought, it is true, with foreign nations as our Allies, but the command-in-chief rested with the British general, and he was able, therefore, to carry out unhesitatingly the combinations on which he resolved. But no such superiority of rank could be claimed by Lord Raglan, and he was constantly compelled to defer to the susceptibilities, and accept the opinion of his colleague, with results which were by no means satisfactory. Again, Lord Raglan, though a gallant and courteous gentleman, and a soldier of experience, had no genius for war, and was unable to enforce his views by any authority derived from successful military service. The French commander, in this respect, was only his equal, his principal exploits had

had Algeria for their scene, and the enemies he had beaten were undisciplined and badly armed Arabs. Thus it will be seen that the Allied armies suffered from the want of an adequate directing and controlling power.

As to the British army it must also be observed that during the forty years of peace which had elapsed since the battle of Waterloo, its organisation had undergone no improvement, and was unfitted in a great measure to cope with the changed conditions of warfare. The material was as good as of old; there was the stubborn bravery, and the quiet endurance, and the grim tenacity which had characterised the British soldier in half-a-hundred victorious campaigns; but if he retained the virtues he retained also the defects of his predecessors, and was still wanting in freedom of individual intelligence, and the capacity of adaptation to circumstances. His officers were as distinguished for chivalrous courage as they had been under Churchill or Wellesley; but were equally incapable of independent action, and in scientific knowledge were inferior to the officers of almost any European army. Little improvement had taken place in the weapons with which our regiments were armed; and the rust of a long peace had eaten into the machinery of that all-important department, the commissariat—all-important, for if a British army be not fed, it cannot fight. These were grave deficiencies; but they were all the graver because their existence was not generally known or suspected.

As early as half-past five on the morning of September the 20th, the main body of the French army was under arms, and ready to begin its march for the purpose of forcing the Russian position. There was some vexatious delay before the British army could be got into line, and it was half-past eleven before the British left found themselves in touch with the French right. Twice again there were 'protracted halts,'—the second taking place at a distance of about a mile-and-a-half from the banks of the

Alma. 'From the spot where the forces were halted the ground sloped gently down to the river's side; and though some men lay prostrate under the burning sun, with little thought except of fatigue, there were others who keenly scanned the ground before them, well knowing that now at last the long-expected conflict would begin. They could make out the course of the river from the dark belt of gardens and vineyards which marked its banks; and men with good eyes could descry a slight seam running across a rising ground beyond the river, and could see, too, some dark squares or oblongs, encroaching like small patches of culture upon the broad downs.' The seam was the Great Redoubt; the square-looking marks that stained the green sides of the hills were an army in order of battle.

The plan of operations finally decided upon by the two commanders provided that the French should attack the Russian left, and, in conjunction with one British division, their centre, while Lord Raglan directed the mass of his troops against the Russian right. At one o'clock the advance sounded along the lines, and the two armies moved forward abreast. The French and the Turks in dense close masses,—the British in a thin red line, only two deep. At twenty-eight minutes past one, the Allied war steamers opened fire, endeavouring to reach the solid bodies of Russian infantry which occupied the Telegraph Height. Almost immediately, the Russians began to cannonade the British line, which lay down in patience and quiet, waiting for the French attack. After a tedious interval of suspense, Lord Raglan resolved to take the initiative, and gave the welcome order. The British soldiers sprang with glad haste to their feet, and under a terrible fire, which swept them down by scores, drove the Russians from the heights. The Guards, under the Duke of Cambridge, behaved splendidly, bearing the pressure of a heavy cannonade with the greatest calmness. Nor were the men of the Light Division inferior in soldierly conduct. The Redoubt was carried by

the bayonet; and in this phase of the battle occurred some incidents, which vividly remind us of what excellent stuff the British fighting-men are made.

'A small child-like youth ran forward before the enemy, carrying a colour. This was young Anstruther. He carried the Queen's colour of the Royal Welsh. Fresh from the games of English school life, he ran fast; for heading all who strove to keep up with him, he gained the redoubt, and dug the butt-end of the flag-staff into the parapet; and then for a moment he stood, holding it tight, and taking breath. Then he was shot dead; but his small hands still clasping the flag-staff, drew it down along with him, and the crimson silk lay covering the boy with its folds. His successor in charge of the colour, namely, centre sergeant, Luke O'Connor, was brought down at nearly that moment by a shot which struck his breast; but William Evans, a swift footed soldier, ran forward, and had caught up the fallen standard, when O'Connor, finding strength enough to be able to rise, made haste to assert his right, and then proudly upholding the colour, he laid claim to the Great Redoubt on behalf of the Royal Welsh. The colour floating high in the air, and seen by our people far and near, kindled in them a raging love for the ground where it stood. Breathless men found speech. General Edington still in the front, uncovered, saluting the crisis, waved his cap for a sign to his people, and then, riding straight at one of the embrasures, leapt his grey Arab into the breast-work. There were some eager and swift footed soldiers who sprang the parapet nearly at the same moment, more followed. . . . At each flank of the work, no less than along its whole front, agile men were now fast bounding in. The enemy's still lingering skirmishers began to fall back, and descended—some of them slowly—into the dip where their battalions were massed. The bulk of our soldiery were up, and they flooded in over the parapet, hurrahing, jumping over, hurrahing!—a joyful English word.'

After the capture of the redoubt there was a brief indecision on the part of the advance, which caused much loss of life and a temporary falling-back; but a couple of guns were brought up, which told with great effect upon the Russians, and the third division coming into action in support of the first line, the advance was resumed, and our 'thin red line' wrested victory from the reluctant Russians. The Highland Brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, and the Guards, under the Duke of Cambridge, pressed forward with an irresistible movement, great honour being won by the stately 'Black Watch' and the impetuous 93rd, which, by their own impulse, drove back the Russian columns in sad disorder. The Kourgavi Hill was ours, and in this part of the field the Russians were retreating rapidly.

The French assault had been less persistent and less successful, until, encouraged by the example of their Allies, they revived their old enthusiasm, and swarming up the Telegraph Height, made it their own, after a sharp contest. Beaten at all points the Russian army then gave way: it had done its best, but the superior courage and stronger purpose of the Allies had proved too much for it, and with shattered battalions it sullenly and reluctantly drew off from the field of battle. Its loss, including five generals and twenty-three field-officers, was 5709 killed and wounded. That of the French was about sixty killed and 500 wounded, while the British army lost 362 killed, with eighty-one officers, 102 sergeants, and 1438 rank and file wounded. In all, 2002.

Speaking generally, the Battle of the Alma proceeded on the following lines;—

The French occupied the belt of empty ground between the sea and the enemy, and then undertook the attack upon his left wing; but not without discomfiture, from their inability, owing to the ruggedness of the ground, to bring up their artillery, and their obedience to a law of French tactic, which prohibits their infantry from fighting on open ground

without the support of cannon. This discomfiture involved them in no little danger; for so large a proportion of their force was disposed on the extreme left and along the sea-shore, that for nearly an hour any Russian general who had had an eye to detect the gap between their several divisions might have won as signal a victory as, from a similar cause, Wellington won at Salamanca. But Prince Mentschikoff did not improve the opportunity, preferring to waste his time and his men in unprofitable, and, indeed, unmeaning manœuvres. The keen sense which the French had of their failure, and the galling fire to which they were exposed, was beginning to arouse in them feelings of discontent and despondency, when Lord Raglan, conscious of the danger, ordered the final advance of his infantry, though General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon had not, as previously, agreed, established themselves on the left. Our foot moved forward with splendid vigour, and in a few minutes Codrington's battalions had not only repulsed two Russian columns, but stormed and carried the Great Redoubt.

On the field thus won the tide of battle rolled tumultuously to and fro. The supports not coming up at the critical moment, and the Russian masses gathering around, Codrington's force, in some confusion, fell back; and in this retreat, dragged with it the centre battalion of the Guards' Brigade. Almost simultaneously, General Kiriakoff's column drove Canrobert from the crest he had reached, and the prospects of the Allies underwent an eclipse. But the British soldiery, with their natural doggedness of temper, slowly recovered ground, moving forward foot by foot with a steady, irresistible pressure; while a couple of guns, planted by Lord Raglan on a commanding eminence, silenced the Russian batteries in front, and, plunging deadly showers of shot into Prince Mentschikoff's infantry reserves, forced them from the field. The break-down of the Russian centre compelled the retreat of the left wing, under Kiriakoff, which had already blenched and wavered

before the fire of the French artillery. He retreated, unmolested by the French infantry, to a point about two miles from the Alma; and soon afterwards the tricolor might be seen waving on the Telegraph Height. At the same moment Colonel Hood's grenadiers, on the other extremity of the battle-field, attacked the battalions arrayed on the Kourgavi Hill, where the enemy's whole strength was speedily broken up in ruin by the 'thin red line.' All that remained was for the British artillery to pour its fire into the retreating masses of the Muscovites.

'The Battle of the Alma,' says the historian of the Crimean War, 'seemed to clear the prospects of the campaign and even of the war. It confirmed to the Allies that military ascendancy over Russia which had been more than half-gained already by the valour of the Ottoman soldiery. It lent the current sanction of a victory to the hazardous enterprise of the invasion. It established the Allies as invaders in a province of Russia. It did more. It offered them even Sebastopol, but always, nevertheless, upon condition that they would lay instant hands on the prize.'

British regiments engaged

1st Royals, 7th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 28th, 30th, 38th, 41st, 42nd, 44th, 46th, 47th, 49th, 50th, 55th, 57th, 63rd, 68th, 77th, 79th, 88th, 93rd, 95th.

Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards.

Rifle Brigade:—2nd and 3rd battalions.

Cavalry:—4th, 5th, and 6th Dragoon Guards; 4th and 13th Light Dragoons; 8th and 11th Hussars; and 17th Lancers.

It is now known, from the acknowledgment of Russian authorities, that if the Allies, as Lord Raglan desired, had advanced on the Belbec, crossed that river, and assaulted the northern forts, Sebastopol, the great Russian military

and commercial depôt on the Black Sea, must have fallen. But various difficulties were interposed by the French marshal, and, it must in fairness be added, the unprepared condition of the Russian fortress was conjectured by none. However this may be, a serious delay took place, fatal to the character of the expedition as a surprise; and the Russians had time to recover from the despondency engendered by defeat. Reinforcements reached them; and under the direction of General de Todleben, an engineer of the most fertile inventiveness, the defences of Sebastopol were rapidly enlarged and strengthened.

The issue of the great fight on the Alma was still, however, a source of discouragement to the Russians, who endeavoured to account for their defeat by the pleas of numerical inferiority, and the raw inexperience of their troops. They condemned, and not unjustly, the management of the battle by their generals, who, no doubt, had been guilty of grave tactical errors. It is probable they knew, as Russell says they ought to have known, the impregnable nature of their position, if defended by resolute infantry; and the conviction must have been borne in upon them strongly, that the British and French—and, more particularly the British—'proved in every way on that memorable day the superiors of the Muscovites in brilliant courage, in audacity, steadiness, discipline, and endurance of fire.'

BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA, October 25

On the morning of the 23rd of September the Allies resumed their advance, and descended into the valley of the Katcha, throwing forward their cavalry as far as Duvanskoi, on the Belbec, a village in sight of Sebastopol. Next day the two armies gained the crest of the hills which intervene between the Katcha and the Belbec. An inspection of the fortifications on the northern or Svernazu side

of the city, convinced the commanders that an attack at that point would fail to be successful; and at the suggestion of Lord Raglan,* they undertook, on the 25th, a bold and difficult flank march across country with the view of establishing their base of operations on the south side. During this movement a bold and determined enemy might have inflicted upon them terrible loss, but it was admirably carried out, and no attempt was made to impede it. The Allies arrived on the 28th, within sight of Sebastopol, and took up a position in front of it, the port and town of Balaklava being occupied by the British on the right, or east side, and the French securing the bays of Kamiesh and Kazatch on the left, or west.

On Friday, September 29th, Marshal St Arnaud, whose illness had compelled him to resign, while on the march, the command of the French army to General Canrobert, was removed on board the 'Berthollet' in a dying state. Before sunset on the same day he expired.

Some valuable time was lost in discussing the propriety of an immediate assault, which was strongly urged by General Sir George Cathcart and Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons. Lord Raglan appears to have favoured the proposal; but Sir John Burgoyne was against it, on account of the strength of the works erected by Todleben, and General Canrobert could not be induced to accept it. The siege-train was therefore landed, and the British began the investment of the town on the south-east side, while they also undertook to defend the Chersonese from any attack by Mentschikoff. The enterprise to which the Allies thus committed themselves was, in several respects, unparalleled in the history of warfare. The forces with which they proposed to besiege a great fortress, girdled with formidable works, were scarcely superior to those which had been arrayed in its defence. A blockade could not be attempted,

* It was recommended to him by General Sir John Burgoyne.

and on one side the enemy could communicate freely and uninterruptedly with the open country. By sinking several men-of-war across the harbour, he had rendered it inaccessible to the war-ships of the Allies. Owing to various circumstances, he was free to devote all his vast resources to the defence of an arc of only four miles, which compassed Sebastopol and its suburbs on the land side. And even from this narrow front we must make a deduction, because, towards its flanks, both east and west, the position of the garrison was so strong, that a belt some 3000 yards long was all the space which was really likely to be fought for. The Allied commanders, by allowing the Russians to occupy the heights on the north side of Sebastopol had deprived themselves of the means of completing its investment; while the vacillation and delay, due to divided counsels, had put it out of their power to carry it by assault.

In the disposal of their forces, when the Allied generals had decided on a siege, they had to provide for two objects; first, for the prosecution of the siege itself, and second, for protection against any interrupting attack.

General Canrobert, therefore, divided his army into two bodies or army-corps, each consisting of two French divisions. One of these, under General Forey, was charged with siege-duties, and encamped with its front towards the town of Sebastopol, its left resting on the sea at Streleska Bay, and its right extending to the Harbour ravine. The French forces drew their supplies from the Bays of Kamiesh and Kazatch.

On the other hand, all the British infantry divisions were employed in the business of the siege, but were so posted that they could be called upon for the defence of the Chersonese at its north-eastern angle. The British army had its left on the Harbour ravine, and thence stretched eastward to the verge of the Sapouné steeps. It drew its supplies from Balaklava.

'In the task of securing their armies against attacks in

flank and rear, the Allies were much favoured by the conformation of the ground; for the besieging forces lay camped upon the Chersonese, and, except towards Sebastopol which lay in their front, the upland they thus made their home is encompassed by either the sea, or acclivities in most places formidable. There, indeed, is an opening at the Pass by the Col de Balaklava; and at that north-eastern angle of the Chersonese, which has come to be called Mount Inkerman, the ascent in some places is not of a forbidding steepness; but elsewhere the Sapouné heights are by nature so strong as almost to form of themselves a sufficing rampart of defence.

'The task of covering the siege, by defending the Col, and the greater part of the Sapouné Heights, was assigned to that moiety of the French army which consisted of the first and second divisions; and Canrobert entrusted this force to the command of General Bosquet. The Turkish battalions under the order of the French commander took part in the same duty. General Bosquet, however, did not occupy the more northerly part of the Sapouné Heights; for there, the right wing of the English, though also engaged in the siege, stood charged to defend the position. . . . Men of forethought perceived the expediency of throwing up works on Mount Inkerman, but the forces there in charge were the British, and they—with their small dwindling numbers, and being eagerly intent on the siege—did not choose to devote any toil to a simply defensive object.' Against this neglect, a neglect which, as we shall see, led to very serious consequences, Sir John Bourgoyne earnestly but vainly protested.

It is, of course, impossible within our scanty limits to do more than glance at the principal incidents of the siege. The Allies opened fire from their batteries on the 17th of October, supported by an attack from the fleets upon the great sea-defences, the Quarantine Fort and Fort Constantine. The French war-ships bombarded the former; the

efforts of the English were concentrated on the latter, with its adjacent batteries. Very little, however, was accomplished by either fleet, owing in no small degree to the long range at which the French admiral persisted in engaging. The total loss on the side of the Russians was 138 killed and wounded; while the Allies lost 520 men (203 French and 317 British).

The 5th of October is memorable as the day of the cavalry action at Balaklava.

The Russians in force made a fierce attack on the line held here by the small Turkish contingent; and Lord Raglan hastily ordered up his first and fourth divisions to their support. As the action developed in importance General Canrobert also despatched a body of troops to assist in the defence. The command of the British detachment posted at Balaklava to guard the sea-communication was entrusted to a veteran of proved capacity, Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde); who, in order to protect the town, which the British had converted into a depot, he drew up his 93rd Highlanders a little in front of the Balaklava road. After firing a few rounds the Turks broke and retreated, exposing to all the hazards of battle the small body of gallant Scots. The Turks were re-formed in companies on the flanks of the Highlanders in the hope that, in this position, they would hold their ground; but on the approach of the advanced squadrons of the Russian cavalry, they fired a volley at 800 yards, and again took to flight. The Highlanders were drawn up in the usual British formation, a line two deep. 'I did not think it worth while,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'to form them even four deep!' Against this 'thin red streak tipped with a line of steel,' the Russian horsemen vainly rode, and, after a brief contest, fell back discomfited, with scores of saddles emptied by the steady British fire.

While the Highlanders were rejoicing in their defeat of the Muscovite cavalry, a new subject of merriment was

offered to them; for, turning their attention to the retreating Turks, they perceived that a new and terrible foe had sought to stay their flight. Out from the camp of the Scottish regiment came an irate and stalwart Highland female, with an uplifted stick in her hand: and then, if ever in history, 'the fortunes of Islam waned low beneath the manifest ascendant of the Cross: for the blows dealt by this Christian women fell thick on the backs of the Faithful. She believed, it seems, that, besides being guilty of running away, the Turks meant to pillage her camp; and the blows she delivered were not mere expressions of scorn; but actual and fierce punishment. In one instance, she laid hold of a strong-looking, burly Turk, and held him fast until she had beaten him for some time, and seemingly with great fury. She also applied much invective. Notwithstanding all graver claims upon their attention, the men of the 93rd were able to witness this incident. It mightily pleased and amused them.'

The main body of the Russian cavalry now appeared upon the hills, as if with the intention of descending into the Balaklava valley. In effecting this movement they came upon the flank of six squadrons of British dragoons (the 5th, the Scots Greys, and the Inniskillings) which, under Brigadier Scarlett, had been despatched by Lord Raglan to support the scattered Turks. These horsemen were advancing in open columns when they discovered the powerful masses of Muscovite cavalry on the ridge above them, fronting towards the valley, looking down almost at right angles upon the flank. Scarlett immediately resolved on forming line to his left, and charging with his few hundred sabres. Those nearest to him were the second squadron of the Inniskillings and two squadrons of the Scots Greys; but with these he at once began his audacious advance, ordering the rest to support. At this juncture the Earl of Lucan rode up: he approved of his lieutenant's proposed attack, and undertook to bring up the remainder of the

Heavy Brigades. Gallantly, therefore, with his 300 troopers, Scarlett dashed up the green hill-side to challenge the broad deep masses of three thousand Russian horsemen. The Greys and Inniskillings, eager, firm, and impetuous, gave a hoarse cheer as they crossed swords with the enemy; and shivering the front rank by dint of hard fighting, opened and cut their way in. At first it seemed as if the scanty stream of red had been wholly swallowed up and lost in the great ocean of blue and grey; but in a few minutes it was seen that the British dragoons had prevailed over their adversaries, and above the clank and clash of steel rose a ringing hurrah of victory.

The 4th Dragoons, the 5th, and the Royals then came up, and charged the Russians in flank with great effect, enabling the Greys, who had been fighting each for his own hand to rally and re-form, while the enemy, giving way on all sides, dashed helter-skelter across the heights. In this remarkable engagement, which is almost without parallel in the annals of war, the Heavy Brigade lost seventy-eight killed or wounded. The loss of the Russians was very much larger; and such was the moral effect produced upon them by so astonishing a feat of arms that, throughout the rest of the Crimean struggle, their cavalry could not be induced to face the English horsemen. 'It was truly magnificent,' said a French general; 'and to one who could see the enormous numbers opposed to them, the whole valley being filled with Russian troopers, the victory of the Heavy Brigade was the most glorious thing imaginable.' 'Greys! gallant Greys!' exclaimed Sir Colin Campbell; 'I am sixty-one years old, but if I were young again, I should be proud to be in your ranks.' It was computed that, from the beginning of General Scarlett's charge to the breaking up of the Russian squadrons, the contest lasted only eight minutes. But what minutes! To each man in that little band of British warriors, a minute must have seemed an age, as, with cut and thrust and parry, he contended strongly against what

seemed overwhelming odds. Had the Light Cavalry taken up the pursuit, the Russians might almost have been annihilated; but their leader, Lord Cardigan, had no knowledge of war, and his superior officer, Lord Lucan, was vague and contradictory in his orders. The opportunity was lost; and the Light Brigade, after sharing in this notable exploit only as inactive and apparently uninterested onlookers, was left to vindicate their repute for chivalrous courage by another feat of arms, not less brilliant, though, unfortunately not so successful.

Perceiving that the enemy was much weakened and greatly discouraged by the retreat of his cavalry and artillery, Lord Raglan resolved upon recovering the heights, which, in the early part of the day's battle, had been abandoned. He gave orders, therefore, for the cavalry to advance, supported by two divisions of infantry, which were slowly coming up. Lord Lucan contrived to misunderstand these instructions, and contented himself with mounting his horsemen, moving his Light Brigade to a position across the valley, and halting his own on the slope of the rise above them. Not unnaturally the Commander-in-Chief grew impatient at this extraordinary want of energy; and observing a movement among the enemy, which apparently indicated an intention of carrying off as trophies the English guns taken from the Turks, he called to his side Captain Nolan, a brilliant cavalry officer, and despatched him to Lord Lucan with another and more peremptory mandate. Down the steep galloped Nolan at headlong pace, and placed in Lord Lucan's hand his Commander-in-Chief's order, which ran as follows:

'Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy's carrying away the guns. Troops of horse artillery may accompany. Fresh cavalry is on your left. Immediate.'

The purport of these directions would seem to be sufficiently obvious. The guns to which Lord Raglan referred

were evidently those which the Russians in the morning had taken from the Turks. Yet Lord Lucan professed himself unable to understand; and began to urge the uselessness of an attack upon (as he conceived) the Russian artillery and the danger attending it. Nolan warmly exclaimed—'Lord Raglan's orders are, that the cavalry should attack immediately.' 'Attack, sir! attack what? What guns, sir?' Throwing his head back, and pointing towards the valley, the aide-de-camp replied, with a touch of scorn in his voice,—'There, my lord, is your enemy; there, my lord, are your guns.' That he was thinking only of the English guns, and did not intend his gesture to be construed as indicating any particular direction, all are now agreed; but Lord Lucan, who was angry and sullen, wrongly understood him to mean that the cavalry were to ride into the valley, which was lined on each side by Russian infantry, and charge the Russian battery at the head of it, behind which their horse had been partly re-formed after their defeat. Accordingly he rode off to Lord Cardigan, his brigadier, and intimated that he was to attack the Russians in the valley, about three-quarters of a mile distant, with the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers. Greatly surprised at an order which meant destruction to his small force, Lord Cardigan replied,—'Certainly, sir; but allow me to point out to you that the Russians have a battery in the valley in our front, and batteries and riflemen on each flank.' 'I know it,' replied Lord Lucan, shrugging his shoulders, 'but Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey.'

The Light Brigade was then drawn up as follows:—the 13th Light Dragoons (Captain Oldham) and the 17th Lancers (Captain Morris) in the first line, led by Lord Cardigan himself; the 11th Hussars, under Colonel Douglas, in the second line; and, in the third line, the 4th Light Dragoons, under Lord George Paget, and the 8th Hussars, under Colonel Shewell. Each regiment stood extended in

line two deep. Scarlett's Heavy Brigade was to support, and with two of its regiments, the Greys and the Royals, Lord Lucan resolved to be present in person. The trumpet sounded, and with their gallant leader in advance, the Light Horsemen rode forward into the fatal valley at full gallop, and, receiving as they went the fire from the Russian infantry on each flank, charged straight at the battery. At this moment Captain Nolan rode swiftly across their front, waving his sword and shouting, and wishing to convey to officers and men that they were taking the wrong direction, but he was disregarded, and the death ride continued. To Nolan was given no further chance of correcting the grievous blunder. A Russian shell, exploding close beside him, threw out a fragment which struck him in the chest, and 'tore a way into his heart.' His sword dropped from his hand, and his charger, no longer feeling its rider's guidance, swerved round, and galloped back towards the advancing brigade. Thus the dead horseman passed on through the interval of the 13th Light Dragoons before he fell from his saddle.

Under a tremendous cross fire, which emptied many a saddle and killed or disabled many a horse, the British cavalry undauntedly pressed forward, preserving the most admirable order, with their commander still in front, until they reached the battery. Then it was 'every man for himself.' A volley from many of the pieces tore great gaps in their ranks; but the survivors, some half-hundred perhaps, dashed into the smoke-cloud and the mass of horsemen behind it. The supports quickly came up; and for a few minutes a sharp contention prevailed. Some stopped to fight in the battery and capture the guns; others spurred on to sabre the Muscovite troopers. Lord Cardigan was attacked by a couple of Cossacks; but beating them off, he fell back and re-passed through the Russian battery. Then, seeing, as he imagined, the remnants of his first line in retreat, he rode back to the ground occupied by the Heavy

Brigade,—a not unnatural action, though it afterwards exposed him to severe criticism.

Meanwhile, the combat between the British and Russian horsemen continued. A bold charge of the French Chasseurs d'Afrique against the Russian infantry on the left side of the valley, was of signal assistance to our struggling troopers,—the number of whom, when the enemy began to fall back, did not exceed 220 or 230 undisaibled, and of these only about 170 were in a state of formation. In a few minutes the enemy recovered from the breathless surprise induced by so daring, so exceptional a passage of arms, and realizing the fact that a mere handful of British horsemen was in their midst, and that they must ride back through the valley of fire before they could regain their own lines, pushed forward a swarm of lancers to cut off their retreat. Colonel Shewell, who, as senior officer present, took the command, immediately drew together the small knots of lancers and hussars within reach, and rode straight at the Muscovite spears with a shock that completely broke them up, and scattered them far and wide.

Lord George Paget and Colonel Douglas, rallying and re-forming a few troops of the 11th Hussars and the 4th Light Dragoons, also succeeded in getting clear of the enemy, and with shot and shell dropping round them, made their way back to the point from which their 'wild charge' had begun.

When the remnants of the brigade had formed up, Lord Cardigan addressed them,—'Men! it is a mad-brained trick, but it is no fault of mine.' Some of the men answered, 'Never mind, my lord! we are ready to go again.' Lord Cardigan replied,—'No no, men! you have done enough.' The charge, the combat, and the retreat occupied in all about twenty minutes. The Heavy Brigade lent no assistance, having been halted by Lord Lucan as soon as they got under fire.

'It was upon one of the slopes which look southward

towards Balaklava that the muster took place; and, for some time, stragglers and riderless chargers were coming in at intervals; but at length there was a numbering of horses, and afterwards the melancholy roll-call began. As often as it appeared that to the name called out there was no one present to answer, men contributed what knowledge they had as to the fate of their missing comrade, saying when and where they had last seen him. More or less truly, if they knew it not before, men learned the fate of their friends from this dismal inquest. And then also came the time for the final and deliberate severance of many a friendship between the dragoon and his charger; for the farriers, with their pistols in hand, were busied in the task of shooting the ruined horses.'

When it went into action the brigade numbered 673 horsemen. Of these 163 were killed and 134 wounded, the chief loss being incurred as they descended into the valley. 475 horses were killed and 42 wounded. Well might Lord Raglan condemn an achievement which, splendid as it was, contributed to no useful result. And well might General Bosquet exclaim, in words which have become historical.—*'C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre!'*

'When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made,
Honour the Light Brigade!
Noble Six Hundred!'

'The perversity which sent our squadrons to their doom,' says Mr Kinglake, 'is only after all the mortal part of the story. Half-forgotten already, the origin of the Light Cavalry Charge is fading away out of sight. Its splendour remains. And splendour like this is something more than the mere outward adornment which graces the life of a nation. It is strength—strength other than that of mere riches, and other than that of gross numbers—strength

carried by proud descent from one generation to another—strength awaiting the trials that are to come.'

Regiments engaged in the Cavalry Fight of Balaklava.

Charge of the Heavy Brigade—The Royals, the Scots Greys, the Inniskillings, the 4th and 5th Dragoons.

Charge of the Light Brigade—The 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 8th and 11th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers.

BATTLE OF INKERMANN, November 5

The day after the Balaklava fight was marked by a Russian attack in force on the position occupied by the second division, under Sir De Lacy Evans. It was met with vigour and gallantly repulsed,—the enemy's colours being literally chased over the Tchernaya ridge, and down the slope towards the sea-shore.

The flank of the second division, however, was dangerously exposed on the side of the valley of Inkerman; a condition of affairs to which General Evans had more than once directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief, but which, from want of sufficient troops, he was in a great measure powerless to repair. The key of the Allied lines on the north-east, Mount Inkerman, was necessarily a post of the greatest strategic importance; and there was special reason, therefore, to apprehend that the enemy would attempt its capture. On the 5th of November the second division was under the command of General Pennefather, Sir De Lacy Evans being ill on board ship. It lay encamped near the isthmus which connects Mount Inkerman with the main of the Chersonese upland, and had a strength of 2956 officers and privates. About three-quarters of a mile in the rear lay the brigade of Guards, under the Duke of Cambridge, and Major-General Bentinck. Away on the left was posted Codrington's division. To the right, about

a mile-and-a-half from the Guards, and two miles from the camp of the second division, lay the main body of the French 'Army of Observation,' under General Bosquet.

On Saturday evening, November 4, the Russian generals, who for some days past had been gathering up troops from the north, made their final preparations for what was intended to be a mortal blow to the besieging army, and massed 40,000 men for an attack upon Mount Inkerman. At the westernmost angle of the Sebastopol defences, a powerful sortie was to be made for the purpose of occupying the attention of the French. Simultaneously, an army corps under Prince Gortschakoff, was to keep General Bosquet engaged, until the British were driven from Inkerman, after which he was to ascend the heights in turn, and then the Allies, with 60,000 men on their shattered flank, would be compelled to raise the siege. To excite the ardour of the troops by an appeal to their loyalty and their religious sentiments, two of the Imperial princes arrived in camp, and imposing services were celebrated by the priests of the Greek Church. They were incited to remember that the Allies were not only invaders of the empire, but enemies of the orthodox faith, and supporters of the Moslem. It was, therefore, with renewed enthusiasm that, through the gray mist of the wet November morning, the Muscovite soldiery rapidly ascended the broken acclivities, and rushed upon the second division. Simultaneous attacks were delivered against the French under Canrobert and Bosquet; but as these were subordinate to the struggle on Mount Inkerman, it is enough to record that, after a severe encounter, they were beaten off.

The assault on the British position was of the most desperate and determined character. Fresh Russian regiments came up, one after another, in swift succession, and it seemed probable that the scanty line of British bayonets would be overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers. Though

taken almost by surprise, the British maintained their ground with a constancy which has never been surpassed. As soon as the object of the enemy was clearly understood, Sir George Cathcart hurried his division to the support of the second; General Buller brought up 650 men of the Light Division, and Sir Richard England led forward the 1st Royals and the 50th. In another part of the field, the so-called Victoria Ridge, General Codrington, with 1100 men, strenuously held his ground against a host of enemies. At the beginning of the battle, Sir De Lacy Evans, in spite of his serious illness, came ashore, and appeared on the battlefield, though he did not take the command from General Pennefather's capable hands. The force and fury of the action necessarily raged around Mount Inkerman, and ravine and height alike were disputed with the fiercest obstinacy. The British fought in small bodies of two or three hundred men—rallying and reforming as circumstances required—soldiers of different regiments fighting side by side, under whatsoever leadership happened to be forthcoming. Lord Raglan was quickly on the ground, and ordered a couple of 18-pounders to be brought up to assist the defence; but neither by him nor by the divisional generals was any manœuvring attempted. Nor was such manœuvring possible; friends and foes being inextricably mixed in the hurly-burly.

Inkerman has happily been called 'the soldiers' battle.' 'It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults, in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells—from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphant, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France.' This is a description as true as it is vivid. At Inkerman there were none of those combined movements

which generally decide the fortune of the day; no precipitation of an overwhelming force against some particular point; no brilliant charge of cavalry or solid advance of infantry; no subtle combination dictated by the genius of the general in command. The battle was made up of isolated attacks and defences, and decided by the courage of individual soldiers. Mr Kinglake divides it into seven distinct periods or stages, between a quarter to six in the morning and eight o'clock in the evening, when the Russians accomplished their retreat; but so far as we can gather from the records before us, at no time was there any absolute intermission in the fighting. Throughout that long and desperate day death was very busy, and the mortality among the generals and officers was exceptional, for from the nature of the combat they were as much exposed as any of the rank and file. Sir George Cathcart fell early in the fight, shot through the heart by a musket-ball. Generals Goldie and Strangeways were also killed; and Brigadier-Generals Adams and Torrens mortally wounded.

About ten o'clock, General Bosquet was able to come to the assistance of the British with a body of French infantry, and reinforcements rapidly arriving, he succeeded in checking the Russians most on the left, while our men, with stern resolution, repelled all assaults directed against the right and centre of their position. Towards noon the Allied infantry on Mount Inkerman numbered between 4000 and 5000 British, and 7000 or 8000 French; and General Pennefather had so far succeeded in turning the tide of battle that he sent a true 'soldier's message' to Lord Raglan, to the effect that, if adequately reinforced, he could end the fight with the Russians, and 'lick them to the devil.' But Canrobert, though solicited by Lord Raglan, showed no willingness to act on the offensive; and it was clear that what had to be done must be done by the British alone.

So the scattered groups of fighting men were drawn together; a battery was carried; a forward movement was vigorously begun and resolutely sustained; and baffled in their well-conceived design, the Russians, soon after one o'clock, began to fall back. By three o'clock they had abandoned the higher ground of Mount Inkerman, leaving behind them, in grim testimony to the vehemency of their attack and the resistless character of the defence, the ghastliest heaps of dead and wounded. They had still a long distance to cover, pursued by the relentless musketry of the Allies, and it was eight o'clock when the last piece of cannon passed back within their lines.

At Inkerman the total loss of the Russians was 10,729 killed, wounded, and prisoners. Out of a fighting strength of 7464 infantry and 200 cavalry, the British lost 597 killed and 1760 wounded (including Generals Sir George Brown and Bentinck). The French estimated their casualties at 13 officers and 130 men killed, and 36 officers and 750 wounded.

The siege continued to drag its slow length along. From the 14th till the 16th of November, a great storm raged, doing no small damage on land to the Allied camps, and at sea effecting a deplorable amount of destruction—the *Prince* and other store vessels perishing. The winter of 1854-55 proved to be one of great severity, and owing to the grave defects in the military organisation of the country, our troops suffered terribly from cold and disease. The official world, in its thralls of red tape and formality, ignored the distress that was rapidly reducing their efficiency; until moved into action by the indignation of the public, whose attention and interest had been engaged by Dr William Howard Russell's admirably graphic letters in *The Times*. It was on this occasion that the usefulness of the 'Special Correspondent' was first experienced, for it is certain that, but for Dr Russell's revelations, very little in

the way of reform would have been accomplished. But 'public opinion' is an all powerful influence; and being brought to bear upon Parliament, and through Parliament upon the executive, 'it inaugurated' an era of revolution at Whitehall and the Horse Guards, the end of which is not yet. A succession of important changes has taken place, with the general result of greatly increasing the efficiency of our army, and improving the position of the private soldier. In the last twenty years we have seen the abolition of the purchase system, to the infinite advantage of the poorer class of officers; the adoption of an enlightened recruiting policy, by which the *morale* of the ranks has been largely elevated; and the formation of an effective reserve, now amounting to some 40,000 thoroughly trained soldiers. The short service system has removed one of the chief obstacles to the popularity of the army as a profession among the great body of the people. Wise and liberal provision has been made for the education of our recruits; the health of the rank and file is sedulously cared for; good conduct liberally rewarded; wholesome recreation for their hours of leisure furnished; barrack accommodation has been considerably improved. As for the soldier's equipment it has been radically altered; and he no longer carries on his shoulders in a long march a weight sufficient to exhaust his physical energies. Something, though still too little, is being done to train him as a marksman; and his value as an offensive instrument has been more than doubled by placing in his hands a weapon of precision which enables him to harass the enemy at long range. These changes have not been accomplished without loud protests from partisans of the ancient ways,—the *laudatores temporis acti*, who cannot tear themselves from the old traditions, and look upon every forward movement as an inevitable step towards chaos; but the increasing popularity of the service is an evidence in their favour that cannot be ignored, while

no one who has studied the Egyptian campaigns will deny that the British army as an effective war machine stands higher in value than at any previous period of its history.

CHAPTER IV

THE INDIAN MUTINY

I.—*The Siege of Delhi*

THOUGH the Sepoy Mutiny took place scarcely thirty years ago, it seems almost to belong to ancient history; and it is possible, I think, to treat it with some degree of impartiality and coolness of judgment. Few will now contend, I suppose, that it was anything else than what I have called it, a Sepoy Mutiny,—a mutiny of the Sepoy army, distinguished from a revolt of the Indian people,—a military movement which did not command the sympathies of the people except within a limited area. Recent circumstances have shown that the Hindu respects, if he do not love, his energetic European rulers; acknowledges their even-handed justice; and, on the whole, is fairly loyal towards a government which, if not sympathetic, is at least equitable, serene, and patient. It would have been impossible, had the Mutiny elicited the support of the great masses of the population, for the handful of Englishmen scattered over the vast area of India, to have held their ground. Happily, it was nothing more than the outbreak of a class; of a portion of that native soldiery in whom our military authorities had placed so imprudent a confidence,

whom they had injudiciously pampered and petted into insubordination. And it so befell that, at a very critical juncture, influences of a most unfavourable character had been brought to bear upon these hireling warriors. The British army in India had been depleted by frequent draughts until it had become, in a numerical sense, exceptionally weak; while its feeble battalions were distributed over wide stretches of country without regard to strategical considerations or probabilities of internal commotion. Moreover, the disasters which so seriously involved the Allied armies in the Crimea had been exaggerated in the Bazaars of India, and had led the Sepoy to look upon the military power of England as a thing of the past. He began to fear that its white regiments being exhausted, the government would send its Sepoy battalions across that 'black water,' which the great majority of Hindus dream of with an undefinable dread.

Nor were these the only causes which operated to shake the loyalty of the Sepoy. His religious prejudices had been skilfully excited by ingenious rumours and insinuations that the British Government designed to defile his caste and destroy his religion; and that for this purpose the cartridges recently issued to them had been greased with the pork fat abhorred by the Mohammeden, and the cow fat detested by the Brahman. Without leaders, however, the Sepoys would never have developed their fanatical wrath into any dangerously active condition. But the annexation policy of Lord Dalhousie had alarmed the enmity of many of the Indian princes, some of whom it had deprived of their power, and others, of the privileges which they valued more than power. Especially had the last confiscation of territory, of the fair and fertile province of Oudh, given rise to a widespread feeling of insecurity, while it had naturally enough awakened a strong sentiment of hostility among the Oudh nobles, or *talookdars*, who had been attacked in their most cherished interests. Thus it happened that the Sepoys,

while hesitating on the threshold of rebellion, were provided with leaders, who quickly carried them across it.

The British authorities, contentedly ignorant of the real feelings of the millions over whom they ruled, failed to take any of those measures which might have repressed this rapidly increasing disaffection. Fortunately, it is less true now than it was a quarter of a century ago that we know so little of what is stirring in the depths of Indian society—we dwell so much apart from the people—we see so little of them except in their external and superficial aspects—that the most dangerous conspiracies may spring into life under the very shadow of our bungalows, without our detection of a single unpleasant symptom. ‘Still less can we note that quiet under current of hostility which is continually flowing on without any immediate or definite object. . . . But it does not the less exist because we are ignorant of the form which it assumes or the point from which it springs.’ It is authoritatively held by men whose competency to judge can hardly be disputed that the men who corrupted the Indian Sepoys and led them into rebellion, were either the agents of some of the old princely houses which we had destroyed, or members of old baronial families which we had reduced to poverty and shame, or the emissaries of Brahmanical societies whose precepts we were turning into folly, or mere visionaries and enthusiasts, stimulated by their own heated fanatics to proclaim the coming of a new prophet, or a fresh avatar of the Deity, and the consequent downfall of Christian power in the East. It is open to us to doubt, however, whether the religious element had any important share in the outbreak, and, unquestionably, it never assumed a crusading character. But, at the same time, there is abundant evidence that immediately prior to the Sepoy Mutiny, the agents of disaffection appeared in our military stations and cantonments under the guise of passing travellers, hawkers, religious mendicants, or itinerant puppet-showmen,—sowing the seed of sedition

in a soil well fitted to receive and nourish it until the time came when it could break forth into ‘a terrible harvest of rebellion.’

It was in the early part of 1857 that the military authorities took steps to furnish the native Indian regiments with a new rifled musket, in place of the venerable ‘Brown Bess’ with which they had hitherto been armed. Unfortunately, the new weapon could not be loaded unless the cartridge was previously lubricated or greased. In spite of the scrupulous reticence of the Government this circumstance became known to the superstitious soldiery. It chanced one day in January, that a low-caste Lascar meeting a high-caste Sepoy in the cantonment at Dum-Dum, asked him for a drink of water from his kotah. The Brahman objected on the score of caste; whereupon the Lascar answered him that caste went for nothing; that high-caste and low-caste would soon be just the same, since cartridges smeared with beef-fat and hog’s lard were being made for the Sepoys at the depots, and, before long, would be distributed to the whole army.

The Brahman related this story to his comrades, and, with the wonderful rapidity which marks the secret dissemination of news in India, it spread from station to station until every Sepoy in Bengal was familiar with it. We need not dwell upon the horror and indignation it excited, for to the English reader it must always seem incredible; but overt proof of the strength of passion aroused was soon afforded at Barrackpore, a military station only six miles from Calcutta, where, night after night, the sky reddened with incendiary flames. At Berhampore the native regiment mutinied; but, by a prompt display of energy, was summarily reduced to obedience. From point to point flowed the wave of insubordination, until the extent of the area it covered alarmed the Government, which ordered an inquiry into its causes to be instituted. These

having been ascertained, immediate steps were taken to counteract the evil that had been wrought; and stringent orders were issued that no cartridges should be given out which were not free from grease, and that the Sepoys were to be allowed to apply with their own hands such lubricating mixtures as might be agreeable to them. It was reasonably supposed that they would gladly and gratefully recognize the anxiety of the Government to respect their religious scruples; but the mischief had been done—the lie had gone abroad, and had accomplished all that its inventors had designed and hoped for. Not, indeed, that of itself the greased cartridge story would have proved of much importance, but it was the spark that at a critical moment fell upon a vast mass of inflammable material. The mine had long been ready for explosion, and the greased cartridge fired the train.

The explosion took place on the 10th of May at the great military station of Meerut. The 3rd Native Cavalry broke into sudden, but we may be sure, not unpremeditated revolt; and its example was immediately followed by the two infantry regiments (the 11th and the 20th) then in cantonments. With musket, bayonet, and sabre, the infuriated wretches fell upon the Europeans—officers, soldiers, and civilians indiscriminately—and slew them in cold blood. At this time a large European detachment lay at Meerut; and had it been handled promptly and energetically by General Hewit, the chief in command, the mutineers might have been righteously punished, even if the insurrection had not been crushed in its birth throes. But Hewit appears to have been panic stricken. During the terrible night of the 10th and 11th of May, the rebels set fire to the European quarters, and massacred innocent women and children. Still the English commander made no sign, nor did he attempt to overtake or intercept them, when, 2000 strong, they marched out on their way to Delhi. This inexplicable, this

criminal inactivity must be regarded as the parent of most of the disasters which fill so dark a page in the history of our Anglo-Indian empire.

Early on the morning of the 12th the rebels arrived at Delhi, where, gathering tumultuously beneath the old King's palace-windows, they loudly demanded admission, and called upon him to help them, proclaiming that they had killed the English at Meerut, and had come to fight for 'the faith.' The Sepoy regiments of the ancient city at once adopted their cause and their cry, and, falling upon the undefended Europeans, revelled in an orgie of blood and rapine. So furious was their temper that the King fell into a panic of alarm for his own safety. With reeking swords in their hands, the murderers rushed from place to place, boasting of their hellish deeds, and calling upon others to follow their example. The corridors and court-yards of the palace swarmed with the mutineers of the Third Cavalry and the Thirty-eighth; while with this dangerous crowd mingled the Meerut infantry regiments and an excited Mohammedan rabble, breathing vengeance against 'the infidels.' The troopers stabled their horses in the palace-courts. The infantry, weary with the long night march, converted the audience-hall into a barrack, and littered down on the floor. Guards were posted all about the precincts of the palace, which indeed was wholly in military occupation.

The cowardice or supineness that had disgraced the British name at Meerut happily found no counterpart at Delhi. As soon as the explosive force of the insurrection could be estimated, and it was seen that Delhi was practically in the hands of the rebels, Lieutenants Willoughby and Forrester blew up the great Delhi magazine, to prevent its vast military stores from falling into their possession. The surviving Europeans then saved themselves by flight, and the Sepoys placed the aged and infirm King of Delhi on the

throne from which he had been deposed, and exultantly announced that the British *raj* in India was at an end.

The true proportions of the crisis, and its probable consequences, were fully appreciated by Lord Canning and by two of the most experienced of his lieutenants, the brothers Lawrence, Sir Henry and Sir John, of whom the former was at the head of the administration in Oudh, the latter Chief Commissioner in the Punjab. They agreed upon the supreme importance of recapturing Delhi, which, as the sacred city and capital of the old Mogul Empire, enjoyed a special prestige, and would naturally become the headquarters and centre of the insurrectionary movement, imparting a quasi-national character to what was in its inception a military revolt. Its recapture would, it was believed, deprive the enterprise of its vitality; and in a striking manner assert before all India the invincibility of the British power.

In this view, however, the Honourable George Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, did not coincide. He was a man of fair intelligence and entire devotedness to duty; but without military experience or the capacity for dealing with great emergencies. Not until the danger had come upon us did he discover the unpreparedness of the various military departments; and then, perceiving the inadequacy of the means at his disposal, he shrank from the hazard of the projected attack upon Delhi. 'Our small European force,' he wrote, 'is, in my opinion, insufficient for the purpose. The walls could, of course, be battered down with heavy guns. The entrance might be opened, and little resistance offered. But so few men in a great city, with such narrow streets, an immense armed population, who know every turn and corner of them, would, it appears to me, be in a very dangerous position; and if six or seven hundred were disabled, what would remain? Could we hold it with the whole country armed against us? Could we either stay in or out of it? My own view of the state of things now is,

that by carefully collecting our resources, having got rid of the bad materials which we cannot trust, and having supplied their places with others of a better sort, it would not be very long before we could proceed without a chance of failure, in whatever direction we might please.' The ineptitude of these remarks is singular; it is painfully evident that their writer did not understand the position of the British in India, though he commanded the British army.

Lord Canning, however, supported by Sir John Lawrence, did not cease to urge upon his reluctant colleague the necessity of immediate action, and to explain the momentous political considerations involved in the recapture of Delhi. At last he was convinced or over-ruled; and made active preparations for the undertaking which he still believed to be impossible. Valuable assistance was lent to him by Sir John Lawrence, who did not hesitate to strip the Punjab of nearly all its European troops, while making ready to follow them up with reinforcements of Sikh battalions. Anson, with the rear-guard of his little army, marched from Umballa on the 25th of May; but the next day, literally broken down by the burden of a responsibility for which he was unfitted, he was seized with cholera, of which, in a few hours, the result was fatal. His successor, Sir Harry Barnard, pushed forward with laudable energy, leaving orders for a siege-train to be hurried to the scene of action. On the 7th of June he reached Alipur, where he was joined by a brigade from Meerut, under Colonel (afterwards Sir Archdale) Wilson, who on his march had fought two engagements with the rebels, and beaten them soundly; and the siege-train having arrived, he advanced, on the 8th, to Budli-ka-Serai, about six miles from the city of the Mogul, where the Sepoys were posted in force.

On reconnoitring the enemy's position, he found that it had been well chosen for defensive purposes, the infantry being sheltered from an attacking fire by walled gardens and groups of old houses. Numbers were against him, but

Barnard did not hesitate. After a brisk cannonade his infantry charged the enemy's batteries, capturing the guns, and bayoneting the gunners. A vigorous blow against the left wing of the Sepoys completely demoralised them; and their rear being at the same time assailed by our cavalry and horse artillery, they broke in the wildest disorder and took to flight, abandoning all their guns, stores, and baggage.

Just one month from the portentous outbreak at Meerut, the British troops crowned the celebrated Ridge, before Delhi, which had previously been occupied by the British cantonments. . . . A position not less remarkable for its picturesque character than for its strategical advantages. From this elevated point the spectator sees, as in a map, the great city, with shining mosque and slender minaret, laid out beneath his feet; one side resting upon the river Jumna,—the other, with massive red walls, projecting towards himself. A beautiful picture is composed by the quaintly charming suburbs, with their stately houses, their blooming gardens, and their leafy groves; while the sunlight flashes with a thousand golden reflections from the mirror-like waves of the ample river. From a military point of view, the position was exceptionally advantageous. It commanded the principal roads leading to the city and the neighbouring canals, one of which, the Nujufgurrh, furnished a copious supply of water. On the left, the rocky ridge descended to the Jumna, some three or four miles distant from the city; on the right it approached within a thousand yards of the Cabul gate. It extended about two miles longitudinally, and averaged from fifty to sixty feet in height. To the left and in the centre it was covered with the ruins of old houses, which concealed the British tents from the Sepoy defenders of the city. On the extreme right was situated a large building known as Hindu Rao's house; and between this and the extreme left were situated, at intervals, the flagstaff tower, a dilapidated mosque, and the observatory.

All four posts were strongly garrisoned. We may add that, on the right, below the ridge, lay the Subzu-munder, or vegetable-market; nearer at hand rose the Mound, on which our soldiers afterwards erected a strong battery. Owing to the smallness of their numbers, the British could not push their approaches very near the walls; and, indeed, as a matter of fact, the nearest battery was at least 1500 yards distant.

As for the fortifications of the city, the walls, which were of exceptional solidity, and defended by numerous bastions, as well as by a dry ditch, twenty-eight feet broad and twenty deep, extended over a circuit of seven miles, and averaged twenty-four feet in height. Each of its ten gates was surmounted by towers: the three against which the British mainly directed their attack were the Kashmir, the Moree, and the Cabul. The fort of Selimghur was a strong outwork, the guns of which commanded the river-approach; and the mass of buildings enclosed within the palace-area afforded great facilities for defence. This defence was undertaken by about 30,000 Sepoys, trained soldiers, accustomed to the European discipline, and abundantly supplied with arms, ordnance, ammunition, and provisions.

On the other hand, Sir Harry Barnard's force, in June 1857, numbered only 3000 British troops, besides the Punjab Guides corps, a battalion of Goorkhas, and two native regiments, whose fidelity was dubious. His artillery equipment consisted of twenty-two field guns, and a weak siege-train. Thus the odds were heavily against him; but he had a great work to do, and with all his energy prepared to do it. But he retained at the same time his prudence and self-control; and when it was suggested to him that the city might be carried by a *coup de main*, he had the firmness to refuse his consent. He saw that even if he succeeded in storming Delhi, it would involve a loss of life that would incapacitate his little army from holding it.

The truth was, that while nominally besieging Delhi he was himself besieged; pertinacious attacks upon his position being made daily by superior numbers, against which no other troops but the British could have held their own. 'They had no proper rest by night,' says Mr Rotton, 'the smallness of the force requiring so many for the ordinary pickets, and admitting scarcely of any relief for any length of time together, while those who were in camp often slept under arms, not knowing the moment when their services might be urgently required. At first, it was literally nothing but fighting by day, and watching and expecting to renew the conflict by night, and in the discharge of both duties you could not fail, from frequent visits to the pickets, to recognize the same hands everlastingly employed in the same work.'

On the 12th of June the enemy attacked the left of the British position, but were swiftly repulsed. On the 13th and 15th they failed in furious efforts to capture Hindu Rao's house. Day after day our small army was kept on the alert, sometimes assuming the offensive, as on the 17th, when they captured and destroyed a Sepoy battery, the fire of which had proved annoying, but generally confining themselves to defensive operations. On the 19th the rebels crept round the Subzu-munder, and were fain to have surprised the British rear, but were discovered and driven back after some heavy fighting. They repeated the attempt in greater force on the 23rd of June—the centenary of Plassy—and a vehement struggle prolonged until night-fall, strained to the uttermost the endurance and resolution of Sir Harry Barnard's little band of fighting men. But as the sun went down, the ardour of the enemy also sank; at sunset they confessed their defeat, and as the British advanced and occupied the Subzu-munder, fell back within the walls of the city. After the long day of desperate fighting beneath a blazing sky, our men were too spent to charge the guns or pursue the retreating foe. They had

won the victory, but it was evident that a few more such victories would convert their camp into a cemetery; and the rebels had been defeated, but then it was clear that a few more such defeats would give them all they hoped for.

Towards the end of the month, the eagerly-expected reinforcements began to arrive in the British camp. Both Europeans and Sikhs streamed down from the Punjab; and with their battalions came Brigadier (afterwards Sir Neville) Chamberlain and Colonel Baird Smith,—two skilful and daring officers, who in themselves were equal to a brigade. Just at this moment of happier promise died gallant Sir Harry Barnard. Like his predecessor he fell a victim to cholera. His constitution, enfeebled by prolonged anxiety and continuous labour, was unable to withstand the violence of the disease, and he expired, after a few hours' illness, on the 5th of July. General Reid succeeded to the command, but was compelled by ill health to transfer it on the 17th to Brigadier Archdale Wilson, an officer who had seen much service and earned considerable distinction. But for the responsibilities of his new position he was hardly strong enough, and on more than one occasion he hesitated, when hesitation was most injurious.

The incessant activity of the enemy demanded a corresponding watchfulness on the part of the British, who, however, preserved their cheerfulness of spirit, and at no time doubted the issue of the contention. With a shout of enthusiasm they welcomed, on the 7th of August, that brilliant warrior, Brigadier Nicholson, who came into camp at the head of a fine force of 2500 Europeans and Sikhs. The presence of this chivalrous Paladin—firm and gallant as the Sir Arthegal of Spenser's epic—kindled in the army a strenuous desire to try conclusions with the rebels; but before any decisive effort could be made to carry the city, an important duty devolved upon the young commander. A heavy siege-train was on its way from Ferozepur. Spies

reported that the enemy had despatched a strong force to intercept it. To baffle them in their attempt, Nicholson with his column left the camp early on the morning of the 25th of August, and marched, in a deluge of rain, and along roads little better than swamps, towards Nujufgurh. On coming up with the rebels he found that their front was covered by a couple of villages and a *serai*: without hesitation he pushed forward his English troops against the *serai*, while with his Sikh battalions he attacked the villages.

The resistance was resolute, the conflict desperate. The heroism which was displayed by our people was emulated by the enemy. The Sepoys fought well, and sold their lives dearly. There was a sanguinary hand-to-hand encounter. Many of the gunners and the drivers were bayoneted or cut down in the battery, and those who escaped limbered up and made, in hot haste, for the bridge crossing the Nujufgurh Canal. But the attacking party pressed closely upon them. The swampy state of the ground was fatal to the retreat. The leading gun stuck fast in the morass, and impeded the advance of those in the rear. Then our pursuing force fell upon them, and before they had made good their retreat captured thirteen guns and killed eight hundred of their fighting men.

Flushed with this latest victory, Nicholson returned to the camp before Delhi; and his eager persistency induced General Wilson to hazard an attack upon the city. Batteries were hastily erected; and a tremendous fire opened against the walls in order to effect a practicable breach through which the storming columns might enter. The points selected were the Moree, Kashmir, and Water Bastions; and against them was hurled an incessant storm of shot and shell. On the 13th, the artillery having done its work, the attacking force was drawn up in four columns and a reserve. The first column, 1000 strong, led by the intrepid Nicholson, was ordered to storm the breach near the

Kashmir Bastion; the second, 850 strong, under Brigadier Jones, the breach in the Water Bastion; the third, 950 strong, under Colonel Campbell, the Kashmir Gate, after it had been blown open by the engineers; while the fourth, 860 strong, under Major Charles Reid, was directed to sweep clear the suburbs of Paharanpore and Kishengunje, and then to break into the city by the Lahore Gate. The advance of the storming columns was covered by 200 riflemen, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jones. The reserve column, under Brigadier Longfield, numbered 1300 men; so that the whole force destined to attempt the capture of a great city, garrisoned by 30,000 trained soldiers, did not exceed 5160 men.

The day fixed for the assault was the 14th of September, and before morning broke, the columns were under arms, and 'eager for the fray.'

Says the historian of the Mutiny:—

'The general design of the attack was this: the infantry divided into four columns, and a column of reserve, and guided by Engineer officers, were to cross the ditch at different points by the aid of scaling ladders, to clear the outer defences of the city, taking possession of all bastions, guns, and gateways, and establishing defensible posts. This having been accomplished, it was left to the discretion of commanding officers, under the general direction of Nicholson, to determine whether, dependent upon the circumstances of the moment, and the resistance of force, it would be advisable to direct the columns to clear the streets of the city in their front and vicinity, or to wait for the arrival of artillery to aid them. The roads to the palace and Selinghur having been rendered practicable, a vigorous bombardment of those places was to be undertaken with the least possible delay, every available mortar being conveyed into the city and placed in the magazine or other suitable positions. . . . It was the general conception that all this might be accomplished, and the person of the King secured, within three or

four days from the time of our first delivery of the assault.

Suddenly the British batteries fell into silence, the bugles sounded the advance, and with a ringing cheer the fighting-men went forward to their terrible work. In crossing the ditch they suffered severely from the rebel musketry; but not for one moment did it check their solid, steady advance. Nicholson's column was divided into two sections, the Bengal Fusiliers, led by himself, and the Queen's 75th, led by Colonel Herbert. In his grand impatience, Nicholson was the first to mount the wall. Then, with a rapid rush and a mighty cheer, the British stormed the breach, and driving back the raging Sepoys with their levelled steel, seized upon and firmly held the main guard.

Not less eager in advance, nor less successful in action, was the second column. They swiftly carried the breach in the Water Bastion, killing and wounding as they went; and, bounding across the open area, inclined to the right until they got into touch with Nicholson's men. Thence they swept onward, fighting all the way, to the Moree Bastion; cleared it in a few minutes of its Sepoy defenders, and advanced to the Cabul gate, from the summit of which soon waved the British flag.

Through the darkened air now rang the sharp shrill call of the bugle; the different corps gathered together, and the warriors of England shook hands with one another, marvelling not a little that through such a fiery furnace any should have passed unhurt. They could not look at the gaps in their ranks without a feeling of sorrow; but their spirits rose again when they remembered that their dead comrades had fallen in the faithful discharge of their duty, and in vindication of the majesty of England.

Meanwhile, Nicholson had entered the city, and silenced the fire of the enemy between the Kashmir and Moree Bastions. On reaching the Cabul gate he took command of the troops, and issued his orders for their further move-

ments. Returning to the first column, he found it exposed to harassing discharges of musketry from the Lahore gate, which he decided therefore to attack immediately, though it could be approached only through a narrow street or lane, swept by the enemy's rifles. As the column advanced, it sustained such severe loss that for a moment it lost its steadiness; but Nicholson galloped forward to reassure it, drawing his tall figure to its full height, and waving his sword above his head. At his call the soldiers again sprang forward, cheering heartily; but in the same moment a rifle bullet struck him in the chest. As he fell from his horse, a couple of Fusiliers caught him in their arms, and tenderly conveyed him to the hospital on the Ridge, where the surgeons, on examining the wound, pronounced it mortal.*

We must follow now the fortunes of the third column, on which devolved the duty of storming the Kashmir Gate. With brisk and steady step the men advanced, preceded by a party of engineers, under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, and accompanied by twenty-four native sappers and miners, carrying bags of gunpowder, in order to blow in the Kashmir Gate. Their proceedings are thus described by Colonel Baird Smith: 'The party advanced at the double towards the Kashmir Gate, Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Havildar Mahore, with all the sappers, leading and carrying the powder bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld and a portion of the remainder of the party. The advanced party reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed, but passing along the precarious footway supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder bags against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder bag, Havildar Mahore being at the same time

* Nicholson lingered for a few days, and expired on the 23rd.

wounded. The powder being laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch, to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to perform its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge, Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the arm and leg, and handed over the slow match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had accomplished the onerous duty. Havildar Tellah Sing, of the Sikhs, was wounded, and Ramlell, Sepoy of the same corps, was killed during this part of the operation. The demolition being most successful, Lieutenant Home, happily not wounded, caused the bugler to sound the regimental call of the 52nd, as the signal for the advancing columns. Fearing that, amid the noise of the assault, the sounds might not be heard, he had the call repeated three times, when the troops advanced and carried the gateway with complete success. I feel certain that a simple statement of this elevated and glorious deed will suffice to stamp it as one of the noblest on record in military history.

Having swept the rebels from the gate, the third column, supported by the reserve, pushed forward into the imperial city, every inch of the ground being fiercely contested, until it gained its appointed position near St James's Church. The fourth column, Major Reid's, had advanced to Kishengunje; but deprived of its gallant commander, who was shot in the head, it yielded before the formidable attack of the enemy, and was driven back in confusion. The rebels were improving this advantage, and preparing to attack the left of the British camp, when Hope Grant, swiftly detecting the danger, led his cavalry to the charge, and so furiously, that the Sepoys were literally ridden down, and abandoned their positions, leaving their guns in our hands.

The day was rapidly waning, and as the British troops were weary with their long contention against such formidable odds, their commanders were called upon to decide what was next to be done. The heavy loss, 273 killed and

872 wounded, attested the desperate character of the work in which they had been engaged. It is not surprising that the general was alarmed by this colossal sacrifice, and when with his staff, he rode down to the city, and saw all around him the heaps of dead and dying, his first thought was, that the columns must be withdrawn to the ridge, though this was to give up all, or nearly all, that had been gained at such heavy cost. Enquiring of Colonel Baird Smith, however, if it were possible for them to hold the positions they had taken, that dashing officer bluntly replied, 'They *must* do so;' and General Wilson offered no further objection. Meanwhile, feverish with excitement, and suffering from thirst, the men had fallen on the abundant supplies of intoxicating liquor which the city contained, until their commanders began to fear lest, disabled by excess, they should be attacked and overwhelmed by the still formidable army. The general gave immediate orders for the destruction of the dangerous liquors; and gallons of wine, spirits, and beer were poured into the gutters. This prudent measure probably saved the army from a fatal reverse. By the morning order was restored; the advance was resumed, the magazine carried, and the position at Kishengunje so far turned that the rebels voluntarily abandoned it as untenable.

'During the 17th and 18th,' says General Wilson, 'we continued to take up advanced posts in the face of considerable opposition on the part of the rebels, and not without loss to ourselves, three officers being killed, and a number of men killed and wounded. On the evening of the 19th, the Burem Bastion, which had given us considerable annoyance, was surprised and captured. On the morning of the 20th, our troops pushed on and occupied the Lahore Gate, from which an unopposed advance was made on the other bastions and gateways, until the whole of the defences of the city were in our hands. From the time of our entering the city, an uninterrupted and vigorous fire from our guns

and mortars was kept up on the palace, Jumma Musjid, and other important posts in possession of the rebels; and as we took up our various positions in advance, our light guns and mortars were brought forward, and used with effect in the streets and houses in their neighbourhood. The result of this heavy and unceasing bombardment, and of the steady and persevering advance of our troops, has been the evacuation of the palace by the King, the entire desertion of the city by the inhabitants, and the precipitate flight of the rebel troops—who, abandoning their camp property, many of their sick and wounded, and the greater part of their field artillery, have fled in utter disorganisation—some 4000 or 5000 across the bridge of boats into the Doab, the remainder down the right banks of the Jumna. The gates of the palace having been blown in, it was occupied by our troops about noon on the 20th, and my head-quarters established in it the same day.

Major Hodson, of Hodson's horse, a cavalry officer of daring temper and iron will, was despatched with fifty troopers, to secure the person of the King, who was known to have taken refuge within the precincts of the vast buildings bearing the general name of Humayoun's Tomb. There the white-haired, weak old man—doubly weak, in mind as well as in body—who represented the once famous dynasty of Timour and Aureng Zebe—surrendered to the English officer, and with his Queen, Zunat Makal, and their son, Jumma Bukht, was removed to Delhi, and placed in charge of the principal civil authority. On the following day Hodson went in search of the Shahzadahs, two of the King's sons and a grandson, who still lay at Humayoun's Tomb. They made no attempt at resistance, asking only that their lives might be spared; and when Hodson sternly refused to make any conditions, they came out in covered bullock-carts, and were sent on to Delhi, guarded by a double line of horsemen. Hodson delayed a few minutes with consummate audacity to command the five or six

thousand natives assembled in or around the Tomb, to lay down their arms, and then galloped forward to overtake his squadron. A disorderly crowd pressed them very closely, he apprehended that a rescue was in contemplation; and in the belief that it was a just punishment for the cruelties committed by them or in their name, resolved on slaying his prisoners. The wretched prisoners were compelled to quit their carts, and strip themselves to their under garments. With fear and trembling they obeyed, and were afterwards ordered back to their carts. Then Hodson snatched a carbine from one of his sowars, and with cold-blooded deliberation put his captives to death. They merited their fate, for they had sanctioned and even witnessed the massacre of women and children; but one could wish it had befallen them after fair trial and by legal sentence. It cannot but be regretted that a British officer should have taken on himself the executioner's part; and that one of the most glorious episodes in our military history should have been closed with this scene of blood.

The capture of Delhi was very welcome to Lord Canning who had watched the slow progress of the siege with profound anxiety. His feeling of exultation finds expression in the Proclamation which announced it:—'Delhi, the focus of the treason and revolt which for four months have harassed Hindustan, and the stronghold in which the mutinous army of Bengal has sought to concentrate its power, has been wrested from the rebels. The King is a prisoner in the palace. The head-quarters of Major-General Wilson are established in the Dewani Khan. A strong column is in pursuit of the fugitives. Whatever may be the motives and passions by which the mutinous soldiery, and those who are leagued with them, have been instigated to faithlessness, rebellion, and crimes at which the heart sickens, it is certain that they have found encouragement in the delusive belief that India was weakly guarded by England, and that before the Government could gather its

strength against them, their ends would be gained. They are now undeceived. Before a single soldier of the many thousands who are hastening from England to uphold the supremacy of the British power has set foot on these shores, the rebel force where it was strongest and most united, and where it had the command of unbounded military appliances, has been destroyed or scattered, by an army collected within the limits of the North-Western Provinces and the Punjab alone. The work has been done before the support of those battalions which have been collected in Bengal, from the forces of the Queen in China, and in Her Majesty's eastern colonies, could reach Major-General Wilson's army, and it is by the courage and endurance of that gallant army alone—by the skill, sound judgment, and steady resolution of its brave commander—and by the aid of some native chiefs, true to their allegiance, that, under the blessing of God, the head of rebellion has been crushed, and the cause of loyalty, humanity, and rightful authority vindicated.'

If in the North-West the rebellion had been crushed, in other parts of India, and notably in Oudh, it continued its baneful progress, and Lord Canning had still strong cause for the grave anxiety which he concealed beneath his dignified composure of mein. To Oudh we must now direct the reader's attention, for there were perpetrated the foulest of all the atrocities which disgraced the Sepoy Mutiny.

On the 7th of May, the 7th Oudh Irregular Cavalry, stationed about seven miles from the Lucknow cantonments, refused, when ordered, to bite the obnoxious cartridge. The Government had formally dispensed with this regulation and its enforcement was due to some inexplicable blunder. But the regiment, which had formerly been in the King of Oudh's service, was not influenced only by religious scruples; the mutinous spirits which guided it contemplated rebellion, and they wrote to the 48th native infantry, then stationed at Lucknow:—'We are ready to

obey the directions of our brothers of the 48th in the matter of cartridges, and to resist, either actively or passively.' The administration of Oudh, however, was then in the hands of Sir Henry Lawrence, a man of wide experience, thorough knowledge of the native character, great resolution, and inflexible will. As soon as intelligence was conveyed to him of the disaffected attitude of the Oudh regiment, he collected his forces, and set out with a wing of Her Majesty's 32nd, a field battery, and some detachments of native cavalry and infantry. At his approach the mutineers showed signs of alarm, and endeavoured to propitiate the Chief Commissioner by giving up two of the ringleaders and offering to surrender forty more. Sir Henry ordered them to form into line, and having disposed his European infantry so as to overawe them, compelled them to give up their arms, and dismissed the principal offenders from the Company's service. Returning to Lucknow, he made instant preparations to meet the storm which his prescient eye detected as imminent. Ably supported by Mr Gubbins and Captain Fletcher Hayes, he adopted energetic measures for the defence of the European colony, isolated among a population whom he knew to be unfriendly. 'He got in all the treasure from the city and stations, bought up and stored grain and supplies of every kind, bought up all the supplies of the European shopkeepers: got the mortars and guns to the Residency, got in the powder and small ammunition, all the shot and shell, and the heavy guns; had pits dug for the powder and grain, arranged for water supply, strengthened the Residency, had outworks formed, and cleared away all obstructions close up to the Residency,' so that, when the mutiny spread to Lucknow, and the Sepoys revolted, and the whole population of the city and the province—for in Oudh the civil population made common cause with the rebels—ran against us, the little garrison was amply supplied with provisions, ammunition, and resources of every kind.

As the month of June wore on, it became painfully

evident to the English in Lucknow that the burden of his responsibilities was weighing heavily on their noble chief, who, from the very beginning of his administration in Oudh, had suffered from infirm health. Unwilling to spare himself when he knew effort to be so urgently needed, always devoted to his duty, he daily grew more feeble; and fully conscious of his uncertain tenure of life, he provided for possible contingencies by appointing Major Banks to succeed him in the chief commissionership, and Colonel Inglis in the command of the garrison. A brief rest temporarily recruited him; and on the 30th of June he took command of a military force intended to disperse a large body of the enemy who had assembled at Chinhut, about twelve miles from the capital. By some misadventure the strength of the enemy had been under-estimated; and Lawrence took with him only 700 men, half of whom were natives. On arriving in front of the Sepoys' position, he discovered that the plain between Ishmailganj and Chinhut was one 'moving mass of men.' Deserted by his native gunners, and hopelessly outnumbered, he had no alternative but to retreat; and abandoning his guns and wounded, he fell back hastily upon Lucknow, closely pursued by the exulting enemy. The disaster was of serious consequence; for a hundred and nineteen of his little body of British soldiers had been struck down by the tropical sun or the enemy's destructive fire.

Pouring into the city, the rebels speedily surrounded the Residency and the Muchee-Bhowan, the British positions, occupying all the houses that commanded them, and maintaining a tremendous fire of musketry. Under cover of the midnight darkness, the Muchee-Bhowan was successfully evacuated, and the European force concentrated in the Residency, the fort being at the same time blown up, that it might not fall into the hands of the enemy. This took place on the 1st of July. On the following day the beleaguered garrison were deprived of their noble leader. The

upper room which he occupied in the Residency was exposed to a tremendous hurricane of shot and shell. On the 1st of July a shell burst within it, and the officers about Sir Henry endeavoured to persuade him to retire to a more sheltered part of the building. Unfortunately, from a belief that it was the best spot from which he could superintend the defence, he refused to move. How mistaken was this refusal became only too apparent on the morrow, when a shell, exploding by the side of his couch, shattered his thigh.

That the wound was mortal Sir Henry felt at once, and of his medical attendant, Dr Fayrer, he inquired calmly, how long he had to live. The answer was, 'About three days.' He made ready at once for death, receiving Holy Communion, and addressing a few parting words of affectionate counsel to those in attendance upon him. The imperative need of defending the Residency to the last, and of never capitulating, he urged upon his officers again and yet again. 'Let every man die at his post,' he cried, but never make terms! God help the poor women and children!' He told the chaplain that he wished to be buried very privately—'without any fuss—buried in the same grave with any of the garrison who might die about the same time. And in a low voice he repeated the words he intended for his epitaph: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him!'

His sufferings were severe, but he had many intervals of rest; and weak as he was, he lingered on until the beginning of the second day, when, at about eight o'clock in the morning, he gently passed away (July 4). That same evening he was buried in his soldier's grave—hastily dug under a heavy fire of shot and shell—leaving behind him a name and memory which Englishmen will never cease to honour.*

* Sir Henry Lawrence's name is happily commemorated by the noble Institution which he founded for the education and training of the children of European soldiers serving in India.

Leaving Lucknow in the hands of the rebels, with its small English colony and garrison, shut up in the beleaguered Residency, we must direct the reader's attention to Cawnpore, the scene of one of the most tragical episodes of the Mutiny.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, the officer in command of the Cawnpore division was Major General Sir Hugh Wheeler, a veteran of seventy-five, who spoke the language of the Sepoys like themselves, and placed in them the profoundest confidence. This extreme faith in their loyalty and discipline was shaken, however, on the 20th of May, when he could no longer shut his eyes to the signs of disaffection among them, which less prejudiced persons had observed before; and, as a measure of safety, he telegraphed to Lucknow for immediate reinforcements of European troops. Unfortunately, at the same time, he invited the assistance of the Maharaja of Bithoor, better known as the Nana,—his real name was Sirik Dhundu Punth*—whose hatred of the British Government and enormous ambition had induced him to favour secretly the designs of the Sepoys, intending to turn them to his own advantage. The spider joyfully responded to the invitation of the short-sighted fly; and despatched to Cawnpore, on the 22nd, a couple of guns, and three hundred cavalry and infantry.

Some of the Europeans at Cawnpore had, however, a juster appreciation than Wheeler of the subtleties of the Nana's character; and, under their urgent pressure, General Wheeler finally undertook to provide a defensive position. Around the buildings which composed the old Military Hospital he raised a mud wall, four feet high; and armed it with half a score of guns. A supply of provisions was also

* He was the adopted son of the last of the Peishwas, who had obtained by treaty a pension of £90,000 a year; and his grievance against the Government was their refusal to continue the pension to him on the Peishwa's decease.

brought together. While the works were in progress, Azimoolah, the Nana's confidential and unscrupulous agent and emissary, inquired of a British officer: 'What do you call that place you are making in the plain?' 'I am sure I don't know,' said the officer. 'It should be called,' Azimoolah sarcastically remarked, 'The Fort of Despair.' 'No, no,' exclaimed the Englishman, 'we will call it the Fort of Victory'—a proposal received by Azimoolah, with an air of incredulous assent.

During the last days of May the symptoms of insubordination and disaffection grew so marked that the Europeans at Cawnpore felt that they sat, so to speak, on the brink of a volcano. Yet, with singular want of judgment, Sir Hugh Wheeler, hearing that some alarm prevailed at Lucknow, despatched thither, on the 3rd of June, two officers and fifty men of the 84th regiment: thus, not only sending back the Lucknow reinforcement that had arrived during the previous week, but depriving himself of a portion of his own little garrison. On the following night occurred the outbreak. The 2nd Native Cavalry were the first to rise; their example was immediately followed by the 1st Native Infantry, and, after some hesitation, by the 53rd and 56th. The Nana now saw that he could no longer temporize. He placed himself at the head of the rebels, who saluted him as their Raja, and proceeded to invest the feeble asylum in which the Europeans of Cawnpore, soldiers and civilians, were prepared to sell their lives dearly. They were accompanied by some natives who had remained true to their flag; so that, in all, about one thousand souls were sheltered in the two single-storied barracks surrounded by Sir Hugh Wheeler's mud wall. Of those 460 were men; their wives and grown-up daughters numbered about 280, and their children at least as many. On inspection it was found that about 400 could bear arms; these were told off in companies under their respective officers; then a line of sentries was established, and arms and ammunition were

freely distributed. A manly and resolute purpose animated every member of Sir Hugh Wheeler's little force; though, surrounded as they were by three battalions of highly trained Bengal Sepoys, a regiment of excellent calvary, and a detachment of artillery, the prospect before them was not very hopeful.

Having plundered the city and cantonment, and whetted their ferocious appetites by murdering all the defenceless Christian people on whom they could lay hands, the rebel Sepoys began their attack upon the British position. About noon, on the 6th of June, a round shot fell within their lines, and warned the defenders that the struggle had begun. The fire soon became furious, and, as the day declined, the enemy's guns discharged shot and shell with terrible rapidity and accuracy; the grave defects of the site chosen by Sir Hugh Wheeler for the defence soon became lamentably conspicuous. The dragoons' old hospital was, indeed, entirely commanded by large substantial buildings, not more than three to eight hundred yards distant; and those buildings afforded the assailants, whose numbers were daily increased by the disaffected and adventurous from all the surrounding country, at least as effective a protection as their rapidly improvised fortifications afforded the defenders. Showers of bullets rained from roof and window throughout the hours of daylight; while even after dusk, troops of Sepoys hovered within pistol-shot, and made night hideous with their fierce yells and incessant volleys of musketry.

The historian of Cawnpore, Sir George Trevelyan, observes that the annals of warfare contain no episode so painful as the story of this deadly struggle. This may be an exaggeration; but it must be admitted that the interest is profoundly tragic:—

'The sun,' he says, 'never before looked on such a sight as a crowd of women and children cooped within a small space, and exposed during twenty days and nights to the concentrated fire of thousands of muskets and a score of

heavy cannon. At first every projectile which struck the barracks was the signal for heart-rending shrieks and low wailing, more heart-rending yet; but, ere long, time and habit taught them to suffer and to fear in silence. Before the third evening every door and window had been beaten in. Next went the screens, the piled-up furniture, and the internal partitions; and soon shell and ball ranged at will through and through the naked rooms. Some ladies were slain outright by grape or round shot. Others were struck down by bullets. Many were crushed beneath falling brickwork, or mutilated by the splinters which flew from shattered sash and panel. Happy were they whose age and sex called them to the front of the battle, and dispensed them from the spectacle of this passive carnage. Better to hear more distinctly the crackle of the Sepoy musketry, and the groans of wounded wife and sister more faintly. If die they both must—such was the thought of more than one husband—it was well that duty bade them die apart.'

The usual horrors of a close siege were intensified by the heat of the Indian summer. Like a vast ball of fire blazed the midsummer sun; like the breath of a furnace blew the midsummer breeze. At this season the strength and energy of Europeans are always greatly depressed; and yet, at Cawnpore, they were called upon to bear such a strain as they had never before experienced! It was borne in truly heroic fashion: not a man deserted his post; not a man flinched from the exacting duties which the situation imposed upon him. The swarming hosts of enemies who raved and raged around their weak defences, never shook for a moment their brave patience. The only thing that had power to make their lips quiver or their cheeks pale, was the thought of what might happen to their wives and children if their stubborn resistance should at last be beaten down. The women were not unworthy of this filial or conjugal anxiety; no heroine of romance or poetry, no Cornelia or Portia of the splendid days of ancient

Rome, ever exhibited a nobler patience—ever manifested a more magnificent courage. Mayhap, if it be allowable to particularise among so many who displayed the finest qualities of heroism, the palm should be awarded to Mrs Moore, true-hearted wife of Captain Moore, whose chivalry had made him the virtual commander of the British garrison. His warriors cherished for her a most sympathetic admiration, and fitted up for her use a little hut of bamboo, covered with canvas, in which she sat for hours while her husband was engaged on some enterprise of extraordinary peril. Others, perhaps, suffered even more keenly. Not a few endured the pangs of childbirth while shot and shell stormed fatally around them. Some saw their children waste slowly at their breast, others had them torn from their arms by the deadly bullets. Those who were not exhausted with fatigue, or enfeebled with illness, or engaged as nurses and attendants, assisted the soldiers in the work of defence—carrying ammunition, or loading muskets. The same spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty pervaded every member of the little European colony exposed to such dread straits in Cawnpore.

When the siege had lasted about a week, the garrison was visited with a severe disaster in the destruction, by fire, of the barrack, which, as the more comfortable of the two buildings, had been appropriated to the sick and wounded. On the eighth evening a live shell set fire to its thatched roof, and in a few minutes the whole building was a-blaze. The scene that ensued was terrible, for the helpless unfortunates in the hospital were in danger of being suffocated by smoke or burned to death. With persistent energy did their comrades labour to rescue them; while the Sepoys, exulting in the terrible effects of their fire, poured incessant volleys of shot and shell upon the blazing pile, directed to their mark by the flames, which illuminated, with a lurid glow, the dark canopy of night. Two artillerymen perished; the rest were all saved. The destruction of the barrack

was, however, a very grave misadventure. Women and children, deprived of its shelter, were compelled, day after day, and night after night, to sleep on the bare ground, with no other covering than fragments of wine-chests and strips of canvas, which were soon destroyed by the enemy's fire. Worse still, all the hospital stores and surgical instruments were consumed or ruined, so that, thenceforth, nothing could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick or wounded.

The worst misfortunes that befell the little garrison were the growing scarcity of provisions and the decreasing supply of water. In numbers it was being rapidly reduced. Within the space of three short weeks, two hundred and fifty Europeans were interred in the well—just outside the ramparts—which served as a cemetery. 'The frequency of our casualties,' says Captain Thomson, 'may be understood by the history of one hour. Lieutenant Poole had come to the mainguard to see Armstrong, the Adjutant of the 53rd Native Infantry, who was unwell. While engaged in a conversation with the invalid, Poole was struck by a musket-ball in the thigh and fell to the ground. I put his arm upon my shoulder, and, holding him round the waist, endeavoured to hobble across the open to the barrack, in order that he might obtain the attention of the surgeons there. While thus employed, a ball hit me under the right shoulder-blade, and we fell to the ground together, and were picked up by some privates, who dragged us both back to the mainguard. While I was lying on the ground, woe-fully sick from the wound, Gilbert Box, of the 48th Native Infantry, came to condole with me, when a bullet pierced his shoulder-blade, causing a wound from which he died upon the termination of the siege.'

Here is another ghastly record:—

'Hillersden, the collector, who had negotiated the alliance with the Nana Sahib, fell a corpse at the foot of his young wife, with his entrails torn out by a round shot. A

few days afterwards she was relieved from the memories of her bereavement by a merciful fall of masonry, which killed her. The general's son and aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Wheeler, was lying wounded in one of the barrack-rooms, when, in the presence of his whole family, father, mother, and sisters, a round shot boomed into the apartment, and carried off the young soldier's head. Another round shot struck up splinters into Major Lindsay's face, gashing and blinding him. He lingered on in darkness and in agony for some days, attended by his wife, when death took him, and she soon followed. Colonel Williams, of the 56th, being disabled by a wound early in the siege, died of apoplexy from sunstroke, leaving his wife and daughters in the intrenchments. The former, shot in the face and frightfully disfigured, lay for some days, tended by her wounded daughter, until death came to the suffering widow's relief. . . . Captain Holliday was shot dead, carrying from the barracks to the intrenchments a little hare soup, which he had begged for his famishing wife. . . . And there were some who died hopelessly, though not in the flesh; for the horrors of the siege were greater than they could bear, and madness fell upon them, perhaps as a merciful dispensation.'

This terrible agony was prolonged over three weeks. No reinforcements arrived; no tidings were heard of approaching relief. Their provisions were exhausted, and famine seemed to claim them as its victims; their guns were rapidly becoming unserviceable; their supplies of ammunition had dangerously decreased; their numbers were so reduced that they could scarcely find men to guard the defences. . . . What was to be done? No one spoke of surrender; yet what other alternative presented itself, unless they could blow up their asylum, and perish in its ruins, or plunge into the midst of the besieging hosts, and fall, fighting? At this juncture came a message from the

Nana to the effect that 'all who were in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and were willing to lay down their arms, should receive a safe passage to Allahabad.' To the capitulation thus insolently offered Sir Hugh Wheeler was strongly opposed; but Moore and Whiting, brave soldiers though they were, advocated its acceptance, as affording the only means of rescuing the women and children. An armistice was arranged, and negotiations with the Nana were then opened. The result was, that the British agreed to surrender their fortified position, guns, and treasure, on condition that they were allowed to march out with their arms, and sixty rounds of ammunition for each man; and that the Nana should escort them safely to the river-side, and furnish boats to carry them down the Ganges to Allahabad.

On the following morning, the 27th, the British took their departure; the able-bodied marching first, and the wounded being carried in palanquins, while the women and children rode on the backs of elephants or in rough bullock-carriages. Through crowded streets they made their way to the place of embarkation, the Suttee Chowra Ghat. There the boats were ready, and our people hastened to embark, exulting probably in what seemed the near prospect of peace and security. None were prepared for, none expected, the black deed of murderous treachery which has handed down the name and memory of the Nana to perpetual execration. By his direction, Tantia Topee and some other of his confidants, had massed the Sepoy soldiery on the banks of the Ganges; and as soon as our people were on board the boats, a bugle rang out its shrill orders, and a murderous fire of grape shot and musketry opened upon the fugitives. Some of the most active, leaping into the water, put their shoulders to the boats, and urged them into mid-channel; but the bulk of the fleet remained immovable, and was soon in flames. The sick and wounded were burnt to death or suffocated by the smoke; the stronger women, with

children in their arms, leaped into the river, where they were shot down or sabred by the horsemen, or bayoneted if they attempted to climb the bank, or reserved for what proved to be even a crueller fate. 'In the boat where I was to have gone,' said a half-caste Christian woman, who eventually escaped, 'was the school mistress and twenty-two missies. General Wheeler came last, in a palkee. They carried him into the water, near the boat. I stood close by. The general said, "Carry me a little further towards the boat." But a trooper said: "No; get out here." As the general got out of the palkee, head foremost, the trooper gave him a cut with his sword into the neck, and he fell into the water. My son was killed near him; I saw it; alas! alas! Some were stabbed with bayonets; others cut down. Little infants were torn in pieces. We saw it, we did; and tell you only what we saw. Other children were stabbed and thrown into the river. The school girls were burnt to death. I saw their clothes and hair catch fire. In the water, a few paces off, by the next boat, we saw the youngest daughter of Colonel Williams. A Sepoy was going to kill her with his bayonet. She said, "my father was always kind to Sepoys." He turned away, and just then a villager struck her on the head with his club, and she fell into the water.'

This indiscriminate ferocity—this foul massacre of women and children—is one of the most inexplicable features of the Sepoy Mutiny. It would seem as if the Sepoys rebelled not so much against a Government as against a race—not against their officers, so much as against all Europeans; and evidently religious fanaticism was the ruling passion which rendered them insensible to all emotions of pity or gratitude.

Whether from a temporary feeling of remorse, or from some vague idea that their lives might be made more profitable than their deaths, the Nana was induced to limit the massacre, and to issue orders that while all the men were

killed, the women and children should be spared. And thus it was that one hundred and twenty-five unfortunate creatures—unfortunate indeed, for a swift death had been better for them than a lingering agony—were brought back to Cawnpore, and confined in two large rooms in the Savada House. It must here be added, however, that one of the boats got away, and under a heavy fire, dropped down the stream. Its passengers fell rapidly, for the Sepoys were good marksmen; but the survivors were Englishmen, and kept on their dangerous course with English tenacity. On the morning of the 29th, however, the boat drifted into a creek or siding, where the enemy soon discovered and opened fire upon it. With brilliant daring, a couple of officers (Mowbray Thomson and Delafosse), with a handful of English soldiers, landed and attacked them. Through the crowd of armed and unarmed Sepoys and villagers they charged heroically, and, having scattered them in all directions, returned to the landing-place. The boat was gone! It had floated down the river, those on board having neither oars nor rudder with which to guide its course. Eventually it was overtaken by the rebels, and carried back to Cawnpore, with its living freight of eighty men, women, and children. The men were remorselessly shot to death; the women and children sent to join the prisoners in the Savada House. As for the two officers and their comrades, they were quickly surrounded by the enemy, and seven of the fourteen perished in a desperate charge. The other seven took to the stream. Of these two were shot through the head; a third, spent with fatigue, made for a sandbank, and was killed as soon as he landed. The four survivors, after a series of hair-breadth escapes, contrived to reach the territory of a friendly Raja, who sheltered and supported them; and they lived to tell the tale of the Nana's treachery, and of the evil doings at Cawnpore.

Let us now return to Cawnpore, where the Nana was enjoying his hour of triumph. To his mind the hated English *raj*, or rule, was at an end for ever. There were no living Englishmen in the blood-stained city to oppose his pretensions; he was free to take upon himself the dignity of Peishwa, to issue magniloquent proclamations, to wallow in the rankest sensuality, and to bribe his soldiery with lavish gifts and still more lavish promises. But before long the unwelcome tidings spread through his palace, and through the barracks of the troops, that a British army, thirsting for revenge, and terrible in its just wrath, was marching against Cawnpore. The Nana was roused from his wild debauchery, and trembled as every day brought nearer the avengers. He felt that his fabric of power would soon pass away like an unsubstantial dream. Then came to him the thought—Could he do nothing, before those victorious warriors came, to satisfy his lust of blood and his insane hatred of the English! Yes: two hundred and one women and children and five men (the number had been increased by prisoners from Futteghur) were in his hands, and he would not spare them—they, too, should perish! It was necessary that he should act quickly, however, or they might escape him; for many were dying of cholera and dysentery, and such other diseases as naturally spring out of privation and ill-usage, aggravated by a malarious atmosphere.

With six guns and 1000 English soldiers, 130 Sikhs, and a small troop of volunteer cavalry,—eighteen sabres only,—Brigadier General Havelock, who had been entrusted with the command of the detachment, moved northward from Allahabad on the 7th of July. He overtook and absorbed into his army Major Renaud's column of 800 men, one half Europeans, one half Sikhs, which had started on the 30th of June, soon after midnight of the 11th and 12th of July, as it was marching unconsciously into the very midst of Nana Sahib's army, collected at Futtehpur, about

forty-five miles below Cawnpore. Early on the morning of the 12th, Havelock delivered his attack. It was swift, direct, and crushing; and in ten minutes the enemy gave way. 'It was scarcely a battle; but it was a consummate victory. Our Enfield rifles and our guns would not permit a conflict. The service of the artillery was superb. There had come upon the scene a new warrior, of whom India had before known nothing; but whose name from that day became terrible to our enemies. The improvised battery of which Havelock made such splendid use, was commanded by Captain Maude of the Royal Artillery. He had come round from Ceylon, with a few gunners, but without guns; and he had gone at once to the front, as one of the finest artillerymen in the world. The best troops of the Nana Sahib, with a strength of artillery exceeding our own, could make no stand against such a fire as was opened upon them.

This brilliant little action is thus described by Havelock himself:—

'Futtehpur,' he says, 'constitutes a position of no small strength. The hard and dry trunk road sub-divides it, and is the only means of convenient access, for the plains on both sides are covered at this season by heavy lodgments of water, to the depth of two, three, and four feet. It is surrounded by garden enclosures of great strength, with high walls, and has within it many houses of good masonry. In front of the swamps are hillocks, villages, and orange groves, which the enemy already occupied in force. I estimate his number at 3500, with twelve brass and iron guns. I made my dispositions. The guns, now eight in number, were formed on and close to the chaussée, in the centre, under Captain Maude, R.A., protected and aided by one hundred Enfield riflemen of the 64th. The detachments of infantry were at the same moment thrown into line of quarter distance columns, at deploying distance, and thus advanced in support, covered at discretion by Enfield skirmishers. The

small force of volunteers and irregular cavalry moved forward on the flanks on harder ground. I might say that, in ten minutes, the action was decided, for in that short space of time the spirit of the enemy was entirely subdued. The rifle fire reaching them at an unexpected distance, filled them with dismay; and when Captain Maude was enabled to push his guns through flanking-swamps to point-blank range, his surprisingly accurate fire demolished their little remaining confidence. In a moment these guns were abandoned to us on the chaussée, and the force advanced steadily, driving the enemy before it at every point.

The battle was fought and won under no small difficulty; for our men had previously had a twenty-four hours' march, and had tasted no food since the preceding afternoon. When the struggle, which lasted four hours, was at an end, they sank down on the ground, thoroughly spent, about a mile from the field, unable to continue the pursuit. On the following day, July 13, Havelock issued the following general order:—

'General Havelock thanks his soldiers for their arduous exertions of yesterday, which produced, in four hours, the strange result of a rebel army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier. To what is this astounding effect to be attributed? To the fire of British artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision all that the brigadier has ever witnessed in his not short career; to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands; to British pluck, that great quality which has survived the vicissitudes of the hour, and gained intensity from the crisis; and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause, the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and good government in India.'

Futtehpur, which had been one of the centres of disaffection, was given up to plunder. Then Havelock resumed his march, and on the 15th fell in with large bodies of the

enemy strongly posted at Aong. In a couple of hours they were soundly beaten; and, leaving behind them their tents, carriages, stores, and munitions of war, fled from the field. At Aong the relieving force was within twenty-three miles of Cawnpore, and as upwards of 200 European women and children were reported to be still alive, every soldier burned to push forward to their rescue, and to the punishment of their cruel and treacherous jailer.

A march of sixteen miles brought them next day to the village of Maharajpore. Here information was obtained that Nana Sahib, in person, had encamped, with 5000 men and eight guns, in a strong position, near the village of Aheerwa, and about seven miles outside of Cawnpore. Their front was so strongly covered that an attack upon it would have involved great loss, and Havelock, therefore, manœuvred to turn their position on the left. His men, screened by a grove of trees, advanced until within cannon range, when the Sepoys discovered them and immediately opened fire from a battery of 24-pounders. As these did much execution, Havelock ordered the 78th Highlanders to charge with the bayonets. The guns were taken, and the enemy's left being completely crushed, their infantry fell back to the rear, and divided into two bodies, one of which retired a few hundred yards on the road to the Cawnpore cantonments, while the other rallied near a howitzer which defended the centre. Havelock therefore sent forward the 78th, exclaiming: 'Now, Highlanders, another charge like that wins the day!' They responded with a cheer and a rush, and assisted by the 64th, who emulated their heroic impetuosity, captured the howitzer, and sent the Sepoys reeling back. The right, meanwhile, had been completely discomfited. Some contention, however, was still kept up in one of the villages where the fugitives had rallied. To consummate his victory, Havelock made another appeal to the enthusiasm of his troops:—'Come,' he said, 'who'll take that village, the Highlanders or the 64th?' The question was

not put in vain: through the smoke went the glitter of steel—the village was carried—and the victory won.

Yes; but another battle had to be fought, and another victory won. When the Sepoys to all appearances were in full retreat, a couple of light guns and a 24-pounder, which had been planted in reserve on the Cawnpore road, suddenly opened a destructive fire; and Havelock perceived that Nana Sahib had summoned to his assistance reinforcements from Cawnpore, who were fresh and unwearied. As our guns were a mile in the rear, Havelock halted his men, and bade them lie down for shelter from the fire which tore gaps in their ranks. The Sepoys misconstrued the pause as due to alarm or weakness, and were greatly exhilarated, while Nana Sahib rode among them and encouraged them by every means in his power. It was soon evident that a great effort was to be made; drums beat and trumpets rang. Their horsemen spread out in the form of a crescent, and a general advance was prepared against the small British force, now reduced to 800 men. 'My military cattle,' says Havelock, 'wearied by the length of the march, could not bring the guns to my assistance, and the Madras Fusiliers, the 64th, 84th, and 78th detachments formed in line, were exposed to a heavy fire from the 24-pounder on the road. I was resolved this state of things should not last, so calling upon my men who were lying down in line to leap to their feet, I directed another steady advance. It was irresistible. The enemy sent round shot into our ranks until we were within 300 yards, and then poured in grape with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed. But the 64th, led by Major Stirling, and by my aide-de-camp [the general's own son, afterwards Sir Henry Havelock-Allan], who had placed himself in their front, were not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewn with wounded, but on they steadily and silently went, then with a cheer charged and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valour. The enemy lost all heart, and after

a hurried fire of musketry, gave way in total rout. Four of my guns came up, and completed their discomfiture by a heavy cannonade; and as it grew dark, the roofless barracks of an artillery were dimly descried in advance, and it was evident that Cawnpore was once more in our possession.'

Next morning, the 17th, he entered the town; too late to save, but not to avenge. He had already been apprised of the mournful fact that the captive women and children whom he had hoped to rescue, had perished at the hands of their merciless enemies.

For, on the afternoon of the 15th—the day of the battle of Aong—whether in mad rage, or brutal fear, or out of sheer lust of blood; whether because they believed that the sole object of the British was to deliver the prisoners, and that on hearing of their death they would retire discomfited; or whether because they supposed that by killing all the captives they would have no witnesses to identify them if a day of retribution ever arrived: the Nana and his confederates resolved upon their massacre. Orders to this effect were issued; and immediately the five male prisoners were dragged forth and slain before the Nana's cruel eyes. A party of Sepoys was next told off to shoot the women and children through the doors and windows of the prison-house. Let it be recorded to their honour that they refused to obey; so that it became necessary to hire a couple of Hindu peasants, a couple of Mohammedan butchers, and a Mohammedan belonging to the Nana's body guard, who, armed with swords or long sharp knives, entered the bloody chamber, and, before nightfall, hacked and stabbed to death the helpless prisoners.*

The sun had been up about three hours, when, next day, the murderers, accompanied by a few sweepers, hastened to remove the bodies of their victims, and throw them into a

* Sir George O. Trevelyan, 'Cawnpore.'

dry well situated behind some neighbouring trees. 'They were dragged out,' says an eye-witness, 'most of them by the hair of the head. Those who had clothes worth taking were stripped. Some of the women were alive. I cannot say how many; but three could speak. They prayed for the sake of God that an end might be put to their sufferings. I remarked one very stout woman, a half-caste, who was severely wounded in both arms, who entreated to be killed. She and two or three others were placed against the bank of the cut by which bullocks go down in drawing water. The dead were first thrown in. Yes; there was a great crowd looking on; they were standing along the walls of the compound. They were principally city people and villagers. Yes; there were also Sepoys. Three boys were alive. They were fair children. The eldest, I think, must have been six or seven and the youngest five years. They were running round the well (where else could they go to?), and there was none to save them. No; none said a word, or tried to save them.'

The instigator of this foul butchery, Nana Sahib, unfortunately escaped the avenger's hand. From Cawnpore he fled to Bithoor, and thence, impelled by a perpetual dread of British vengeance, crossed the Nepaulese marshes to close his days, it is supposed, among the dreary solitudes of the Himalaya—haunted, we are willing to believe, by the dreadful memories of his crimes, and ceaselessly pursued by disappointment and remorse.

'Few of the Cawnpore mutineers,' says Trevelyan, 'survived to boast of their enterprise. Evil hunted these men to their overthrow. Those whom the halter and the bayonet spared had no reason to bless their exemption. . . . All who returned to their villages empty-handed, were greeted by their indignant families with bitter and most just reproaches. They had been excellently provided for by the bounty of God and the Company; their pay secured them all the comforts which a Brahman may enjoy, and left the

wherewithal to help less fortunate kinsmen; yet they flung away their advantages in wilful and selfish haste. They sinned alone and for their private ends; but alone they were not to suffer. They had changed the sahibs into demons, and had conjured up tenfold more of these demons than had hitherto been conceived to exist; they had called down untold calamities upon the quiet peasantry of their native land; and all this misery they had wrought in pursuit of the vision of a military empire. Let them return to the desert, there to feed without interruption on the contemplation of their power and pre-eminence. Such were the taunts with which they were driven forth again into the jungles; some to die by the claws of tigers, on whose lair they had intruded for refuge, or beneath the clubs of herdsmen whose cattle they had pilfered in the rage of hunger; others to wander about drenched and famished, until amidst the branches of a tree into which they had climbed to seek safety from the hyenas and the ague, or on the sandy floor of a cave whither they had crept for shelter from the tempest, they found at once their deathbed and their sepulchre. The jackals alone can tell on what bush flutter the shreds of scarlet stuff which mark the spot where one of our revolted mercenaries has expiated his broken oath.'

Havelock, as soon as he had re-established the British government in Cawnpore, and provided for its safety by raising a strongly entrenched camp on a plateau near the right bank of the river, into which he threw a British garrison, under Brigadier-General Neill, hastened to accomplish the second part of his task, the relief of the Europeans beleagured by rebels at Lucknow. With only 1500 men he crossed the Ganges and entered the territory of Oudh—the only part of the empire where the population had made common cause with the Sepoys. His march was one of great difficulty and hazard; and almost every day he had to encounter large bodies of the enemy. On the 29th of

July he fought and conquered at Onao. At Busseerutgunge he fought another battle and gained another victory. Hemmed in by numbers, he was compelled to own that his force was too inadequate, numerically, for the work it had to do; and on the 30th, he fell back to Mungulwar, to await the arrival of reinforcements. In a day or two he made a second attempt to penetrate into Oudh; but after again beating the Sepoys at Busseerutgunge, on the 5th of August, was compelled to return, and ensure the safety of Cawnpore by attacking a large body of rebels at Bithoor, on the 16th. Having gained a decisive victory, which would have been still more complete if he had had cavalry to pursue the routed foe, he again posted himself at Cawnpore, where he contrived to hold his own, though his little army was terribly weakened by cholera and other diseases, until the long-expected reinforcements arrived. About the middle of September troops began to pour in continuously, and with them came Sir James Outram, sometimes called 'the Bayard of the Indian Army.' He had been appointed as senior officer to the command; but in a spirit of true chivalry elected to serve under Havelock as a volunteer,* until the latter had concluded the enterprise he had prosecuted with so much energy, and carried the British colours victorious into Lucknow.

On the 19th of September, flushed with hope and strong in endurance, Havelock's soldiers crossed the Ganges, and, driving the Sepoys before them advanced into Oudh. They came in sight of Lucknow on the 23rd; and dividing into two columns delivered a vehement attack,—fighting their way into the heart of the city, through streets and

* 'The Major-General,' he announced, 'in gratitude for and admiration of the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion; and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oudh, tending his military services to General Havelock as volunteer. On the relief of Lucknow, the Major-General will resume his position at the head of the force.'

lanes swept by incessant discharges of grape-shot and musket-balls,—where every house had been converted into a fortalice, and compelling the masses of rebel troops and hostile townfolk to yield before them. The desperate march cost many valuable lives, including that of Brigadier Neill, one of the most dashing and courageous of leaders, but at length the relieving force gained the Residency, and accomplished its deliverance.

His work was thus far done, and Havelock gave up the command of the army to Sir James Outram. The relief of the garrison had been accomplished, but to recover possession of the town was impossible with so small an army, and Outram was in his turn besieged by the rebels, and compelled to await the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), who, at the head of a well-equipped army, was swiftly advancing towards the North-West provinces. He arrived at Cawnpore on the 3rd of November. Six days later he was encamped at the Alum-Bagh, near Lucknow, where he remained a week, communicating with the Residency garrison and Sir Henry Havelock, and concerting measures for their rescue. On the 16th, after a sharp fight, he captured the Secunderabagh, an important position, and being joined by Havelock and his soldiers, again attacked the Sepoys on the 18th, and in spite of a strenuous resistance, cut his way into the city. The struggle was renewed on the following day, and fearful as were the odds against them, the intrepid courage of the British finally overcame the opposition. Sir Colin, however, like Sir James Outram, found he was not strong enough to hold the city down, and, moreover, he was urgently needed elsewhere. He therefore removed the entire body of Europeans and faithful natives in the Residency, with their stores and treasure, and quitted Lucknow—the rebels offering but a feeble opposition—on the 23rd, leaving behind him the remains of the gallant Havelock, who, on the preceding day, had died of dysentery, induced

or aggravated by exposure, anxiety, and fatigue. He retired rapidly upon Cawnpore, where the condition of affairs had assumed an unfavourable aspect. General Windham, who had been left there in command, had been defeated, with great loss, in a vigorous but ill-planned movement against the rebels of Gwalior; and the latter, elated with their success, had pushed forward boldly, and occupied part of Cawnpore. They were driven out by Sir Colin on the 28th. He then repaired and strengthened the defences of the town, and, having made provision for the safety of the women and children whom he had brought from Lucknow, he set out in pursuit of the Gwalior mutineers, overtook them by rapid marches, and crushed them with great slaughter on the 6th of December.

Large reinforcements had by this time arrived from England, and had rapidly been pushed forward to the theatre of war. A naval brigade, under Captain Sir William Peel of the *Shannon*, had been formed, and admirable was the service rendered by our tars with the big guns,—displaying a wonderful composure under fire, and preserving in the most arduous circumstances the proverbial hilarious good temper of the British seaman. When Sir Colin Campbell, early in February, 1858, undertook the re-conquest and pacification of Oudh, he had under his command a force of 18,277 men (infantry, 12,498; cavalry 3169; artillery, 1745; and engineers, 815). The investment of Lucknow began on the 4th and was completed by the 12th of March; and after its defences had been battered down by a tremendous artillery fire, the British forces carried the city by a succession of fierce assaults—in one of which fell the famous trooper, Major Hodson of Hodson's Horse—extending over several days, from the 16th to the 19th. The punishment inflicted on the rebels was very severe. Apparently to the satisfaction of all the peaceable population, the British flag waved once more from the walls of Lucknow.

The pacification of Oudh, however, was not accomplished until late in the year. Leaving Sir Hope Grant in command at Lucknow, Lord Clyde marched into Rohileund, where he defeated the rebels in the Battle of Bareilly, and, during the rainy season, established his head-quarters at Futtehghur. On the 2nd of November, he re-crossed the Ganges, and drove the scattered bodies of the rebels from point to point, until, on the last day of the year, those who had not surrendered fled across the frontier into the marshes of Nepaul, where they speedily fell victims to the pestilential airs. 'Thus,' wrote Lord Clyde, in his dispatch to the Queen, 'thus has the contest in Oudh been brought to an end, and the resistance of one hundred and fifty thousand armed men been subdued with a very moderate loss to your Majesty's troops, and the most merciful forbearance towards the misguided enemy.'

CHAPTER V

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR

IN days when history is made so rapidly, when great events succeed one another with a swiftness which would have startled our grandfathers into lunacy, it may be convenient to the reader to be reminded of the circumstances in which originated the Abyssinian War of 1868.

As early as 1865 the attention of the British Parliament was directed to the harsh treatment which certain British subjects were experiencing at the hands of Theodore, the 'Negus,' or King of Abyssinia. Among those whom he detained in captivity, were Captain Cameron, the British consul at Massowah, with his secretary and some servants; Mr Hormuzd Rassam, a Syrian Christian and naturalised subject of the Queen; Lieutenant Prideaux, and Dr Blanc. These men had been seized by Theodore while they were actually engaged on official business of the British Government; and the national honour was therefore engaged in their deliverance. Yet it was evident that this would be a task of considerable delicacy as well as difficulty, for there

was ever the fear that, on the first appearance of a military movement, Theodore, a man of strong barbaric temper, might order the massacre of the prisoners. But all attempts at conciliation having failed, an ultimatum was sent by Lord Stanley, in 1867, demanding their release within three months on penalty of war. No reply was made to this dispatch—and, indeed, it does not seem to have reached the King's hands. An expedition was accordingly determined upon, the command of which was entrusted to Sir Robert Napier (now Lord Napier of Magdala), Commander-in-Chief of the army of Bombay. The force assembled for this purpose consisted of 12,000 men—2000 to garrison a sea depot at Zorella, and Senap on the Abyssinian Highlands; 2000 men to hold Antalo, situated half-way between the coast and Magdala, the rock-based capital of Theodore; 2000 men to guard the lines of communication; and 6000 men for the marching column. The advanced guard of this compact little army landed on the beach of Zorella in the month of November, 1867; and thenceforward, for two months, men, stores, and supplies of all kinds, with baggage and commissariat animals, were disembarked at short intervals. A detachment was advanced into the interior to occupy Senap; and a convenient military road constructed from the coast to the Highlands. After preparations which had been devised with foresight and completed with energy, the march from Antalo was begun on the 3rd of March. One who saw the military pageant enables us to reproduce some of its picturesque details:—

'First came an Irish regiment, each soldier bearded like a pard, and bronzed by the tropic sun, all weather-beaten veterans, inured to life-long campaigns in India, to Himalaya snows, and fervid days in Scinde. Above their heads waved the regimental banner, which was tossed several times on the deadly fields of the Iberian Peninsula, and had received reverence from Wellington.

'Then came the 4th Regiment, the King's Own, with a

regimental flag tattered and torn by the gushing storms of fire and lead in the Crimean campaign. After these came the Native troops, the 29th Native Infantry, called the Punjaubees, tall, well-formed men from the Punjab districts of India; the Belooch Regiment—Beloochees with ample green turbans, and red fezzes round their heads, dressed in green uniforms with red facings; and the 10th Native Infantry, composed of Sepoys, who were taken from particular districts and tribes.

'After them, again, came the cavalry, the Scinde Horse, with plaited crimson cloth folded round their heads like turbans. They were dressed in green cloth uniforms, and their horses had green shabracks. Each man was armed with a short double-barrelled rifle and talwar.

'The officers wore silver helmets on their heads. Behind the cavalry regiment came Sir Robert Napier and Sir Charles Staveley, attended by their respective staffs, well dressed and well mounted.

'The head-quarter staff was followed by a company of the 3rd Light Cavalry, Native Indians, all smart soldierly-looking men, though some of them, native officers, bobbed along in their saddles as if they were riding to rackets on a hard-mouthed native tattoo (pony).

'In the rear of these came the artillery, a battery of six Armstrong guns; the elephants and the transport train, the whole stretching over a distance of seven miles. The muleteers formed quite an army by themselves. There were 7000 mules in the transport train attached to the 2nd brigade of the first division, commanded by Sir C. Staveley, and for these were required at least 3000 men; but including the camp followers, mahouts, elephant attendants, and camel drivers, this force was increased to nearly 7000 men.

'Besides these people may be added the native settlers, vendors of tobacco, ghee, halub, barley, bread, and herdsmen driving the beeves and goats for the commissariat . . . Also, the dhoolie bearers, dhobies [washer-men,] and the

bheasties [drivers of oxen carrying water,] who swelled to a large extent the strange multitude called together for the crusade. Such varied physiognomies were never seen in our modern army; while the colour of their uniform, cloths, rags, turbans, tarbooches, was of the most kaleidoscopic kind.

'Poles from the Bastarnic Alps, and bearded stalwart fellows from the Sarmatian wilds chatted gaily with voluble Frenchmen and staid-looking Germans. The turbaned Turk, with the passionate fires of his temperament somnolent under the virtues of his inseparable narghileh, trudged along leisurely, with no desire on earth save that which he was then exercising; and swarthy Arabs inhaling fumes of a sweet morsel of Latakiah. The olive-cheeked Jew, remarkable for his mysterious limpid eyes of jet, stalked onward at the head of his little string of mules—for the nonce oblivious of the country, the crusade, and his occupation, indulging in day-dreams of some treasure he had hidden somewhere, or of his elevation into the business of a diamond-merchant on his return from African territory. Esurient-looking Parsees, or Guebers from Persia, were on the look-out for a chance to turn an honest rupee into two, plodded onward industriously side by side with parlous Jewish muleteers. Well-oiled Sikhs from the Mahrattas held animating conversations with gentlemanly Sepoy guards from the Deccan; and rolling on in never-ending succession were ferocious Soumalis from Soumali Land, ugly-faced Berbera men, Janus-hearted Brogales, wild-looking Shohoes, athletic Nubians, and daring Hazortites.'

The military difficulties to be encountered by this formidable force were not serious. It was certain that no Abyssinian army could resist it in the open field. But Magdala was known to occupy a position of great natural strength, which its defenders, encouraged by the example of their King, might be expected to hold tenaciously. The

advance upon it had to be made across four hundred miles of rugged, mountainous country, destitute of roads . . . now under a burning sun, and now amid storms of rain and sleet,—through intricate and dreary ravines, and over steep peaks and precipices ten thousand feet above the sea-level. Even a savage foe, in such a country, might inflict considerable loss upon the invaders, and the mere transport of provisions and supplies was a task which had in it the possibilities of failure.

‘Meanwhile,’ says the historian; ‘the captives were dragging out life in the very bitterness of death. The King oscillated between caprices of kindness and impulses of cruelty. He sometimes strolled in upon the prisoners in careless undress; perhaps in European shirt and trousers, without a coat; and he cheerily brought with him a bottle of wine, which he insisted on the captives sharing with him. At other times he visited them in the mood of one who loved to feast his eyes on the anticipatory terrors of the victims he has determined to destroy. He had still great faith in the fighting power of his Abyssinians. Sometimes he was in high spirits, and declared that he longed for an encounter with the invaders. At other moments, and when the steady certain march of the British soldiers was bringing them nearer and nearer, he seems to have lost heart and become impressed with a boding conviction that nothing would ever go well with him again.’

With prudent patience the British general led his army slowly into the interior. His diplomatic, as well as his military skill, was in constant activity, and he rallied to his side the most influential of the native chiefs, including Prince Kusia, Wagshuni Gobazy, Prince of Samur, and Merrilek, King of Shon. Thus he ensured the safety of his communications, and the regularity of his supplies. But all his movements evidenced a steady purpose and a clear foresight; and a design to accomplish the end of his expedition with the smallest possible loss of life. Any great rapidity

of progress was, to be sure, impossible; an army of 6000 men, with a train of 10,000 or 12,000 animals, dragging along a difficult mountain track in single file, must necessarily move slowly. The day’s operations were somewhat as follows:—

At daybreak the reveille sounded, the vanguard bestirred itself, and in half-an-hour was in motion, bound for a camp selected at some suitable point by the pioneers two days in advance. The transport train was drawn out before the respective regiments; the baggage packed and slung on the mules; after which it formed in line along the road until the column should have passed. All were on the alert by six o’clock, when the military band struck up a lively tune, and the long procession of infantry, cavalry, artillery, seamen, elephants, mules, and attendants, began to wind along the mountain path.

By noon the head of the column generally arrived at the new camp. Two hours later, the head of the baggage train would make its appearance; and until midnight, and even until next morning, weary animals would arrive. Sometimes a day’s halt was necessary to enable these animals to rest, and recruit their exhausted energies.

On steep ascents the elephants, laboriously stalking with their heavy burdens, were invariably outstripped by the smaller baggage animals; but where the road was moderately easy, these gigantic animals, each with loads of 15 cwt. on their backs, would readily pass them. They were at once the terror and the delight of the natives who crowded around them, and seemed never weary of observing their silent sagacity. Their value in the campaign can hardly be over-estimated. The daily rations of each were thirty-five pounds of bread and forty pounds of straw.

On their first arrival in a new camp the soldiers, while leaving the regimental cooks to prepare the meals, performed their ablutions, and then betook themselves to their various amusements. Like most Englishmen, they were

exceedingly partial to gymnastic exercises, and a curious and lively scene would the area of the camp present.

'About sunset martial strains of music invariably burst forth from the brazen instruments of the military bands. For the first time the circumambient mountains echoed to the wondrous sounds; and each native, leaning on his spear, wrapt in silence would drink in, with undisguised pleasure and intense delight, the harmonious sounds which soothed his soul. Twilight was a time which imparted pleasure to all. The music from a distance sounded indescribably sweet, and infused a delicious melancholy into the soul, causing our minds to wander over rugged ranges of Abyssinian mountains, across the blue seas, into our own far-off homes, where we imagined, in fancy free, the social family circle arranged around the cheerful fire, discoursing of the absent ones.'

From Antalo the army went on to Mesheek, thence to Atzala—Mukhan—Lake Ashangi, where some Galla chiefs tendered amity—Muzzaguta—Lat—the road, or track, ascending and descending steep and rugged hills in unending succession—and, leaving tents and baggage behind, onward to Marowar—further and further in among the mountains, to Dildee, an exhausting march of eighteen miles. There the army enjoyed a day's rest. The advance was then resumed to Muja—Santarai—still in and among the mountains—higher and higher—11,000 feet above the level of ocean—Gazoo, Abdecoom, Sindhe—through the Jeddah ravine and up to the summit of the plateau of Dahonte Dalanta, where the whole force encamped on the 7th of April. From this elevated position Sir Robert could reconnoitre across the deep valley of the Beshilo, the rocky fastness of Magdala, where Theodore, King of Abyssinia, was sullenly awaiting his doom.

On Good Friday, the 10th, Napier led his army down into the Beshilo valley, and crossed the river, with the view of carrying the heights of Selason and Fahla, prior to the

intended attack upon Magdala. 'The two hostile forces,' says Markham, 'which during six months had been very slowly converging from Debra Tabor and the sea to the same point at Magdala, were now nearly face to face. On that dark basaltic rock was the hunted fallen King, with only 3000 soldiers armed with percussion guns and matchlocks, a rabble of spearmen, and a number of pieces of ordnance which his strong will had created, but which his people knew not how to use. He had overcome difficulties which would have daunted a less courageous tyrant, and had come there to die. With a well-armed and sufficiently large force his position was one of the most formidable that could have been selected, but with such troops as he had, who in opposition to the English were virtually unarmed, and with his diminished numbers, the place was quite untenable. Moreover, the Abyssinians were discouraged by the ceaseless toil of the previous months, and by the harassing attacks of rebels. Those who had not deserted were ready to do so on the first opportunity, and only a faithful few could be depended upon to stand by their brave master to the bitter end. His mighty prestige alone kept the shattered remains of his army together.'

'On the other hand the British were nearly equal in numbers to their enemies; they were armed and provided with all that modern science could suggest, were in a friendly country with abundant supplies, and had just completed a march in a delightful climate, with no enemy in the field.' Sir Robert's force, including cavalry amounted to 3733 men; but the cavalry, 460 strong, were halted on the Beshilo.

After wading across the river, the men clambered up the steepest and ruggedest acclivity they had met with in Abyssinia, to Aficho. A descent, scarcely less steep, led from the Aficho plateau to the plain of Arogyi.

Opposite rose the lofty stronghold of Theodore, more than a thousand feet above the plain—to the left the rocky

peak of Selassyi, to the right the flat-topped hill of Fala, the two heights being connected by a low saddle-backed ridge. The sides of the ascent were furrowed with shallow gullies, and covered with low bushes. An absolute silence prevailed upon these rugged rocks, and no signs of life were visible.

It was forty-two minutes past four in the afternoon. A gun was suddenly fired from the crest of the Fala, 1200 feet above the Arogyi plain; another, and another; the shot plunging into the ground, and showing that the British were well within range. After a few rounds, a force of several thousand men, the best of Theodore's remaining troops, swarmed over the height of the Fala and the saddle-backed ridge, and with shouts of defiance swept down the precipitous decline. The chiefs were astride on sure-footed Galla ponies; about 1000 of the soldiers were armed with double-barrelled guns, and 2000 with matchlocks, the remainder being a mere horde of spearmen. Soon they began to cross the plain of Arogyi, a large detachment diverging in the direction of the baggage-train.

'Nearer and nearer was the advent of the enemy, 3500 strong. They all appeared confident of the issue. Their war songs came pealing towards us. We could see their cavalry caracoling and bounding joyously along; the foot soldiers leaping and brandishing long spears and swinging their black shields. With loud chorus all sang the death-doom of the invader.

'Onward, still onward they came, horsemen and foot soldiers vieing with each other. They flung their flowing symas, their bozans, and many flung their loin clouts away, and with lances and shields in rest, they bore down the hill, reached the plateau, and inundated it with their dusky bodies. A clear open plain was before them, over which they rolled like a huge wave!'

The blue jackets of the Naval Brigade had by this time got their rocket tubes into position, and they opened a de-

structive fire on the advancing mass. Then up came the gallant men of the 'King's Own'—some 300 of them, formed in a 'thin red line.' Through scrub oak and under brush they made their way until they debouched right in front of the enemy.

'Commence firing from both flanks,' rang out as a silver bell from Colonel Cameron; and, instantaneously two quick volleys of musketry were flashed in the faces of the dusky foe, and like a stream of fire volleys ran from side to side without a pause, raining such a storm of leaden hail, that for the second time the enemy halted from sheer astonishment. It was as if they were paralysed at the very moment they intended to launch out their spears, and one could almost fancy that these weapons vibrated in their hands, from the impetus they were about to give them. Slowly they seemed to regain consciousness, and horrified, they gazed upon the awful result. Strangest sight it was to them, who had ever been victorious in the field of battle, to see their own men tumble by the dozen, by scores, by fifties, into the embrace of death.

"Retreat!" cried the chiefs. The enemy did retreat, but not fast enough. They broke out *en tirailleur*, and endeavoured to take vantage of boulders to escape the whizzing bullets; but the bullets found them out, searched out each bush and around each rock, and stretched the men behind dead upon the ground.

'Here was one running for dear life for a copse; but suddenly you saw him leap into the air and fall on his face, clutching the ground savagely. Here was another one, with head bent low, in the vain thought that if his head escaped he would be safe, making all haste to get into a hollow, out of reach of the leaden storm; but even as the haven dawned upon his frenzied eyes, a whirring pellet caught him, and sent him rolling down the incline. There was another one, just about to dodge behind a massive boulder, from where he could take slight revenge, but

before he could ensconce himself, the unerring ball went crashing through his brain; and there was another one about to plunge in hot haste down a ravine to the left, who had his skull shattered by a rocket, and with a dull sound the body fell down the precipice.'

The rest of the British force rapidly came into action, and the Abyssinians, though they behaved with great gallantry, could not withstand the immense preponderance of power which was arrayed against them. The ground was strewn with evidences of slaughter—the ravine was literally choked with the dead and dying, and the little stream that watered it was crimson with blood. It is known that the Abyssinians lost from 700 to 800 killed, and 1500 were wounded, most of them severely. Many of the survivors fled into the mountains, and did not return to Magdala; while all night long the Abyssinians could be heard calling to their wounded comrades, and bearing them off the field. The disproportion between the fighting power of the two combatants is emphatically illustrated by the fact that out of the 2000 British and Indian soldiers actually engaged only thirty-two were put *hors de combat*.

The action at Arogyi merits specially to be remembered as the first in which the Snider rifle was used.

King Theodore, when he beheld the destruction of his army, sank into despair. His power was gone—nothing remained but submission; and he despatched two of his captives, Lieutenant Prideaux and Mr Flud, next morning, to Napier's camp, expressing his earnest desire to be reconciled to the British. But such reconciliation was impossible. British honour, to be sure, might have been satisfied with the liberation of the prisoners, and due reparation for the indignities they had sustained. But the Abyssinians had warmly welcomed the invaders, had freely supplied and assisted them throughout the campaign, and it would be impossible to abandon them to the mercies of a pitiless

tyrant. Unconditional surrender, therefore, was the only terms which Sir Robert Napier could impose and accept.

The following written reply was sent back through the prisoners, Prideaux and Flud: 'Your Majesty has fought like a brave man, and has been overcome by the superior power of the British army. It is my desire that no more blood may be shed. If, therefore, your Majesty will submit to the Queen of England, and bring all the Europeans now in your Majesty's hands, and deliver them safely this day in the British camp, I guarantee honourable treatment for yourself and all the members of your Majesty's family.'

Soon afterwards the two prisoners returned with a remarkable document which Theodore had personally dictated to his secretary. As he had resolved to put an end to himself, rather than survive the loss of power and undergo the degradation of captivity, this final manifesto may be regarded as the sincere expression of his inner thoughts. In the immediate presence of death he had no motive for attempting to deceive. Its elevation of tone is characteristic of this strange man, who blended in his nature so much that was heroic and noble with so much that was barbarous; and there is a chivalry in it not unworthy of the old Crusaders. It ran thus:—

'In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one Lord.

'Kasa, whose trust is in Christ, thus speaks:

'O people of Abyssinia! will it always be thus that you flee before the enemy when I myself, by the power of God, go out forth with you to encourage you?

'Believing that all power had been given to me, I had established my Christian people in this heathen spot. In my city are multitudes whom I had fed—maidens protected and maidens unprotected; women whom yesterday made widows, and aged parents who have no children. God has given you the power. See that you forsake not these people. It is a heathen land.

'My countrymen have turned their backs on me and have hated me, because I imposed tribute on them, and sought to bring them under military discipline. You have prevailed against me by means of people brought into a state of discipline.

'My followers, who loved me, were frightened by one bullet, and fled in spite of my commands. When you defeated them I was not with the fugitives.

'Believing myself to be a great lord, I gave you battle; but, by reason of the worthlessness of my artillery, all my pains were as nought.

'The people of my country, by taunting me with having embraced the religion of the Franks, and by saying that I had become a Mussulman, and in ten different ways, had provoked me to anger them. Out of what I have done of evil towards them may God bring good. His will be done. I had intended, if God had so decreed, to conquer the whole world; and it was my desire to die if my purpose could not be fulfilled. Since the day of my birth till now no man has dared to lay hands on me. Whenever my soldiers began to waver in battle, it was mine to arise and rally them. Last night the darkness hindered me from doing so.

'You people, who have passed the night in joy, may God do unto you as He has done to me. I had hoped, after subduing all my enemies in Abyssinia, to lead my army against Jerusalem, and expel from it the Turks. A warrior who has dandled strong men in his arms like infants will never suffer himself to be dandled in the arms of others.'

After the two prisoners had departed with this strange message or manifesto, Theodore sat silent and alone for some time beneath the blue sky,—his people watching him from a distance. Then he prayed, bowed his face thrice to the ground, and drank some water. Suddenly he pulled a pistol from his belt, and put it to his mouth; but before he could pull the trigger, his soldiers ran up, clasped him round the waist, and pulled back his arm. In the struggle the pistol went off, and a bullet grazed the King's ear. Having waved aside his followers, he speedily recovered his composure, and for a while renounced the thought of self-destruction, declaring that it was not God's will. Having resolved to live he had an interview with his wife, whom he had recently treated with neglect, and afterwards formed the hope of obtaining moderate terms from the British general by releasing his prisoners. Some of his chiefs counselled him to slay them and fight to the last; but he rejected this truculent advice, and sent the prisoners—to their great wonderment and indescribable joy—down to the British camp, accompanied by four of his German workmen. There were Consul Cameron, broken down by four years of miserable captivity; Mr Rassam, Dr Blanc, and Lieutenant Prideaux; Mr Stein, the missionary; Mr Flud; Mr and Mrs Rosenthal; young Kerans, and Pietro, an Italian.

Theodore still detained five Europeans who had attempted to escape, Mrs Flud and her children, and some others.

On Sunday morning he sent another letter to the British general. It is interesting enough to merit transcription:—

'In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one Lord.

'The King of Kings Teodoros:

'May it reach the beloved servant of the great Queen of England.

'I am writing to you, without being able to address you by name, because our intercourse has arisen so unexpectedly.

'I am grieved at having sent you my writing of yesterday, and at having quarrelled with you, my friend. When I saw your manner of fighting, and the discipline of your army, and when my people failed to execute my orders, then I was consumed with sorrow to think that, although I killed and punished my soldiers, yet they would not return to the battle. Whilst the fire of jealousy burned within me, Satan came to me in the night, and tempted me to kill myself with my own pistol. But reflecting that God would be angry with me if I were to go in this manner, and leave my army without a protector, I sent to you in a hurry, lest I might die, and all things be in confusion before my message should reach you. After my messenger had gone, I cocked my pistol, and, putting it in my mouth, pulled the trigger. Though I pulled and pulled, yet it would not go off. But when my people rushed upon me, and laid hold of the pistol, it was discharged just as they had drawn it from my mouth. God having thus signified to me that I should not die, but live, I sent to you Mr Rassam that same evening, that your heart might be made easy.

'To-day being Easter, I hope I may send 1000 cows and 500 sheep as a breakfast for the troops.

'The reason of my returning to you your letter yesterday, was that I believed at that time we should meet one another in heaven, but never on earth. . . .

'You require from me all the Europeans, even to my best friend Waldmeier. Well, be it so. They shall go. But now that we are friends you must not leave me without artisans, as I am a lover of the mechanical arts.'

The acceptance of this present would, according to the Eastern custom, have been an overture of peace. Some confusion arose as to the answer which Napier desired to send, and at first Theodore was led to believe that the present would be received. Such, however, was not the British general's intention, and when the animals reached the British lines, they were immediately sent back. Meanwhile, Theodore had released every one of his prisoners, and restored to them all their property, keeping nothing—not a

hostage, not a child, not a box. He was rejoicing in his improved prospects, and it was not until the evening, when he found that the cows had not been admitted into the camp, that he perceived the hopelessness of his position, and sank into despair—passing the night on the lonely hills with the cloud of his fate impending heavily over him.

Rising at dawn, he addressed his people:—‘Warriors who love me, arm yourselves, leave everything behind and follow me. The time has come for us to seek another home.’ Repairing to Islamgyè, near the ascent to Magdala, he told his soldiers that all who were not ready to brave the worst with their King, might save themselves. They immediately dispersed, and stood about in small groups, or singly on the Selassyè peak, while Theodore, with a few faithful chiefs and followers, remained upon Islamgyè. Observing, about nine in the morning, a dark halo round the sun, he remarked that it was an omen of bloodshed.

Let us turn our attention now to the movements of the British army. It was Easter Monday, and in the forenoon, the two brigades marched up the steep ascent to the saddle-backed ridge between Fala and Islamgyè. The Indian troops occupied the Fala plateau, and the British the height of Selassyè, no opposition being attempted. All the natives who were armed were made to lay down their guns, spears, and shields in heaps, over which sentries were placed. It was known by this time that the King had retired to Magdala, and Sir Robert Napier therefore ordered that all the guns which had been brought up should open fire on the fortress gate. The first shot was discharged at three minutes to two. A couple of hours later, a storming party, consisting of the 33rd Regiment, the 10th company of Royal Engineers, and a company of Madras sappers, was ordered to advance. Through a heavy storm of thunder and rain, the men sprang lightly up the narrow rocky path which wound in the shadow of black cliffs of basalt, to the plateau on which Magdala was built. It led in the first

place to a roofed stone gateway, fifteen feet deep, with folding wooden doors, called the koket-bir. On either side the approach was defended by a thick hedge with stakes. Within the koket-bir was a rapid ascent of seventy feet to a second hedge on the summit of the plateau; and another narrow path crossed the rocks to a second gate which opened on the crest of the ridge. The long line of red coats as it swiftly advanced maintained a rapid fire with their Sniders on the hedge above them, and on the koket-bir, whence a feeble dropping fire was returned, by which seven of our men were wounded. On reaching the doors it was found that the powder-bags and axes had been forgotten, and as they were barricaded with large stones in the rear, it was impossible to force them. The 33rd, therefore, dashed at the hedge, clambered across it, and opened the doors from inside to their comrades. But where was the enemy? One aged chief was killed as the soldiers entered. Three others, dead or dying, lay in a heap just inside the gate. On through the second gate swept our excited soldiery, and at a quarter-past four the British flag, streaming from the topmost point, announced that Magdala had fallen.

The King and his few followers, on the approach of the dreaded redcoats, escaped through the second gateway. Theodore was the last in the retreat. He raised his arms in the air defiantly from behind the last rock; his position being such that, from below, he looked as ‘if he were in a pulpit.’ Several of his chiefs were wounded, and Theodore retired yet a little further—some fifty yards—before he dismissed the survivors, except his faithful valet, bidding them make haste to save themselves. ‘Flee,’ he said; ‘I release you from your allegiance; as for me, I shall never fall into the hands of the enemy.’ As soon as they were gone he turned to his servant with the words, ‘It is finished! Sooner than fall into their hands, I will kill myself.’ Placing a pistol in his mouth, he fired it, and fell dead; the

bullet passing through the roof of his mouth and out at the back of his head.

A few minutes afterwards, as Sir Charles Staveley passed through the second gate, a man informed him that, according to the evidence of the prisoners, a dead body lying near was the King's. It was put into a litter, and brought to Sir Charles; the prisoners examined it, and with one voice exclaimed: 'Teódoros!' At the sound of this well-known name everybody hastened to the spot.

And what did they see? The body of a native, excessively emaciated, clad in coarse and dingy garments. It was that of a man of medium stature, well built, with broad chest, small waist, and strong muscular limbs. The hair, much dishevelled, crisp, and coarse, was divided into three large plaits, extending from the forehead to the back of the neck. The face was of deep brown, and furrowed or seamed with the lines of anxiety and thought. The eyebrows had a peculiar curve downwards and over the nose; they were black and bushy. The nose was high, aquiline, and finely cut, and a strong line on either side reached from the nostril to the mouth, which was thin-lipped, and wore a cruel expression. The forehead was high and prominent—the whole expression one of power. Such was Theodore, King of Abyssinia, one of the most remarkable men whom Africa has produced. He was a tyrant, but not without many noble qualities; cruel, yet capable of flashes of generous humanity. His conquerors respected his character and position, and caused him to be interred, with due ceremony, in a grave in the outer cloister of the Christian Church.

Arrangements were then made for preserving the peace of the district. Theodore's chiefs were dismissed to their homes; the numerous political prisoners were released from their fetters: and the thirty thousand inhabitants of Magdala, including soldiers and camp-followers, returned to their native provinces, escorted through the hostile Galla country, as far as Wadda, by British troops. The

fortifications of Magdala were razed to the ground, its cannon destroyed, and its buildings given to the flames. On the 18th of April the British force re-crossed the Beshilo, and on the 20th a grand review was held on the Dalanta plateau. In the afternoon the plunder brought from Magdala was sold for the benefit of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers. The march to the coast was then resumed in three divisions, the rear of which arrived at Dildee on the 29th. No incidents of importance occurred, the road having been improved and rendered easy by the troops left to guard the line of communication. The last column of the Expeditionary Force passed the Sovroo defile and encamped at Komayli on the 1st of June, and before the month was out the last English soldier had departed from Annesley Bay. Thus ended the Abyssinian Expedition, which, from most points of view, the reader may regard with satisfaction. 'The cause of quarrel was absolutely just; the main objects for which the expedition was undertaken were secured, and public opinion was still sufficiently alive to the honour of England to approve the addition of a penny to the Income Tax to maintain it. The experience acquired, during active service, by many young officers was a clear gain to the country; and, in traversing a very interesting and remarkable region, some additional knowledge was collected, by those who were specially sent out for the purpose, in several branches of science.'

AUTHORITIES.—'Blue Book on Abyssinian Expedition'; 'Annual Register'; C. R. Markham, 'History of the Abyssinian Expedition'; G. A. Henty, 'The March to Magdala'; H. M. Stanley, 'Coomassie and Magdala.'

Note

The actual strength of the Expeditionary Force landed at Annesley Bay was:—

Troops		Animals	
Officers . . .	520	Horses . . .	2,538
European Troops .	4,250	Elephants . . .	44
Native Troops .	9,447	Mules . . .	16,022
Followers . . .	26,214	Ponies . . .	1,651
Civilians . . .	433	Camels . . .	4,735
Women Followers .	140	Donkeys . . .	1,759
		Bullocks . . .	7,071
	41,004	Sheep . . .	12,839

The casualties were, 11 officers and 37 men killed.

CHAPTER VI

THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION

THE cruelties perpetrated by the so-called King of Ashantee, and his encroachments upon those portions of the littoral of West Africa which had been taken under British protection, determined the Government of England to despatch an expedition for his punishment in 1873. In previous Ashantee wars our experiences had been unfortunate. In 1823 Sir Charles McCarthy and six hundred British troops had been swept away by the furious rush of the Ashantee hordes; and it was long reported that the brave officer's skull, rimmed with gold, was used as a drinking cup by King Coffee, in his palace at Coomassie. In 1863-4, a small force under Couran marched to the Peak, eighty miles inland, and marched back again, suffering severe loss, and after having been compelled to bury or destroy their guns, retiring hastily to Cape Coast. These were evil omens: but it was known that the new expedition was in charge of a commander of proved ability, who happily combined discretion with daring, whose plans were as carefully matured

as they were energetically carried out,—and it was anticipated with just confidence that under such guidance it would march to assured victory.

The little army with which Sir Garnet Wolseley advanced upon Coomassie, the Ashantee capital,—after a brief but sharp engagement in the jungle at Abracampa, where a brilliant success greatly raised the spirits of his soldiers,—consisted of about 4000 men: namely, three battalions of the line, one battalion of marines and sailors, one battery of artillery, one company of Royal Engineers, two battalions of West Indians, one battalion of Houssas, and two battalions of Native Allies. His staff included Major Baker, Captain Brackenbury, Captain Charteris, Captain Butler (author of 'The Great Lone Land'), and Lieutenant Maurice; and among his regimental officers were Colonels M'Leod, Home, Evelyn Wood, and Baker Russell—men of experience and capacity, who have since made their names famous on many a field. On the 8th of January, 1874, Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Prahsu, whence, to Coomassie, the distance was about seventy-eight miles. After collecting stores, and negotiating ineffectually with King Coffee, he pushed forward into the interior. He had already done a good deal of useful and necessary, but unostentatious work,—the kind of work which the public 'at home' knows so little how to appreciate, its attention being impressed only by the picturesque details of great battles. When Wolseley landed at Cape Coast Castle, with a retinue of about thirty 'special service' officers, he found the enemy swarming over the tract of forest and jungle that lies between the Prah river and the sea. They hung like a threatening cloud within a few miles of his front; to his right and left they occupied every inch of ground outside the forts. With his Special Service corps he soon effected a complete change in the condition of affairs. First, he introduced a certain amount of order and discipline among the Fantees, our native allies: second, he established his

influence over the friendly chiefs, and secured their obedience to his directions: third, he organised new regiments under European officers; fourth, he collected intelligence as to the numbers and intentions of the enemy; fifth, he 'worried' and 'pounded' that enemy with incessant activity, harassing them front and rear from all points, and proving to them in this energetic manner that a new and strange force of which they had never before known, was now opposed to them 'to the death.' The result was, that a host of Ashantees, variously estimated at from 20,000 to 40,000, were driven in hurried flight across the Prah, between the 1st of October and the 13th of December, 1873. And thus it came to pass that, on the 20th of January, 1874, Sir Garnet's little army was in full march for the enemy's capital.

That the Ashantees could withstand a British force, well armed and disciplined, in the open field, was hardly to be expected, though their numerical preponderance was a factor not to be ignored by any prudent commander. But Wolseley's principal difficulties necessarily arose from the unhealthiness of the climate, and the nature of the country through which lay his route of march. The former he endeavoured to guard against by the most stringent sanitary regulations; the latter, by a careful survey of the ground, and the establishment of military posts to guard his line of communications. The character of the scenery which greeted the advancing army we learn from Mr Stanley's descriptions. He speaks of the impenetrable shade of the cotton woods, of teak and mighty tamarinds, with the insatiable jungle clustering thickly round their girths, and defying the keenest eyesight. 'Though we saw nought below the dense shadows which the thick foliage of the forest formed, above our heads, far, far, above, the colours and tints of the leaves were discovered to be of an agreeable variety as the twigs and branches bent and nestled before the gales. Intermittent gusts of wind sometimes swept down on us, and caused us gratefully to

doff our hats to enjoy the cooling draughts; nature, ever grave and sombre in the forest shade, relaxed nothing of its sullen, lifeless aspect.

'Mile after mile was passed of this forest. Sometimes the eye caught glimpses of broad-fronded plantain stalks, or the tall feathery palm, or the slender parasitical rattan, or a huge bough—like a monster serpent—of a gigantic Eliane, swinging in mid-air, from tree to tree, which served to relieve somewhat the dead monotony of the march.'

In due time the army reached the Adansi hills, and climbed to the summit, 1500 feet above the sea-level. Here the rolling landscape could effectively be surveyed by any lover of the picturesque, though probably most of the 'white men' who looked down upon it examined its details exclusively from a military point of view.

'Each hill,' says the observer, 'is wooded, each dip and depression of land is wooded, high land and low land; far and near, north and south, east and west, everywhere the forest land of Ashantee, north of the Adansi hills, heaves and rolls, wave after wave, varicoloured and uneven, now a ridge, then a hollow. South it bears the same aspect; west it is a line of peaks; east it is alike. At our feet, that contiguous to us presents us with a beautiful play and mixture of colours—the mixture of the sere with the green, and the rich autumn hue with the spring. There are terraces of tamarinds, great wide-spreading branches like parachutes, globes of silk cotton with pale green leaves, round uprising towers of teak leafage, flat extents of ordinary vegetation, deep hollows, which plantains and palm-fronds combine to fill, until the eye tracing the variety and form of the foliage insensibly is carried away to where the colour of the vegetation is lost amidst purple haze and blue ether.'

'Leaving the peak we were soon concerned in the necessity of restraining the impetuosity which the steepness of the descent induced. It was almost a continual

slide down hill; our strides were lengthened to an incredible distance.

'As we descended we were sensible that the delicious freshness of the air we breathed on the summit of the hill, laden with the fragrance of tender leaflets and buds, and sapful twigs, and young verdure of the topmost forest boughs, had left us, and that we were breathing the heavy, infragant air, circulating languidly between the massive stems and forest colonnades.'

The advance of the army was made in four columns: one on the right, under Captain Glover, consisting of 750 Houssas and Yombas; a second column, right centre, under Captain Butler; the third and main column, under Sir Garnet Wolseley himself; and the fourth column, on the left, under Captain Dalrymple. Sir Garnet reached Quarman on the 30th. On the previous day a portion of his force had had a smart action with the enemy at Borborassi, which had demonstrated their hopeless inferiority. The following is the account given of it by the officer in command, Colonel M'Leod, of the 42nd Highlanders:—

'In compliance with the instructions received, I marched with a force to reconnoitre the village of Borborassi, situated on our left flank, and said to contain a large body of the enemy under Essamanquatia and other Ashantee chiefs. Striking into the bush-path at 8.15 P.M., we marched W.S.W., and at 11 A.M., arrived before the place, taking it quite by surprise. The Ashantees, driven out of the village by our advance, took to the bush on all sides; a party of them came back upon our left flank, and fired on the Naval Brigade. This attack was brushed away with a few rounds of ammunition. The village was immediately in our possession, but not without loss on our side [three killed and seven wounded].

'Captain Nicol, commanding the Annamaber Company of Russell's Regiment, was killed leading his men, with the devotion of an English gentleman, round the right flank

of the village. I estimated the killed of the enemy at fifty. Fifty-three Ashantee muskets were collected. Twelve kegs of powder, and the umbrella of Essamanquatia, were found in the village. It seems this old chief ran away just before the attack, and so narrowly escaped capture. The troops after their long march were halted in the village for one hour, and refreshed themselves from their havresacks before commencing their return march. On our return the blue-jackets formed the rear-guard. Before quitting the village they broke up the arms which were taken, and blew up the powder. As soon as ever the Ashantees, lying *perdu* in the bush, discovered that we had gone, they returned to the village with shouting and blowing of horns. Presently a body of them came down upon the rear guard and opened fire; the blue-jackets calmly faced about, and poured amongst them such a fire of Snider bullets as sufficed to rid us of their presence for the rest of the day. The troops arrived at their camp at Kiang Boasuu at four in the morning.

The Engineers clearing away the jungle, and preparing roads for their march, the British soldiers advanced upon Amoafu, where the enemy were posted in great numbers to defend their capital. Here took place the decisive action of the campaign on the 31st of January.

On this occasion the army was again disposed in four columns. The advance guard consisted of the 42nd, with a detachment of the Houssa artillery, two 7-pound guns, and a detachment of Royal Engineers, under Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bt. Next came the left column, under Colonel M'Leod, composed of the right wing of the Naval Brigade, Major Baker Russell's native regiment, Rait's artillery, two rocket detachments, and a detachment of Royal Engineers. Colonel Evelyn Wood was in command of the right column, which included his native regiment, the left wing of the Naval Brigade, a detachment of Rait's Houssa artillery, two rockets, and a detachment of the

Royal Engineers. The rear consisted of the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under Lieutenant-Colonel Warren. The total fighting strength exceeded 2500 men, Europeans and natives. The Commander accompanied the right column, seated in 'a Madeira cane chair,' which was carried on the shoulders of four burly and semi-nude Fantees, a conspicuous object for a lurking enemy in the bush.

At about 8.5. A.M., Lord Gifford's scouts, who preceded the advance, came in touch of the enemy, and opened fire. About ten minutes later the Highlanders took up the game, and the firing grew louder and more sustained. The right column did not get into action until half-past eleven, when the Ashantees bore down upon it in force, pouring in a hail of slugs, which caused the trees around and the branches above them to shed their leaves as thick as flakes in a snow storm. The attack was made with great courage, and in such force that the British had much ado to hold their ground, until the Welsh Fusiliers were ordered up to their support. Two companies of the Rifle Brigade were afterwards thrown forward, and ordered to drive the foe from the covert to which he clung so desperately. Meanwhile, the left and rear columns were closely engaged, and the battle raged all along the line until a quarter to two, when the powerful weapons and solid discipline of the white men prevailed, and the enemy sullenly ceased firing.

The strife, however, was not wholly ended; for near Quarman, about three o'clock, Essamanquatia, the ablest of the Ashantee chiefs, brought up a reinforcement, which was gallantly opposed by a detachment of the 2nd West Indians, until the Rifles came to their assistance. Baffled at this point the Ashantees made an attack at Eusarpe, two miles-and-a-half beyond Quarman, but though they persisted until midnight, they experienced nothing but repeated reverses. At three o'clock next morning they made a second attempt against Quarman; this too failed, and after twenty hours of almost continuous fighting, they fled

from the field, which was strewn with their killed and wounded.

The following is Sir Garnet Wolseley's account of the battle:—

'My whole force, divided into four columns, advanced along the main road, preceded by the scouts, until the enemy were met at the village of Egginassie, which was carried by a rush of the scouts at about 8 A.M. The front columns then extended into the thick bush on each side of the road, which was cut and widened by labourers under the Royal Engineers so as to admit of the advance of the guns.

'As the leading column advanced northward the left column, according to orders previously issued, cut a path diagonally to the left front, with a view of protecting the left flank of the front column; and as it moved along this path, the right column, closing up, cut a path diagonally to the right to protect the right flank, while the rear column extended, so as to gain touch of the right and left columns, which were designed to follow the flanks of the front column, and, should it be unflanked, to face east and west outwards. My intention was to fight in the form of a square, and so oppose the invariable flanking tactics of the enemy, which their superior numbers would probably allow them to carry out against any line which I could form.

'The front column, under Sir A. Alison, found the enemy in great force, beyond a swampy stream to the north of Egginassie, and suffered heavily in dislodging them. They were driven out by the steady advance of the infantry, aided by the fire of Rait's guns. The large numbers of dead Ashantees at this part of their field, and the numbers of the 42nd Highlanders here wounded, showed the stubborn resistance made by the enemy. The 42nd Highlanders finally advanced and captured the town of Amoaful about noon, after being more than four hours in action.

'Meanwhile, the left column advancing under a heavy fire,

by which Captain Buckle, R.E., was killed while urging on his labourers, occupied the crest of a hill, where a clearing was made, and the enemy driven away from this portion of their camp by an advance of the Naval Brigade and Russell's regiment. Colonel M'Leod having cleared his front, and having lost touch of the left column, now cut his way in a north-easterly direction, and came into the main road in rear of the Highlanders, about the same hour that the advance occupied Amoaful. I protected his left rear by a detachment of the Rifle Brigade. Our left flank was now apparently clear of the enemy.

'On the right, Lieut.-Col. Wood was met by a fire which prevented the advance of his column for more than a short distance into the bush, consequently when the front column took Amoaful it would have become detached from the right column, but that communication was kept up along the main road by two companies of the 42nd, the head quarters and detachment 23rd, and a company of the Rifle Brigade. Long after Amoaful was taken, the Ashantees kept up a heavy fire on the right of the main road, and these troops lay down and replied to it, repelling the enemy, but not without loss.

'Up to 1.30 P.M. the enemy kept up a very heavy fire on Lieut.-Col. Wood's column, whose right was extended into the bush, east of the village of Egginassie. But they made no progress, and soon after half-past one an advance of the Kossors and Bonny men of Wood's regiment drove them away, clearing the flank of the Naval Brigade, and enabling them to complete the discomfiture of the enemy on this flank. By 1.45 P.M., firing had ceased.

'At this time heavy firing was heard in rear, and I learnt that another body of the enemy had attacked my entrenched post at Quarman. I sent back part of the Rifle Brigade; but the attack was continued till nightfall, though of course repulsed. Shortly before dark a large convoy of baggage which had been parked at Eusarpe during the

action, and was now ordered on, was fired upon, though accompanied by a large escort. A number of their carriers threw down their loads and ran away, and had it not been for the great exertions of Lieut.-Col. Colley, whom I have placed in charge of my line of communications, and who recovered much of the baggage during the night, more serious consequences might have ensued than the loss of the few loads which occurred. On learning of this affair I took immediate steps for clearing my line of communications, and brought in large convoys this morning in perfect safety to Amoafu. The officers commanding the columns as above-named performed their difficult tasks most excellently, and were efficiently aided by their staff.

The number of Ashantees engaged has been estimated at 12,000: and their loss in killed and wounded must have exceeded 2000.

On the following day, February 1st, Wolseley pushed forward his advanced guard, which attacked and carried the town of Becquah, and burned it to the ground. On the 2nd, the march towards Coomassie was resumed. The enemy formed occasional ambuscades, from which they were invariably driven with considerable loss; and the passage of the river Ordah having successfully been effected, Wolseley sent the Highlanders to attack Coomassie. They carried village after village—Ordahou, Eusiaya, Karsi—King Coffee flying before them—and on the evening of the 4th of February, entered the Ashantee capital in triumph.

Coomassie is described as upwards of three miles-and-a-half in circuit. It covers the summit of a low rocky eminence, thence descends into a valley, and also occupies a portion of the hill contiguous. The main street or avenue is seventy yards wide, and probably a mile-and-a-half in length. The houses are wattled structures, with alcoves and stuccoed facades, embellished with Mauresque patterns. The lower part, reaching up to the floor of the said alcoves, is painted an ockrish-red, the upper part white. In the

rear are grouped the huts of the domestics, enclosing small courtyards, which are connected with one another by small alleys lined with closets and store-rooms.

The main street leads to the death-grove, or place of execution, which, in all accounts of the Ashantee Kingdom, occupies so conspicuous a position. There the British soldiers stood aghast at the terrible spectacle of thirty or forty decapitated bodies in the last stages of corruption, and countless skulls, lying piled in heaps and scattered over a wide area. M. Bonat, who was for some years a prisoner in Coomassie, tells us that he has seen some two or three hundred slaves slain at one time, as customary after the death of the King's sister; and as many as a dozen slaves dragged to the grove, and executed in the most barbarous manner, on any ordinary occasion. If it be true that about a thousand slaves, offenders, rebels, and others are put to death annually, we may form a tolerably accurate conjecture of the number of victims which have helped to swell the terrible death-roll of the Coomassie Golgotha since the time of Sy Tutu, the founder of the present dynasty, in the middle of the eighteenth century. It may safely be computed that the sanguinary 'custom' of the Ashantee Kingdom has cost the lives of between 130,000 and 140,000 victims.

The palace of King Coffee Calcali was situated about three hundred yards from the death-grove, and occupied a level space in the valley, or depression, between the two eminences already spoken of. It consisted of a number of houses with steep thatched roofs, clustered together, and enclosed by a palisade of split bamboo stakes, the area included being about 400 or 500 feet square. At one corner of the enclosure rose a square two-storied stone building. In the first court the lower part of the lofty stucco walls was painted red, the upper part white. They were ornamented with bold designs, diamond-shaped, scroll-work done in alto-relievo. The columns were square, with simple

pediments and capitals. The alcoves were spacious, probably 14 feet long by 8 feet deep. Other courts were after the same style; but in some the columns were circular and smooth, in others carved.

The alcoves were littered with curious articles. One contained a large number of war-drums, blood-bespotted, and decorated with ghastly trophies of wars and triumphs, with human skulls. Another contained a heap of cutlasses, rusty sabres without scabbards, accoutrements plated with gold, old worn-out guns with bands of silver or gold, horn-tails, and crisps of elephant tails, and numerous ivory war-horns, each with its human jaw-bone; while in another were scores of tall umbrellas,—silk, satin, velvet, crimson-damask, and woollen-cloth, bespangled with bits of gold and silver, or fringed with small gold, silver, and brass bells.

In the stone building which formed the King's private residence, the interior court and the adjacent rooms were filled with articles of a curious character but small value, while the booty in the upper story, though excessively miscellaneous, was of considerable worth. It included . . . a silver breakfast and dinner service; Bohemian vases; large glass goblets; strings of the valuable Agjei beads; piles of faded Kidderminster carpets; Persian rugs; leopard skins; European drums and swords; Arab zataghans and scimitars; gold and silver-headed canes; royal stools, beautifully carved and ornamented with gold and silver; seven gold masks, each weighing several ounces; golden toys; damask bed-curtains and counterpanes; enormous silken umbrellas; tankards and cups of silver; gold decorated muskets, etc.

The final stage of the Ashantee campaign may best be described in the words of the leader of the British expedition. This dispatch to the Secretary of State is dated February 7; from Camp Agimamu, he says:—

‘On the 3rd instant, I forwarded a flying column, taking with me five days’ provisions, and marched upon Coomassie.

The enemy's resistance on the 3rd was considerable, very large numbers being in our front. I halted on the river Ordah.

‘During the course of the day's march, I received from the King a letter, of which I enclose a copy, and returned at once the enclosed reply.’

These enclosures, we omit, as of no special importance.

‘On the 4th I advanced again at daybreak. The enemy had occupied a position of considerable strength near the village of Ordahore. This they held against us from about seven till a quarter to two, when they yielded, and, on my advance guard, under Colonel McLeod, being pushed on against them, broke and fled in all directions, leaving behind, strewn along the road, the chief's umbrellas and chairs, etc., and the food which had been carried with the army.

‘No opposition was offered to our entry into the town.

‘I immediately issued stringent orders for the protection of the inhabitants and the safety of the town. But night fell almost immediately after our entry, and in the darkness it was impossible to prevent some of the numerous camp followers from pillaging. The Fantee prisoners had also been released, and, in all probability, were largely engaged in the same pursuit. The result was the outbreak of many fires. The Inspector-General of the Police, and several officers, were engaged nearly all night in the suppression of the pillaging and in putting out the fires. One policeman taken in the act was hung.

‘I endeavoured immediately on my arrival to communicate with the King through every channel that appeared to offer an opportunity. A chief having come into Coomassie, who was said to be sent by the King, I saw him myself, and impressed upon him my wish to spare the town, and my desire to impose on the King no severer conditions than those he had already accepted.

‘Moreover, I told this man that, now that I had shown the power of England, I was ready, if the King would

make peace at once, to accept a small indemnity, and not to exact the half I had previously required to be paid in ready money.

'Other messengers were obtained, who undertook to reach the King. . . All was, however, of no avail. The men whom I endeavoured to employ as messengers, and who came avowedly as envoys of the King, were found treacherously removing powder and gold dust from the houses.

'The whole scheme of Ashantee politics is so based upon treachery that the King does not either understand any other form of mystification, or believe it possible that others can have honest intentions. Under these circumstances it became clear that a treaty would be as valueless to us as it was difficult to obtain.

'Nothing remained but to leave such a mark of our power to punish, as should deter from future aggression a nation whom treaties do not bind.

'I had done all I could to avoid the necessity, but it was forced upon me. I gave orders for the destruction of the palace and the burning of the city. I had at one time also contemplated the destruction of the Bantamah, where the sacred ashes of former kings are entombed, but this would have involved a delay of some hours. Very heavy rain had fallen. I found that the streams might have risen in my rear sufficiently to seriously delay my march. I considered it better, therefore, not to risk further the health of the troops, the wet weather having already threatened seriously to affect it.

'The demolition of the palace was complete. From all that I can gather, I believe, that the result will be such a diminution in the prestige and military power of the Ashantee monarch as may result in the break-up of the kingdom altogether. This I had been anxious to avoid, because it seems impossible to foresee what power can take this nation's place among the feeble races of this coast. I certainly believe that your Lordship may be well convinced

that no more utterly atrocious Government than that which has thus, perhaps, fallen, ever existed on the face of the earth. Their capital was a charnel-house; their religion a combination of cruelty and treachery; their policy the natural outcome of their religion. I cannot think that, whatever may be the final fate of the people of this country, the absolute annihilation of such a rule, should it occur, would be a subject for unmixed regret.

'In any case, my Lord, I believe that the main object of my expedition has been perfectly secured. The territories of the Gold Coast will not again be troubled by the warlike ambition of this restless power. I may add that the flag of England from this moment will be received throughout Western Africa with respectful awe—a treatment which has been of late years by no means its invariable fortune.

'The troops are now on the march homewards, and will embark for England immediately on reaching Cape Coast.'

Before they marched, however, the Ashantee monarch came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valour, and re-opened negotiations with Sir Garnet Wolseley for the conclusion of a treaty of peace. At Fornannah, on the 13th of February, the treaty was signed; and King Coffee Calcali undertook to pay by instalments the sum of 50,000 ounces of approved gold as indemnity for the expenses incurred by Britain in the war. He also guaranteed freedom of trade between Ashantee and the British settlements on the coast; and, in order to prove the sincerity of his friendship for Queen Victoria, promised to use his best endeavours to check the practice of human sacrifice, with a view to hereinafter putting an end to it altogether, 'as the practice is repugnant to the feelings of all Christian nations.'

The troops had all reached the coast by the 22nd of February, and were embarked as rapidly as possible on board the splendid steamships which awaited their arrival. Thus ended an expedition which the military historian will

always mention with favour, on account of the skill with which it was conducted, and the rapidity and completeness with which it attained its object.

AUTHORITIES :—'London Gazette,' 1874; Contemporary Newspapers; 'Coomassie and Magdala,' by H. M. Stanley; 'The March to Coomassie,' 1876, by G. A. Henty; 'Life of Lord Wolseley,' by C. R. Low; 'Ashantee and the Gold Coast,' by Sir John D. Hay.

CHAPTER VII

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR

THE axiom that History repeats itself, finds a striking illustration in the second Afghan War, which, in its cause and many of its incidents, was a repetition of the first. There had been misunderstandings between England and Russia—misunderstandings which approached the brink of war—and while these existed, Russia would seem to have sent an envoy to Shere Ali, then Ameer of Afghanistan, with the view of securing his alliance. When this became known to the English Government, Lord Lytton, the Indian Viceroy, in order to guard against future danger, resolved on establishing a paramount influence in Afghanistan. He entered into communication with the Ameer, reminding him that as between England and Russia his small kingdom was like the earthen pipkin between the two pots of iron, and pressing upon him the reception of a mission and of a permanent envoy or Resident at Cabul. The Ameer, desirous of preserving his independence, strongly objected, but Lord Lytton persisted in sending forward his mission, and with an escort so large that it almost resembled an army. It started from Peshawar on the 21st of September, 1878,

but was stopped on the frontier by Shere Ali's officer, who pleaded that he had received no authority from his sovereign to permit its advance. His action was not unreasonable; but Lord Lytton construed it to be an insult to the British flag, and sent instructions to his envoy to make his way to Cabul at all hazards. The escort was reinforced, and while one division took possession of Candahar, the other, with but little opposition, marched upon the capital, and occupied it. Shere Ali took to flight; and Lord Beaconsfield was able to announce that the object of the invasion of Afghanistan had been successfully accomplished, and that England commanded the three great highways which connected Afghanistan with India. By the death of Shere Ali, his son, Yakoob Khan, became Ameer; and with him was concluded, on the 5th of May, 1879, the Treaty of Gandamak, by which England undertook to subsidize the Ameer at the rate of £60,000 a year, he agreeing to receive a British Resident at Cabul, and to make certain cessions of territory by which the Indian Government would secure a 'scientific frontier.' So far the success of Lord Beaconsfield's and Lord Lytton's policy appeared to be complete. Sir Louis Cavagnari established himself at Cabul; but scarcely had the dispatches reached England in which he spoke with pride of his peaceful reception, than, just as in 1841, the Afghans rose against the stranger in their midst, and murdered him, with all or nearly all the members of his staff. History unhappily repeated itself. It was absolutely necessary to take vengeance for this massacre, and an army of retribution, under Sir Donald Stewart, entered Afghanistan, and in the teeth of a strenuous resistance, fought its way to Cabul. (December 24, 1879). Yakoob Khan surrendered himself, abdicated, and was sent a prisoner to India, though it is not generally credited that he had any part or complicity in Cavagnari's murder. But though we held Cabul and Candahar, we were far from being masters of Afghanistan. Beyond the

shadow thrown by our bayonets we held not a rood of ground, and exercised no authority. The 'scientific frontier' had not even been laid down, and the Treaty of Gandamak was little better than waste paper.

We had got into Cabul, and now the problem was, how to get out of it. A certain chief, named Mohamed Khan, who had been one of Yakoob's generals, and had numerous partisans among the southern Ghilzais, took up arms against the British, and was soon at the head of a large body of fanatical warriors, with whom he swept down upon Cabul, set up as Ameer, Musa Khan, the young son of the ex-Ameer Yakoob, and had the boldness to advance against the British army in its cantonments at Sherpur. He demanded the immediate release of Yakoob Khan, the surrender of two British officers as hostages until this should be effected, and the immediate retreat of the British. But here, happily, history failed to repeat itself. The British commander was no Elphinstone, and with undaunted resolution he held his ground until reinforcements came up. Mohamed Khan was forced to retire, and the British again entered Cabul.

A second candidate for the Ameership then appeared in Abdurrahman Khan, whose pretensions, it was understood, Russia secretly supported. He was born in 1830—the son of Dost Mohamed's eldest son—was a man of ability and great force of character, and for some years had been living under Russian protection at Samarcand, patiently awaiting his opportunity—in the coming of which he firmly believed—to return to Cabul. Still further to perplex the situation, young Ayoo Khan, a son of Shere Ali, the hero of many an Afghan song and legend, who had long been a guest of the Shah of Persia, raised an army of Heratees, and advanced against Candahar, where we had established a certain Shere Ali Khan as independent Wali. Thus there were three competitors for the Afghan crown; and hostile as these were one against another, they all agreed in hostility to England. It became the object of the Indian

Government to secure the friendship of one of them by offering him its support, and with this view Sir Lepel Griffin, its representative at Cabul, entered into negotiations with Abdurrahman Khan, whose chances of success seemed the likeliest.

But, meanwhile, a terrible disaster had happened to our arms at Candahar, which was garrisoned by a British force under General Primrose. This mud-walled town was bravely held by General Nott against the Afghans in 1842, but it is not a good defensive position, and General Primrose must often have felt anxious for its safety. Nevertheless, it seemed good to the Indian Government that, from his small garrison, he should detach a couple of thousand men, under General Burrows, a brave and able officer, who, however, had had no experience in the field, to oppose the advance of Ayoub Khan. The Afghan pretender, who had been reinforced by some four thousand deserters from the Wali of Candahar's native army, was at the head of 12,000 men, with thirty-six guns. General Burrows, who encountered him on the 27th of July, on the open plain between Maiwand and Kusk-i-Nakhud, mustered scarcely 2500 men, with only twelve guns, and six of these were obsolete 'smooth bores.' He had with him 500 of the 'Old Berkshire' 66th British regiment, and about 1000 Sepoys of the 1st Bombay Grenadiers and the 30th Bombay Native Infantry (Jacob's Rifles); also, 600 sabres (Bombay Cavalry and Seinde Lancers). Unfortunately, the Indian battalions and squadrons were under-officered, and lacked, accordingly, that firmness and cohesion which, in battle, will sometimes compensate for numerical weakness.

It was early in the morning when the battle began, and it lasted until late in the afternoon. The British soldiers fought with a steadiness and a courage worthy of the renown of the British army, and for some time resisted the desperate onset of the Afghans. But the Bombay Sepoys, who knew nothing of warfare, cowered before their resolute

enemy, and fell back in confusion on the 66th. Their panic was shared by the Sepoy horsemen, and the small band of intrepid Englishmen soon found themselves in the midst of a struggling swarm of foes and comrades, from whom the danger was about equal. They obtained shelter behind some mud walls, and again stood up tenaciously against the yelling Ghazis, until their ammunition ran short, and General Burrows gave orders for the retreat to Candahar—a distance of fifty miles. It was the old story over again of the retreat in 1842. The feeble British battalion strove for a time to give order and a semblance of firmness to the march; but the Afghan attack was now more and more hotly pressed, the Indian troops grew more and more discouraged—the retreat became a flight. When the Ghazis abandoned the pursuit and returned to the plunder of Burrows' camp, the Afghan villagers sallied forth with knife or musket, and dealt destruction upon the fugitives. By a deplorable error, the wrong road had been taken, the 'lower' or main road, which, in the months of the Afghan summer, is absolutely without water, and intense thirst was added to the miserable experiences of the routed army. But why dwell upon these sad details? The remnants of the little force reached the banks of the Ayandab, and Burrows rode on to Candahar with his tale of disaster. General Brooke, with some cavalry, was then sent to bring in the survivors, and the Battle of Maiwand was added to the melancholy history of our military experiences in Afghanistan. Let it be understood, however, that it brought no shame or disgrace to the British army, for never had our soldiers borne themselves more bravely than on that unequal field.

To retrieve this disaster, and deliver General Primrose's small garrison from the swarms of Afghans which held it in beleaguement in Candahar, was an indispensable necessity, in the face of which considerations of caution and prudence had to give way. Sir Donald Stewart and his advisers

determined on a daring *coup*, though not unaware of the dangerous consequences to the British empire in India, which would assuredly supervene upon its failure. With an army of 10,000 men, British, Ghorkas, and Sikhs, Sir Frederick Roberts suddenly started from Cabul, and undertook a march of three hundred miles through a practically unknown country to Candahar. For three weeks nothing was heard of the bold general and his faithful followers. Then he and they reappeared upon the scene, victorious. With immense skill and resolution Roberts had accomplished his desperate enterprise, had reached Candahar, had fallen like a thunderbolt upon Ayoob Khan, and crushed him. The honour of England was avenged, her prestige saved.

The negotiations with Abdurrahman Khan were brought to a successful conclusion, and he entered into an alliance with the Indian Government to which he has ever since proved most scrupulously faithful. He was recognised as Ameer, and Cabul was given up to him. The British army, under General Stewart, returned to India, and Candahar was soon afterwards evacuated. The advocates of what is or was known as the 'forward policy' were indignant at this evacuation, and insisted that we should have held Candahar as safeguard against a Russian advance upon Herat: but no small number of Englishmen were of opinion that we could hardly hope to secure the friendship and confidence of the Afghans while we occupied one of their most important towns.

CHAPTER VIII

THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGNS

WARS and rumours of wars characterised the last years of the Beaconsfield Ministry; and our military experiences in Afghanistan found to some extent their parallel in South Africa, where our policy—or want of it—embroiled us in hostilities with the Boers, or Dutch-descended occupants of the Transvaal, and the Zulus, the most powerful and warlike of the South African tribes. The Transvaal Republic, through mal-administration, was involved in 1877 in such grave difficulties that a section of its inhabitants made proposals to England to take it under her protection. Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent out as Commissioner to ascertain the popular feelings. Unfortunately he suffered himself to be misled by the representations of what afterwards proved to be a small minority; hoisted the British flag; and declared the territories of the Republic a portion of the British empire.

Here, for the present, we leave the Transvaal and turn to the Zulus, whose affairs were mixed up with those of the Boers to an extent which, in our narrow limits, it is impossible to define. Cetewayo, the Zulu 'King,' a man of

considerable energy, with natural faculties which fitted him for command, had always been favourably disposed towards the British, until the annexation of the Transvaal led him to apprehend a similar destiny for his own kingdom. He then began to take measures of defence, which Sir Bartle Frere, the Lord High Commissioner,—an English statesman of great ability, but dominated by the 'imperial instinct,'—construed into offensive measures, and despatched an ultimatum to the Zulu King, insisting on the disbandment of the Zulu army. This was, of course, a declaration of war, and it was supported by the advance of a British army under Lord Chelmsford. It has too often been the fault of British generals to underrate the strength of their enemies and, especially in savage warfare, to believe that British 'pluck' can go anywhere and do anything, in this belief dispensing with the most ordinary military precautions, and marching through a hostile country with as absolute a confidence as if they were simply changing quarters in their own. A terrible chastisement now befell this unwise presumption. A division of Lord Chelmsford's army, halting at Isandlwana, considered it needless to entrench itself—was surprised by a host of Zulus on the 22nd of January, 1879—stricken with panic—and, completely defeated,—we had almost said, destroyed.

This catastrophe produced a great impression on the mind and conscience of England. For a British army to be defeated by a horde of half-naked savages, was a humiliation which Englishmen deeply felt; but probably many felt it all the more deeply from their conviction that the war which had brought it upon them was a war of injustice and oppression. With the political consequences of Isandlwana, we are not, however, concerned. As to its military results, they were unimportant. A struggle between England and the Zulu nation could have but one issue. Lord Chelmsford drew together his forces, and continued his advance, until encountering the Zulus at Ulundi, he inflicted upon them a heavy

defeat, which rendered further resistance on their part impossible. They fought with great bravery, but were powerless to contend against the superior equipment and discipline of the British. Cetewayo was taken prisoner, and the Zulu kingdom fell to pieces.

Our attention may again be directed to the Boers, who, as enemies, were much more formidable than the barbarous Zulus. Against the annexation effected by Sir Theophilus Sheenstone, the majority protested strongly, but in vain. They sent deputations to England, but obtained no satisfaction. At the Cape our representatives emphatically declared that what was done could not be undone, and that the Boers would do well to relinquish all hope of recovering their independence. Sir Bartle Frere, 'as a friend,' advised them not to believe any statements that the English people would give up the Transvaal. Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was sent out to take the chief command, civil and military, in the disturbed provinces of South Eastern Africa, held the same language, proclaiming that 'so long as the sun shines the Transvaal will remain British territory.' But in his dispatches to the home authorities, he admitted that the population of the Transvaal were greatly disaffected to British rule, and might be expected to resort to arms to recover their independence.

They bided their time. No doubt the defeat at Isandlwana gave them encouragement, and in the Zulu campaign they probably observed many signs of the carelessness and inefficiency with which we sometimes make war. Towards the end of 1880, when the Cape Colony was involved in a troublesome contention with the Basutos, they drew the sword. On the 13th of December, they held a mass meeting at Heidelberg, at which they proclaimed the freedom of the Transvaal, re-established the Commonwealth, and formed a triumvirate government, consisting of three remarkable men, John Paul Kruger, Peter Jacob Joubert, and Martin Wessel Pretorius. Two days later, at Potchefstroom, the

first shot was fired, when a large party of armed Boers entered the town to get their proclamation printed. Previous to this, the 94th regiment had marched from Lydenberg to reinforce the garrison of Prætoria, and about the 12th of December reached Middleburgh. Reports of the Boer rising came to hand, and the inhabitants of Middleburgh would fain have kept the troops with them; but Colonel Anstruther, their commander, gave little credence to these reports, and proceeded on the march to Prætoria. He had encamped by the river Oliphants, where fresh information arrived, of a nature to dissipate his incredulity; but he felt persuaded that the force he had with him was adequate to the defeat of any attempt to intercept his march; though, officers and men together, it numbered only 250. Breaking up his camp, he crossed the river, and on the morning of the 20th, suddenly discovered a body of armed Boers posted on the rising ground near the Bronkhorst Spruit.

It was a little after one o'clock, and the long line of waggons was dragging slowly along, while the regimental band played the popular melody, 'Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling.' Before them lay the Hinde river, on the opposite side of which a site had been selected for a camping-ground. Three mounted Boers, one carrying a white flag, came forward rapidly, and one of them handed to Colonel Anstruther a written dispatch, announcing that his further advance would be considered a declaration of war. The colonel replied, as a matter of course, that his orders were to go to Prætoria, and that those orders he should obey. He then returned to his advanced guard, which, with the regimental band, numbered about one hundred and twenty men, the remainder of his little force being distributed as guards along the procession of waggons. An order was immediately given for the right company to extend, but while it was being carried out a heavy fire was poured into their camp, so well-directed that it stretched on the ground one half of the company. The remainder,

and the left company lay down, and returned the volleys of the Boers, who, in a half-moon formation round the head of the little column, assailed it with incessant deadly charges. The struggle was so hopelessly unequal, that, in about twenty minutes, in which time out of 230 men 158 were put *hors de combat*, the colonel ordered his soldiers to cease firing, and surrendered. The Boers, mostly experienced marksmen, were estimated at 500 in number, and had the advantage of position and cover.

The news of the disaster was carried to Prætoria by Mr Egerton, of the Transport Department, and one who was a witness of his arrival, relates some interesting details.*

'A shapely, well-looking man, whom no one could mistake for anything but a gentleman, he showed me how the weary tramp of forty miles had told upon his feet, which, blistered and in many places absolutely raw, evidenced more than words could possibly do, the endurance that had been exhibited by their possessor in his eleven hours' march through the previous day and part of the night. He was cool and pleasant in his manner, and said that they (the Boers) managed it beautifully, and had stopped the column near the river, and incapacitated all the officers and most of the non-commissioned ones at the first two or three volleys; that Colonel Anstruther was wounded in five or six places, and seeing the futility of further resistance, he had given the men the order to surrender, after the engagement had lasted some twenty minutes, and more than half the regiment were killed or wounded; that he (Egerton) had obtained permission to go on to Prætoria for medical assistance, and before leaving had managed to fasten the colours of the regiment round his body, and had placed them in the hands of Captain Campbell, the senior captain of the 94th, who with eighty of his men was occupying

* Duval, 'A Show through Southern Africa,' ii, 4.

† The Boers refused to allow him either horse or weapon.

Fort Royal at Prætoriana. These colours I afterwards learned were handed to Lieut.-Colonel Gildea for safe keeping, and he, with a touch of chivalry in his action, had them carried inside those of his own regiment—the Royal Scots Fusiliers—as a guarantee that the safety of the colours his comrades-in-arms had placed within his care should be that of his own.

A few days after the disaster at Bronkhorst Spruit, a more deplorable incident occurred—the murder of one of the prisoners in the hands of the Boers, Captain Elliott, as he was crossing from the Transvaal into the Orange Free State. Captain Elliott and Captain Lambert, of the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, who had been captured two days before, had been liberated on condition that they left the Transvaal at once, and did not bear arms against the Dutch during the war. They were conducted to the Orange river; but while they were trying to cross it at night, their escort treacherously fired upon them. Elliott was killed by the first shot; Lambert swam for his life amidst a shower of bullets, climbed the opposite bank and escaped uninjured. The Government of the Transvaal hastened to disclaim all knowledge of this cruel and cowardly action, and promised to do their utmost to bring the offenders to justice; but we are not aware that the promise was ever fulfilled.

The English forces in the Transvaal were under the command of Sir George Colley, who in vain attempted to guide the rebellion. At Lang's Nek and Ingogo he suffered a defeat—partly from that fatal error of generalship to which we have already adverted, and partly from the inferiority of his troops in musketry. Most of them were young soldiers, who had had little or no training in the use of Martini-Henrys; they fired rapidly, irregularly, and without aim; while every Boer was a marksman, whose bullets always hit their mark. The Boers, moreover, understood the value of cover; and posted themselves so as to take advantage of every tree or bush or inequality of ground,

avoiding with much skill and care an engagement at close quarters in which the British soldier's favourite weapon, the bayonet, would have turned the tide of battle against them. They specially directed their fatal fire at the British officers, who were shot down, one after the other, with unerring precision, while leading or endeavouring to rally their men. We may here observe that the lessons of the Transvaal campaign were not neglected by the military authorities at home; and that greater attention is now paid to the instruction of our rank and file in musketry, though in this direction a good deal is still left to be desired.

Sir Evelyn Wood, an officer who in a very few years has acquired a reputation for 'all-round' efficiency, had arrived at the Cape with reinforcements, had discussed 'the situation' with Sir George Colley, and then proceeded to Pietermaritzburg to make preparations for a vigorous prosecution of the campaign. But on Saturday night, February 26, Sir George Colley, who was encamped at Mount Prospect, conceived it desirable to occupy Majuba Hill, an eminence, which commanded the Boer position on the low flat ground beyond Lang's Nek. Untaught by previous disasters, he seems to have taken no precautions to guard against surprise, and at early dawn the Boers crept up the hill on three sides, almost unseen, and poured a deadly fire into the small British force, which suddenly found itself out-flanked and surrounded. His faults as a commander Sir George Colley almost redeemed by the cool calm courage with which he directed the movements of his men; but he was shot down just as he was giving orders to cease firing. As usual, the officers were the first to fall; and the men, surprised and confused, and harassed by a rain of bullets, broke and fled. Some escaped; many were killed; not a few were taken prisoners. The defeat was absolute, and the circumstances attending it were even more painful to a proud and high-spirited nation than those which lent such melancholy memories to the Battle of Maiwand.

Peace, however, was soon afterwards concluded. A large party in England protested with some reason that the slaughter at Lang's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba Hill should first have been avenged, and the honour of our arms asserted; but the Government, and probably the great majority of Britons, felt that the war was as unjust in its conception as it had been unfortunate in its conduct, and that England was strong enough to be generous. No sane man could doubt that England, if she put forth her power, could easily subjugate a score of Transvaals; and, indeed, a force of all arms had by this time been accumulated in South Africa against which the Boers would have had no hope of success. But for this very reason the Government considered it a duty to prevent further bloodshed, as they had determined to rescind the act of annexation; and accordingly they concluded a treaty with the Boers by which the Transvaal or South African Republic was re-established under British protection.

The sole satisfactory feature of the Transvaal war was the gallantry displayed by the small British garrisons which occupied its principal towns. Thus, Leydenburg was successfully defended by Lieutenant Long; Marabastadt, by Captain Brooke; Staudtore, by Major Montague. The defence of Prætoria by Colonel Bellairs was really a very admirable exploit; as was that of Potchefstroom by Colonel Winslow and Major Clarke. But, as a whole, the campaign in the country of the Boers contributed a chapter to our military history which no Englishman can read with satisfaction.

CHAPTER IX

THE CAMPAIGNS IN EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN

THE military revolution in Egypt of which Arabi Bey was the ostensible leader originated in 1881; but it did not assume formidable proportions until the following spring, when the Bey had been made a Pasha, and had coerced the Khedive into appointing him War Minister. By treaty the British Government was bound to support the throne of Tewfik the Khedive, nor could it regard with indifference a movement which threatened the safe navigation of the Suez Canal, and England's vast commercial interests in the East. Accordingly the Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour (now Lord Alcester), was ordered to Alexandria, where Arabi was exhibiting no ordinary energy in enlarging and strengthening the fortifications. On the 11th of June a riot broke out, in which many English and French subjects were killed, and it was with difficulty that the British consul escaped from the fanatical mob. As yet the British Ministry, embarrassed by the doubtful attitude of France, had refrained from military intervention; but circumstances now compelled it to declare that it would at all hazards fulfil its treaty

obligations to the Khedive. Arabi, probably encouraged by secret assurances from the Porte, continued to press forward the defences of Alexandria, until they became a danger and a menace to the British fleet, and the Admiral then received orders to prohibit their further extension. This prohibition being disregarded, he was instructed by telegram, on the 11th of July, to intimate that unless the forts surrounding the harbour were immediately abandoned with a view to their dismantling, the guns of the fleet would open upon them. Turkey endeavoured to obtain a delay of twenty-four hours; but this was refused. The European residents and visitors had meanwhile made haste to quit Alexandria; and at nightfall on the 10th of July, the British fleet took up a position suitable for the work it had to do. It consisted of eight great ironclads and five gunboats, with a total force of 3539 men and 102 guns. These guns were, of course, of a calibre previously unknown in naval warfare.

The action began at seven in the morning, and was prolonged until evening, when all the forts were silenced, though the Egyptians had handled their artillery with skill and resolution, many of the women and children taking their turn in serving the guns. As no overtures of capitulation were made, Admiral Seymour renewed the bombardment at daylight on the 12th; but after a few shots a flag of truce was hoisted in the town, and the Admiral then sent an envoy to require the immediate surrender of the forts. Toulbah Pasha, who was in command, replied that this could not be done without the Khedive's permission, and a truce until half-past three o'clock was conceded by the Admiral. No sign of submission being made, the firing was again resumed. Then a flag of truce was hoisted for the second time, and another envoy was despatched, who quickly brought back the unwelcome information that, taking advantage of the flags of truce, Arabi had withdrawn his battalions from the forts, and that Alexandria was

abandoned to the mercy of the mob. Unfortunately, the Admiral had no troops on board the fleet; and for two days the beautiful city of the Ptolemies was a scene of the wildest anarchy. It was set on fire in several places; its stately mansions were broken into and plundered; its bazaars were ruthlessly ravaged; upwards of two thousand Europeans were massacred. At length the Admiral landed a force of blue jackets and marines, who quickly put an end to the grim confusion that prevailed. The streets were patrolled, plunderers caught *flagrante delicto* were shot without benefit of clergy; the Khedive, who had retired to Ramleh during the bombardment, and been held in a kind of quasi-captivity, was brought back to Ras-el-Tin, and installed in his palace under a guard of 700 marines.

The British Government now acted with energy and decision. Reinforcements were hurried to Alexandria, and Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley was appointed to the command. It was determined that Arabi and the rebels, as they were called, should be put down. Wolseley drew up a plan of campaign, which he carried out with admirable accuracy; deciding before hand all its leading details, and arranging where and when the final blow should be struck. He arrived at Alexandria, and it was universally supposed that from thence he would direct his operations. But having carefully concerted his measures he suddenly entered the Suez canal, and carried his transports to a convenient point of disembarkation, from which he led his troops in the silent night to attack Arabi and the Egyptian army, who lay entrenched at Tel-el-Kebir. His force consisted of about 11,000 infantry, and 2000 horse and sixty guns. The advance began at half-past one on the night of September the 12th-13th, and with a perfection of discipline which all military critics have acknowledged, the columns kept touch in the silence and the darkness, and at day-break, broke unexpectedly upon Arabi's entrenchments like a storm of fire. The surprise of the Egyptians was

complete. There was some confused firing, and here and there the resistance was desperate enough; but nothing could withstand the rush and onset of the British soldiery. With the bayonet they carried the first line of defences, and in half-an-hour had driven the Egyptian army from their position. Wolseley then pushed forward his cavalry and mounted infantry, under Sir Drury Lowe, and riding across desert, without drawing rein, this small body of battle-worn men, appeared before the gates of Cairo, and insisted upon its surrender. The annals of war—nay, the romances of chivalry—relate no more stirring exploit than this desert-ride under the hot Egyptian sun, and then the immediate capture of a great and populous city, which yielded with less ado than Jericho to the trumpets of Joshua! The British troopers entered Cairo in triumph, and received the sword of Arabi, who had so vainly measured his weakness against the strength of Britain. The next day Wolseley brought up the infantry. The war was at an end, and Britain at liberty to dispose of the destinies of Egypt.

The protectorate we undertook there—for such it was in reality, however anxiously we strove to disguise the fact from ourselves—speedily involved us in fresh troubles. For some sixty years Egypt had exercised an imperfect authority over the wide and partly barren region of the Soudan—the 'happy land' of the Turkish slave-hunters. Under the rule of the Egyptian Pashas it had sunk into a woeful condition of want and misery; and in 1881 its unhappy inhabitants were goaded by their sufferings to the brink of revolt. They halted there only because they had no leader; and without a leader men can move neither for good nor ill. But in the year we speak of a leader suddenly appeared in the person of the too-notorious Mahdi. Mohamed Achmet, the son of a Dongola carpenter, who gave himself out to be the prophet or Mahdi, foretold by Mohamed, who was to re-establish the authority of the religion of Islam. To this man, so mysteriously invested

with the atmosphere of sanctity, the Soudanese rallied in thousands, and though defeated in his earlier engagements with the Egyptian troops, he soon welded together his various bands into a compact army, with which he was able to cross the White Nile, and invade the province of the Bahr Gazelle. In January, 1883, he captured the town of El Obeid in Kordofan. Here the Egyptian Government might well have allowed him to remain; but it was eager to recover its grip of the Soudanese provinces, and, without the assent of the British Government, which declined all responsibility, it despatched a considerable force, under Hicks Pasha, an English officer, then in its service, to recover the Kordofan. Unfortunately, this force was made up of Egyptian troops of very inferior quality—men possessed with a superstitious dread of the Madhi, ill-fed, ill-trained, ill-armed. No wonder, therefore, that when it was decoyed into a defile, and attacked by an overwhelming mass of the Mahdi's forces, inspired with the enthusiasm of religious fanaticism, it was broken to pieces. The battle took place at Kashgal, and lasted from the 3rd to the 5th of November, 1883. The Egyptians were slain almost to a man.*

The Soudan was lost to Egypt, but it still held several Egyptian garrisons in its inhospitable embrace. At Sinkat, in the east, was Tewfik Pasha with a small force. At Khartoum, Colonel de Coetlogon, an English officer, was in command of some 4000 Egyptians. Berber and Dongola, Kassala and Sumaar, Fashoda and Amandel, all these were held by Egyptian troops; Suakim, on the Red Sea, owed its safety to the presence in its harbour of British gunboats. What was to be done with these unfortunate garrisons? The Egyptian Government could do nothing; and the British Government was reluctant to undertake the responsibility of an expedition into the Soudan. Indecisive

* Hicks Pasha was killed; as also Mr Edmund O'Donovan, the distinguished special correspondent of the 'Daily News.'

counsels are fruitful of delay and disappointment; and granting the difficulties and embarrassments that lay in the path of our ministers, whatever course they resolved upon adopting,—still it is devoutly to be wished that they had faced them with greater energy. Early in 1884, however, they made it clear to the Egyptian officials that the advice they gave it was their intention to see adopted and acted upon, and they insisted on the abandonment of the Soudan, promising at the same time to despatch a British officer of high authority to Khartoum, with full powers to settle the future government of the country, and to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons. Every reader knows that, in obedience to an enthusiastic expression of feeling on the part of the public, the officer chosen for this hazardous and delicate work was General Gordon—popularly known as ‘Chinese Gordon,’ in allusion to his remarkable exploits in the service of the Chinese Government. Accompanied by Colonel Stewart, a soldier of experience, with much knowledge of the Eastern people, he proceeded to Egypt, had an interview with the Khedive and his ministers at Cairo, and then plunged into the Desert, without guard or escort. In due time it was known that he had reached Khartoum in safety, and been received there with the welcome due to a deliverer. He acted with characteristic energy; sent away Colonel de Coetlogon and a portion of the garrison; established an autocratic paternal administration; and finding evacuation more difficult than he had expected, began to drill and arm a body of troops, and to strengthen and enlarge the fortifications of the city—round which, meanwhile, the hosts of the Mahdi gathered rapidly, until they cut off his communication with the outer world. For months, with the exception of two or three brief and not very intelligible messages, which his native agents succeeded in carrying through the rebel lines, England knew nothing of the position and perils of her

heroic son, beleagured in that remote corner of the unfriendly Soudan.

Meanwhile, there were other places in that ill-fated country to which a series of unhappy incidents compelled the attention of the public. Tokha was surrounded by the Mahdi's partisans, under a leader of fierce temper and great military capacity, Osman Digna. Its garrison was reduced by want of supplies to such desperate straits that the Egyptian Government was moved to attempt its deliverance. An army—if such a term may correctly be applied to a few regiments of wretched fellaheen, raised by conscription, undisciplined, badly fed, badly armed—was placed under the command of Colonel Valentine Baker (‘Baker Pasha’), and despatched on a mission of rescue. Accompanied by Colonel Burnaby (of Khiva celebrity) and a few other English officers, Baker, with some 3000 men, advanced from Trinkitat on the 4th of February, and almost immediately came into contact with Osman Digna's Arabs at a place called Teb. There was a furious charge—a timorous attempt at resistance—a wild panic-stricken flight—and all was over. The Arabs swept the field resistlessly—like a simoom. They speared and stabbed the wretched fugitives with remorseless hate. So cowed were the fellaheen, that when their pursuers overtook them, they made no effort in self-defence, but threw themselves on their knees, and submitted their necks to the fatal stroke. It was not a battle, but a slaughter. The English officers fought as English officers always fight; but their example failed to rally or encourage the miserable Egyptians, and at length when the day was hopelessly lost, they turned their horses' heads, rode straight through the swarm of furious fanatics, and effected their escape to Trinkitat. Fortunately the Arabs did not carry the pursuit so far, or we may well doubt whether any would have survived to tell the sad story of the day's disaster. Baker and his companions restored some semblance of order among the

survivors, embarked them on board their ships, and departed from the ill-omened port.

This unhappy event forced the hand of the British Government. Baker Pasha was not, it is true, an officer in its employment, but he was a British officer, and his defeat would be regarded, throughout the Mohammedan world, as a triumph of the green banner of Islam over the arms of England. It was an indispensable act of high policy that, in order to preserve her prestige in the East, and along with it the vast commercial interests which that prestige supported, she should overcome Osman Digna. No doubt it is one of the misfortunes of the world-wide extent of empire of which we Englishmen are not unreasonably proud, that it is vulnerable at so many points, and that hostile contact at one of these points sends a shiver, as it were, through its entire corporate structure. The disaster at Trinkitat, at the first glance, would seem to be of no importance to a great naval and military power like England, yet her statesmen knew that its effect would be felt at Delhi as at Cairo, at Candahar as at Assouan, in every Indian bazaar and among every Mohammedan community, as in all the exchanges of the European capitals. On the day after the news of the defeat of Teb became known in London, the electric wire flashed thither the intelligence of the massacre of the garrison of Sinkat. The Government hesitated no longer; its orders were despatched to Cairo and Alexandria; and on Tuesday, the 10th of February, Admiral Hewett, our naval commander-in-chief in the Red Sea, announced that England had undertaken the defence, and would be responsible for the safety, of Suakim, the principal harbour on the Red Sea coast.

Troops were landed there without delay; and on Friday, the 24th, General Graham arrived to take the command. On that very day it became known that the garrison at Tokha had surrendered to Osman Digna. It was too late to relieve the garrison, but there was time to put down the

Mahdi's victorious lieutenant. With about 4000 men,—English and Indian regiments,—General Graham advanced from Trinkitat on Friday the 28th of February, and when within half-a-mile of the scene of Baker Pasha's defeat—the lost field was indicated by putrid heaps of the slaughtered Egyptians—was attacked by the Arabs, supposed to be about 12,000 strong, who opened fire with the Krupp guns they had captured at El Teb. They had thrown up a rude kind of earthwork, on which their cannon were mounted and their colours planted—strange barbaric banners, embroidered with quaint mystical devices. To the clang and shriek of their bagpipes the Gordon Highlanders advanced right steadily, supported by the rest of Graham's force, and covered by the fire of the artillery, until, having reached the Arab defences, they charged with their bayonets, and in spite of a desperate resistance—the Arabs facing rifle and bayonet with the wild courage of their race—carried them in one fierce rush. In this brave deed of arms Colonel Burnaby greatly distinguished himself: was one of the first to leap the parapet, receiving several wounds in the affray. The Arabs, though defeated, were not crushed, and they retired with a sullen reluctance which greatly impressed the victors. Their loss was not less than 2300 killed and wounded; the British only thirty-two killed and 142 wounded.

On the day following, General Graham entered Tokha, and having rested his men, issued a proclamation to the Arab tribe, in which he summoned them to abandon Osman Digna, and warned them against further resistance to the power of Great Britain. The Mahdi's lieutenant, however, continued to command the faithful adhesion of his followers; and as in his encampment at Tamanieb he still maintained a formidable attitude, Graham resolved to dislodge him. It was early in the morning of Thursday, the 13th of March, when, having marshalled his men into two oblong squares, arranged *en echelon*,—the formation best adapted, it was

thought, to baffle the impetuosity of the Arab onset, which only the coolest veterans can withstand in line when it is supported by a preponderance of numbers—he moved against Osman Digna's position. The ground was broken up by ridge and hollow, and thickly covered with bush, and the British advance being inadequately protected by skirmishing parties or bodies of cavalry, the Arabs succeeded in reaching the front square, and penetrating it with sword and spear. For a moment the 65th wavered, and the 42nd and the Marine Brigade were driven back. The issue of the battle seemed to hang upon a thread, when a dashing charge of cavalry checked the Arabs; the square re-formed; and the second square, under Redvers Buller coming up, the two poured in a tremendous fire, which drove the Arabs over the ridge, leaving 3000 dead upon the field, besides a multitude of wounded. The British troops then entered Osman Digna's valley, swept the opposite slope clear of the foe, and burnt the village of Tamanheb, from which the battle takes its name. The loss of the victors was seventy killed and 100 wounded.

As Osman Digna continued to threaten Suakim, and collected forces to attack it, Graham considered it necessary to inflict upon him further punishment. On Tuesday, the 25th, and two following days, he marched, therefore, to Tamanheb, and burnt Osman's camp. The enemy fired a few shots; but their spirit had been broken down by the crushing defeat of the 13th, and they ventured upon no formal resistance. They dispersed in all directions, and Osman, with a few followers, fled to the hills.

The Mahdi's influence in the Eastern Soudan was, to all appearance, greatly broken. The Home Government, therefore, ordered Graham to return to Egypt with his troops; and at the same time refused a request which General Gordon had made for the despatch of two squadrons of cavalry from Suakim to Berber, to receive and protect a convoy of 2000 women and children from Khartoum.

The feasibility of the project was more than doubtful, and the Government probably exercised a sound judgment in declining the responsibility which it unquestionably involved; but the hurried withdrawal of General Graham's victorious army was proved by after events to be a grave error. A recent writer remarks, with some stringency, that 'to the looker-on at the political game, the order appears an act of inexplicable folly.' 'Was it worth while,' he asks, 'to send out an army to the Red Sea littoral, merely to slaughter a few thousand Arabs and then come back again? Did the Government think that a couple of inevitable defeats of Osman Digna settled the Soudan difficulty? Not to have gone to the Soudan at all would have been intelligible enough; but to complicate the matter still further by going, by having a battue of Arabs, and then hurriedly coming away again, seemed a policy only worthy of the Duke of York in the nursery rhyme, and not of a serious and responsible Ministry.' The Ministry, however may have been influenced by considerations which outsiders can but dimly conjecture; and it is fair to admit that they defended their line of action with a good deal of vigour, and to the satisfaction of at least a large body of British opinion.

In the summer of 1884 the position of General Gordon at Khartoum ceaselessly occupied the attention of the public; and the Government began to make preparations for his rescue by a British expedition, as soon as the cool season in the Soudan would allow military operations to be carried on with safety. The problem was, how to reach Khartoum. On this point military authorities were greatly divided. There were some who advocated the Suakim-Berber route; there were others who regarded the Nile as the natural and obvious highway. When the supporters of the former enlarged upon the difficulties of the Nile navigation, with its rapids or cataracts: the supporters of the latter dwelt upon the dangers of the waterless desert

that lies between Berber and Khartoum. The Government finally adopted the Nile route, acting upon the recommendation of Lord Wolseley; and to that distinguished officer was entrusted the command of the new expedition. He started for Cairo in the first week of September; and with indefatigable energy hurried on the necessary work. The force to be employed numbered about 8000 picked British troops, who were to be conveyed to Sarakhs, 860 miles from Alexandria, by rail and steamers. Thence they were to cover the 844 miles by water to Khartoum in long shallow boats, specially constructed, so as to combine the maximum of accommodation with the minimum of draught. Each carried ten soldiers with stores for ninety days, and could sail well in fifteen inches of water; and Lord Wolseley calculated that the expedition would reach Khartoum by the New Year. In order to traverse the desert rapidly he called for volunteers from the British regiments, and formed them into three camel corps, 1100 strong in all. His plans were laid down with the utmost precision of detail, and were executed, all things considered, with a remarkable exactness. Every link in the chain was carefully wrought; and the chain was everywhere equal to the pressure put upon it. With immense labour the boats ascended the river, being well handled by a force of blue-jackets, with 500 Canadian boatmen and a large number of Kroomen,—the soldiers heartily assisting to tow them through the whirling current of the Cataracts; and on the 16th of December Lord Wolseley, with his advanced guard, arrived at Korti, where he established his headquarters, and awaited the arrival of the main portion of his force.

Ill news from Khartoum, however, determined him to undertake a daring movement. He would strike across the Desert to Shendy, and thus save the time and labour which the sinuous course of the Nile necessarily imposed upon his troops. The distance was one hundred and eighty miles;

but half way across, at Gakdul, were some copious wells, and on the 30th of December, General Sir Herbert Stewart, with 1500 men, was pushed forward to seize them. Meanwhile, General Earle, with a small body of infantry, was ordered to proceed in boats to Abu Hamad, and thence to Berber, which had been re-captured by the rebels. Having seized the Gakdul wells, and placed a garrison to hold them, Stewart returned to Korti; but on the 8th of January, 1885, with all the mounted men and 400 of the Sussex regiment, again set out for Gakdul, whence he was to advance as rapidly as possible to Metammeh on the Nile. It was known that at Metammeh the Mahdi had an army of 5000 or 6000 men. These once disposed of, the road would be open to Shendy, where General Gordon had four steamers waiting for the arrival of the deliverers.

The Mahdi, kept well informed of the movements of the British, rapidly collected from his camp before Khartoum, from Berber, and from Metammeh, some 10,000 of his bravest warriors, whom he posted at Abu Klea, a valley with wells in it, twenty-three miles on the Korti side of Metammeh. Sir Herbert Stewart, with 1500 men, reached the head of the valley on the 16th of January; and finding his advance blocked by the rebels, halted for the night to rest and refresh his men. Thrice were they called to arms in the bewildering darkness. At dawn, having placed his long train of camels under guard, Sir Herbert led his men, arranged in square, to the attack. The enemy came on in two heavy masses, one of which charged furiously down the slope, fell upon the square, and by sheer impetus drove in the Dragoons, who were in somewhat loose order. For some minutes the Arabs were actually within the square, using their spears with fatal effect; but the British soldiers and seamen fought on with unequalled desperation, were brilliantly led by their officers, and, after a life-and-death struggle, drove out the enemy with terrible slaughter. The vehement character of the fight may be

measured from the heavy losses sustained on both sides. The British lost nine officers killed, including the Khivan hero, Colonel Fred Burnaby, and nine officers wounded; also sixty-six non-commissioned officers and men killed, and eight wounded. That is, twelve per cent. of all engaged were killed or placed *hors de combat*; most of them in the rush into the square, which did not exceed ten minutes. For when once the British square was re-formed, the superior discipline and weapons of our men rendered success on the part of the Arabs impossible. It was death to enter the 'fire-zone' which the Martini-Henrys maintained on each side of the square for some hundreds of yards; and even the fanatical courage of the Arabs was at last subdued. They retired to the hills, leaving 800 dead upon the field, and 1500 wounded.

Some military—and non-military—critics did not fail to censure Lord Wolseley for his rashness in throwing forward into the desert so small a force. But he could not have greatly increased the strength of Sir Herbert Stewart's command without endangering the water supply, which, as it was, gave out on one occasion, or without losing precious time, and he knew he had no time to lose, in waiting for more camels. 'He had no means of knowing the precise force by which his lieutenant's march would be opposed; while he had the means, as the event proved, of deciding that 1500 men would repel and defeat any force in the least likely to oppose them. Expeditions are not to be carried out without risk; and it is madness for Englishmen to insist, as they perpetually do, on great efforts, to insist that generals shall not be audacious. If they want to make sure of victory before every battle, they must bring their army and the expenditure up to the necessary level, and then confine themselves to certain great objects.'

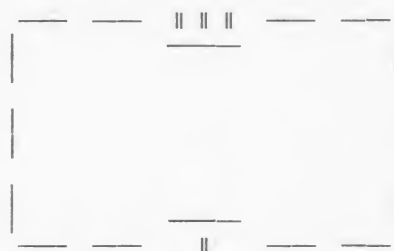
We subjoin Sir Herbert Stewart's dispatch respecting the events at Abu Klea.

'On the 16th of January,' he says, 'the force left camp

at 5 A.M., and halted at 11.30 A.M. Whilst halted, a report was received from Lieut.-Col. Burrow, 19th Hussars, who had been sent forward with his squadron to reconnoitre the neighbourhood of the Abu Klea Wells, informing me that he seen about fifty of the enemy standing in groups on the hills about four miles to the north-east. . . . Shortly afterwards the whole force was advanced—the Guards' Camel Regiment, Heavy Camel Regiment, and Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment, moving on a broad front in line of columns at half-distance, the ground being favourable. It soon became manifest that the enemy was in force, and looking to the hour—2 P.M., it did not seem desirable to attempt to attack until the following morning. Another bivouac was therefore selected, protected from the enemy's fire as far as the ground would permit, and various small works were constructed.

'During the night a light fire at long ranges was kept up by the enemy, doing little damage. Upon the 17th inst. it was plain that the enemy was in force. During the night they had constructed works on our right flank, from which a distant but well-aimed fire was maintained. In our front the manœuvring of their troops in line and in column was apparent, and everything pointed to the probability of an attack upon our position being made. Under these circumstances no particular hurry to advance was made, in the hope that our apparent dilatoriness might induce the enemy to push home. The camp having been suitably strengthened to admit of its being held by a comparatively small garrison—viz., forty mounted infantry, 125 Sussex and details; and the enemy, still hesitating to attack, an advance was made to seize the Abu Klea Wells. The force moved on foot in a square, which was formed as follows:—Left front face, two companies Mounted Infantry; right front face, two companies Guards, with the three guns Royal Artillery in the centre. Left face, two companies Mounted Infantry, one

company Heavy Camel Regiment. Right face, two companies Guards, detachment Royal Sussex. Rear face, four companies Heavy Camel regiment, with Naval Brigade and one Gardner gun in the centre.



The advance at once attracted a fairly aimed fire from the enemy in front and on both flanks, which, in order to enable the square to continue moving, it was absolutely necessary to hold in check by the fire of skirmishers. The enemy's main position was soon apparent, and by passing that position well clear of its left flank, it was manifest that he must attack or be enfiladed. As the square was nearly abreast of the position the enemy delivered his attack in the shape of a singularly well organised charge commencing with a wheel to the left. A withering fire was at once brought to bear upon the enemy, especially from the more advanced portion of the left front face of the square. The rear portion of this face, taking a moment or two to close up, was not in such a favourable position to receive the enemy's attack, and I regret to say that the square was penetrated at this point by the sheer weight of the enemy's numbers. The steadiness of the troops enabled the hand-to-hand conflict to be maintained, whilst severe punishment was still meted out to those of the enemy continuing to advance, with the result that a general retreat of the enemy under a heavy artillery and rifle fire soon took place.

After re-forming the square, the 19th Hussars, who had been acting in difficult ground, supporting our left flank, were pushed on to seize the Abu Klea Wells, and at 5 P.M. those wells were completely in our possession. Detachments of the corps then returned to the bivouac of the 16th, to bring up the camels and impedimenta left there, thus completing the force here this morning at 8 A.M. The strength of the enemy is variously estimated from 8000 to 14,000 men. My opinion is that not less than 2000 of the enemy operated on our right flank, 3000 in the main attack, and 5000 in various other positions; but it is difficult to estimate their numbers with any exactness. Their losses have been very heavy, not less than 800 lay dead on the open ground flanking our square, and their wounded during the entire day's fighting are reported by themselves as quite exceptional. Many are submitting.

'I deeply regret that the necessity of obtaining water delays my immediate advance on Metammeh, but I trust this may be overcome in a few hours. I cannot too deeply lament the loss of the many gallant officers and men that the force has suffered; but looking to the numbers of the enemy, their bravery, their discipline, and the accuracy of fire of those possessing rifles, I trust that this loss, sad as it is, may be considered as in some measure inevitable. In conclusion I would add that it has been my duty to command a force from which exceptional work, exceptional hardships, and, it may be added, exceptional fighting has been asked. It would be impossible for me adequately to describe the admirable support that has been given to me by every officer and man of the force.'

The victorious little army, weary with want of repose and with the long day's arduous struggle, slept well that night; and on Sunday morning was able and willing to continue the advance to the Nile. The general, however, deemed a longer rest advisable; and it was not until three in the afternoon that he gave marching orders. It had been

ascertained that the enemy, not wholly discouraged by their severe defeat, had strongly entrenched themselves at Metammeh, on the bank of the great river. With admirable military skill, Stewart resolved to strike the river at a point somewhat nearer Khartoum, where the enemy's position would be less formidable. Leaving a small detachment in charge of the Wells, he pushed forward promptly, occasionally halting his men for a brief rest, and at day-break came within touch of the Mahdi's troops. Picked men were they, and inspired with all the courage of their race and all the fanaticism of their creed. It was soon apparent that they were in great force and that they meant fighting. Stewart, however, was determined that his soldiers should not fight on empty stomachs, and shortly before six o'clock the bugles rang out a halt, when within about five miles of Metammeh. Our men, with almost incredible energy, constructed one of those enclosures of thorn-bushes and the like which, in the Soudan, are called a *zereba*—frail and flimsy-looking to the eye, but in the open plain forming a by no means insignificant defence. Before seven o'clock it was completed; and the men sat down to breakfast. Meantime, the desultory fire of the Arabs increased in volume, and they began to form in military array—evidently untaught by the sharp lesson they had received at Abu Klea—and bent upon storming the British position. The firing became fierce and general, as our troops, having breakfasted, fell into line; and over the wild and lurid scene soon hung a dense cloud of smoke and fine sand dust.

Suddenly a startling cry was raised—'The General is shot!' It was too true; he had received a bullet in the groin, and the wound afterwards proved mortal. Mr Cameron, the war-correspondent of the *Standard*, and Mr Herbert of the *Morning Post*, were both killed. The command of the force devolved upon Lord Charles Beresford by right of seniority, but as he was a naval officer, it was

assumed by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, who, cool and collected, showed himself equal to the responsibility.

Says an eye witness:—'The afternoon sun beat down upon us, but the battle still raged. Bravely, recklessly, the enemy faced our fire, striving madly to reach us, prepared to brave everything to keep our devoted little force from reaching the coveted river, whose cool waters we knew were flowing within three miles of our position. Two o'clock, and it became evident that this sort of thing could not go on all day, as I heard a grimy officer near me remark. Colonel Wilson evidently thought so too. Orders were given to construct strong works in which to place our heavy baggage and our wounded, who were to be perforce exposed to the heavy ordeal of being left in the desert fort, under the protection of such infantry force as alone could be spared for the dangerous duty. Under a heavy fire, and despite the frantic assaults of the enemy, the work was completed. Colonel Wilson had determined to send a column composed of the Guards, the Heavy Cavalry, and the Mounted Infantry, straight to the river for water. The movement was strikingly bold, as the little force would be exposed to terrible risks, and the main body would be weakened to division. Right in the path stood the enemy, unbeaten, thirsting for battle, reckless with the mad courage begotten of fanaticism. A commander made of weaker fibre might well have hesitated; but not so Colonel Wilson, who did not fear to realise that the risk must be taken. The troopers seemed yearning to come to close quarters with those who had been worrying them so long.'

The flying column started shortly after three o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th. They soon perceived the nature of the work that was before them. The enemy's Remingtons maintained a running fusilade, and many a soldier bit the

* Mr Charles Williams, of *The Daily Chronicle*.

dust before the square reached the rising ground that lay between them and the Nile. Steadily firing, our men ascended the slope, to be met by a supreme effort on the part of the Arabs, but to yield not a step—offering not the slightest advantage to the fierce spearmen. The British musketry rang out sharp and true; a continuous rain of bullets pouring into the enemy's ranks, and checking their advance in spite of all their desperations. At a hundred yards, at fifty, they hesitated more and more perceptibly; at thirty yards, they turned and fled. Not a single Arab had reached 'the thin red line,' and the plain all around was strewn thickly with dead and dying.* After two hours' fighting, the way to the river was open.

A very graphic account of the fight for the Nile occurs in the narrative of the *Daily News* correspondent (March 11th, 1885). He says;—'A night march was resolved upon by Sir Herbert Stewart. Our route lay for some time by a belt of low hills that hemmed in the Wells. At sunset, we found ourselves traversing a plain that showed signs of having been recently covered with dhura. A very slight moon now lit up in ghastly tone our column gliding over the desert, but not sufficient to discover us to the enemy. We kept pipes out and remained perfectly quiet—the word of command passed down the ranks by mouth, took the place of the noisy bugle. . . .

'Towards the morning our ground became very broken and covered with considerable bush. Our column straggled terribly, and the Aden boys leading the camels became very noisy in trying to collect their straying animals. Here was a chance for a vigilant enemy, but nothing came of it. We struggled on. As morning broke the ground became clearer of bush, and as the sun rose, some of the 19th, who had started at early dawn, returned with the news that the Nile was in sight. That was glorious news to every one; our

* The loss of the enemy is estimated at 300 dead, and 1500 wounded.

water bottles had been empty for many hours after rationing ourselves with sips throughout the night. Though tired and weary, the news that the Nile was within reach of breakfast gave us fresh energy. A halt was sounded to close up the column. We were just below a ridge that shut out the Valley of the Nile. Presently scouts brought in news that necessitated the column immediately advancing as we arrived on the high ground. The Valley of the Nile presented itself. Miles of green mimosa bush stretched down to the silvery streak that winded its way through refreshingly green dhura. Two miles to our left was the town of Metammeh, with its mud-banked wall glistening in the early dawn. Some distance below the town, down by the water, a column of smoke lazily rose up. Could this be one of Gordon's steamers waiting for us? . . .

'The low sound of tom-toms came from the direction of the torero. All attention was then turned to the left. Across the clearings, and down into the mimosa bush streamed thousands and thousands of spearmen and riflemen, the tom-toms now getting louder, and hastening their measure as if to hurry the enemy upon us. This was more or less what we expected, but we hoped to gain the Nile and at least quench our thirst. It now seemed hopeless to force our column through the bush in front of us before the enemy under its excellent cover opened fire upon us. The general hastily glanced around, and decided to stand on a cleared eminence within a hundred yards of us. We had hardly time to cluster our camels and baggage together, and surround the whole with the infantry. Presently some shots on our left told us that the enemy's skirmishers had found out our range. Gradually closing round us under cover of the mimosa bush, they poured a most galling fire into our position. This was kept up till two in the afternoon, our counter skirmishers having but little effect, not being strong in numbers, and the volleys from our zereba doing but little execution. When any large body of the

enemy showed an inclination to rush us, Major Norton, with his guns, and Lord Charles Beresford played on them with considerable effect; but the situation was unchanged. Something must be done, and a square was resolved on to force its way to the river, and there build a fort and so hold the water. The square was formed up on the right of the little fort of commissariat boxes built round the guns and the Gardner [machine-gun]. . . .

'The little square of 1200 men was at last formed up. I resolved to follow the fortunes of the brave little band on which the whole safety of the force depended. I took my little pony with me; he was very thirsty, not having been watered for an age. I thought there might be a chance for either one of us to have a drink that day. The square slowly moved off. The whole fire of the enemy now poured into us. Men fell thickly around, and were hastily taken out of the square to the zereba, which was still within easy reach. As we entered the mimosa valley the bushes seemed alive with musketry. The clear, steady voice of Colonel Boscawen was heard above the terrible din. 'Halt! fire a volley at five hundred yards! ready;' and then from the four faces of the square belched fourth flame and smoke. After firing one volley, we moved forward again with the same forward pace, the bearers picking up our wounded and placing them in the cacolets or camel-chairs. Thus, continually halting and firing volleys, we advance towards some sandy undulations with less scrub around. After our volleys the enemy's fire seemed to slacken for a minute or two, and then it would break out with redoubled fury.

'Our fire, if doing but little damage to the hidden enemy, helped to stimulate our men, for nothing is more galling to Tommy Atkins than to be fired at without returning the compliment; and if we did but little execution, we at least felt a little avenged by scaring them a good deal. After about a mile through the veritable valley of the Shadow of Death—for we were already carrying thirty

of our wounded, some of them having been wounded over and over again while perched in the camel chairs—a clearing was reached, and we found ourselves in the hollow of some sand-hills. Presently from our zereba, now far in our rear, Norton's guns opened fire, and Lord Charles Beresford's Gardner warned us to look out; and almost immediately the sky line around us became black with the enemy. The square was at once halted. Our soldiers gave a grunt of satisfaction, and there was a twitch of the shoulders in each man as he settled his heels firmly in the sand, and stood ready for the enemy, who had at last taken some tangible form. The skulking skirmishers of the bush now ceased fire. For a moment there was a dead silence. Then, with tom-toms beating, and loud shouts and yells, the Mahdi's spearmen bounded on—not running, but leaping forward—brandishing their weapons, forming shifting lines of light as the sun glistened on the balanced spear-heads.

'The Emirs leading the van on their chargers, followed by their standard-bearers, hurried on. The masses closed round. Then from the square steady volley after volley poured their deadly hail into the foe. When the smoke cleared away, there was nothing of the bold charge but its dead and dying, a few of the slightly wounded still staggering on to meet their death. For a moment there was hardly a word uttered in our little square. The sudden collapse of the attack was almost beyond realisation. Then burst forth a cheer that went up from that little valley from parched and thirsty throats; though weak and feeble as it was, every man's heart was in it. It might have answered for a prayer, for there was an unmistakable tone of thankfulness in it for our safe delivery from those merciless fanatical hordes that day. We now marched on for the waters. Only a few shots worried us from the bushes, and then gradually died out as we neared the Nile. The sun had now disappeared, and the faint glow of the

young moon showed us in the distant gloaming a silvery mass. It was the glorious water. "The river!" "The river," burst from every one.* The square was halted for a few minutes to rest. The wounded were lifted from their litters to see the river they were so dearly suffering for; the precious liquid that was to soften their galling wounds and quench their feverish thirst. With greedy look and thirsty throats we longed to dip into that liquid silvery mass; but we must await the return of the scouts to report all well in front, for they had been sent down to the shore to see if the enemy intended to try and snatch the precious water from us at the last moment. I could not help admiring the discipline of the British soldier, within the very grasp of what he had been marching and fighting for, for the last few days. There he stood patiently waiting till he was ordered to be watered in companies, and instead of a thirsty rabble tearing down to the river, he quietly went down to the water in this way. We at last got our wounded down to the banks, and built a zereba round them, Drs Ferguson and Turner dressing their wounds by the glimmer of two candles, for no camp fires were allowed. All night long the enemy showed their presence by beating their tom-toms. Very few of us heard this warlike ovation, for with the fatigue of our march and excitement of our fight we were pretty well exhausted, and most of us slumbered, though the chill of the river was intense, and the suppressed cries of the wounded and the incessant tom-toms of the enemy did not induce sleep.

The column returned to the zereba; and towards evening the whole force, with the wounded, camels, and baggage, marched to the banks of the Nile, which, before nightfall, they struck at Gubat, a village to the south of Metammeh, and somewhat nearer Khartoum. Here they entrenched them-

* We are reminded of the cry of *Thalatta! Thalatta!* when Xenophon and his Greeks reached the sea.

selves strongly. Next morning a reconnaissance in force was made towards Metammeh; but it was soon discovered that it was held by too large a garrison and was too well fortified to be carried without a heavier loss than Wilson's little column could afford. There was a good deal of firing on both sides for about five hours, and Sir Charles then withdrew his men to Gubat.

In the midst of the ineffectual action, three of General Gordon's steamers came down from Khartoum, and were received with such cheers as only Britons can give. They landed half a battalion of the general's garrison, and a couple of brass guns. 'The touch between the advancing British force and General Gordon had thus taken place precisely as was expected, the gallant Gordon sending down his steamers and lending a helping hand at the very point when most needed. Nothing could have been better timed, and the greatest credit is due to the complete organisation by which this junction of the forces has been effected.'

Mr Williams, the war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, continuing his graphic narrative says:—'The Khartoum contingent, it must be confessed, seemed a ragged lot, but they were hearty and jovial, in the best of spirits, and apparently fit for any amount of hard work. Some little time after the arrival of the three steamers, with the half-battalion, another steamer came down the stream towing a barge laden with provisions. Thereat our men gave another round of cheers, and all appeared to regard their troubles as now at an end. It was to the first degree reassuring to all of us to find Gordon not only in a position to send his steamers and men thus far, "but also to be able to spare provisions for our use and comfort." After the arrival of the Egyptians and our reconnaissance of Metammeh, it was deemed advisable to shift the camp selected on the banks of the river, to one in a more secure and advantageous position. Accordingly a site was selected on the river's bank, on flat ground it is true, but neverthe-

less it was safe. The position was speedily fortified, and everything made secure against attack for the night.

On the 22nd, Colonel Wilson embarked a small force of infantry on board General Gordon's steamers, and made a reconnaissance down the river towards Shendy, which was found to be in possession of the enemy. They threw a few shells into the place, and then returned. In the meantime the rebels had occupied a small island in the Nile just opposite the British camp, with the evident intention of annoying them during the night by a continuous rifle-fire. The small guns on the steamers were speedily brought into play, the infantry sharpshooters kept up a rain of bullets, and the rebels speedily abandoned the island, and re-crossed the river.

There is a pathetic interest in the way in which a military critic in *The Times* summed up 'the situation' at this epoch of the campaign. How soon and how lamentably his anticipations were falsified!

'The position at Gubat, close to the Nile,' he writes, 'is held by a force about 900 strong, and Metammeh, two miles to the north, is still occupied by the enemy, estimated at 2000 strong, with three guns, but evidently discouraged by two successive defeats. Two of General Gordon's steamers are probably lying off Metammeh, and the two others may be expected to return from Khartoum to-day or to-morrow. The force at Abu Klea is safe, and has apparently not been attacked. The desert between Abu Klea and Gakdul does not seem to be unsafe. The Royal Irish Regiment will leave Korti to-day for the front, and will be followed shortly by the West Kent. These two regiments would add about 1000 men to the force at Gubat; and Metammeh, if previously abandoned, could be taken without difficulty. More than 3000 camels were probably sent with General Stewart's force; and Lord Wolseley has not, perhaps, as many as 1000 available at Korti and Gakdul. It may, therefore, be necessary to march the men across the desert, using the

camels only to carry water and provisions. Such a march would probably require a fortnight; but, on the other hand, as soon as the position at the front clears a little, an effort will at once be made to send back a large body of camels to Gakdul. It may now be taken as certain that Lord Wolseley has obtained a complete military hold over the Korti-Gubat line, and that the difficulty of communications along it will be due to want of transport. Almost more important, however, is the presence of the steamers on the Nile, which Lord Wolseley owes to General Gordon's unrivalled achievement. These steamers are probably capable of conveying about 200 men each, and from Metammeh Lord Wolseley will be able to reach Berber in two days, to clear the river banks of the enemy, to meet General Earle's boats when they surmount the fifth cataract, and, if necessary, to tow them up to Khartoum. Thus the power which these steamers confer will modify all the future operations of the campaign. Hard work, and perhaps hard fighting, still lies before the relief expedition. But the crisis of the campaign has passed, and with the establishment of the British force at Gubat and the opening of communication with Khartoum, the operations enter on a new phase. The crisis has been sharp, and it has cost the country many valuable and valued lives; but the brave men who have met a fate few English dread and some covet have not died in vain, since they have won for their comrades a position which admits of no doubt, and they have definitely lessened the difficulties which bar the way to the relief of Khartoum.'

It may be said without exaggeration that the British public have never followed any expedition with deeper interest than that which laboriously made its way up the Nile to the rescue of Gordon. There was a strange romance about it which appealed to the popular imagination—Egypt is a land of so many mysteries, and of such associations with the Past; to the Nile itself attaches a

charm of which no one can be unconscious. An expedition up the great river of Egypt must always have appealed to the sensibilities of the people; but with what special force when its object was the release of one of the noblest Englishmen of his age—a hero without guile—a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*—who had obtained an enduring place in the national affections. Week after week had England watched with anxious eyes the slow progress of her army, fearful lest by some sad mischance it might so be delayed as to fail in the accomplishment of its object. Intense, therefore, was the feeling of rejoicing with which she received the intelligence of Stewart's victories, and his brilliant march upon Metammeh,* absolute was the confidence with which she then looked forward to the speedy defeat of the Mahdi, and the happy deliverance of Gordon from the peril and privation which he had endured for so many months, and with such chivalrous fortitude. Alas, at the very moment when the long cherished hope seemed to be on the point of fruition, the destiny which governs human affairs, and delights apparently in a cold and cruel irony, dashed it to the ground, for ever spent and broken.

It was on the 19th of January that Sir Charles Wilson and his force reached Gubat. It was not until the 24th, that, with a couple of Gordon's steamers,† having on board some companies of infantry, he started for Khartoum.

* It is impossible to make too much of this achievement, or of the men to whom we owe it. 'Wellington's men in the Peninsula,' says *The Spectator*, 'were disorderly roughs, compared with the lads who, under General Stewart, marched across 200 miles of desert, bore a distressing lack of water without flinching, fought and won two battles against enemies eight times their own number, and as brave as themselves, and killed as many as themselves, and wounded twice as many more, lost one-fifth of their own total by death or wounds, broke into ringing cheers at the sight of the Nile, and though almost sleepless for four days, begged on the fifth to be allowed to storm Metammeh.'

† The 'Bordein,' with Sir Charles Wilson, Captain Gascoigne, Khasm-el-Mous Bey, sixteen non-commissioned officers and privates of the Royal Sussex and 110 Soudanese (Gordon's) troops; and the 'Tall Howeiyah,' with Captain Trafford and ten men of the Royal Sussex, fifty Soudanese troops, and Lieutenant Stuart Wortley. They left Metammeh at eight in the morning.

This delay has provoked severe animadversions from several critics. Sir Charles Wilson has replied to their strictures, and forcibly defended his conduct of affairs. To decide between the opposing parties is not within our province; and we shall limit ourselves to saying that though the delay was unavoidable, it was not the less deplorable. But the question is one affecting so many interests, and involving so many delicate considerations, that no one will be anxious to answer it prematurely.

As he ascended the river, a desultory fire was kept up from both banks, showing that they were in the possession of the Mahdi's followers; and an Arab who came on board reported that Khartoum had fallen and that General Gordon was dead. These unwelcome tidings were, at first, discredited by the rescue party, and the two steamers continued their voyage, until at noon on the 29th, they were near enough for Sir Charles Wilson to discover that no flag was flying from the Government House, and that the houses in the town appeared to be wrecked. Shortly afterwards some guns at Halfiyeh opened upon them, and from various points the musketry fire grew heavy; with banners flying, the enemy showed in large numbers in the lost city. There was no longer any room for doubt, and with grief and disappointment at their hearts, Sir Charles Wilson and his companions prepared to return to Gubat. Messengers who had been sent ashore to collect information confirmed the sad news that, on the night of the 26th, Khartoum had been captured through the treachery of Farag Pasha, and Gordon killed. Had Sir Charles Wilson been able to start from Gubat on the 20th or 21st, it is probable that the catastrophe might have been averted. Evidence collected from more sources than one would seem to show that the arrival of even a dozen 'red coats' might have assured the fidelity of the garrison and inhabitants of Khartoum.

The return voyage was not accomplished without misadventure. On the 29th, in passing the Shabluka cataract,

the 'Tall Howeiya' ran on a rock, making a large hole in her bottom, and sank rapidly. All on board were saved in a large nigger which the steamers had in tow; but a considerable quantity of ammunition was destroyed. On the 31st, when near the Island of Meruat, the 'Bordine' also struck a rock, and stove in her bow, the water rushing in very fast.* She was brought up alongside a small island, where she sank to the level of her deck. Sir Charles Wilson determined to bivouac on the island and remain there until relieved; and Lieut. Stuart Wortley was sent on to Gubat in a small rowing boat, with four English soldiers and eight natives, to report the position. Lord Charles Beresford immediately started to their rescue with the remaining steamer. As he approached, the enemy opened fire, and one round shot passed through the boiler, causing an explosion which Sir Charles Wilson regarded as fatal. He crossed his men, therefore, to the Gubat bank, and prepared to fight his way to the camp; but Lord Charles Beresford coolly waited for three hours while his engineers, under a tremendous fire, repaired the boiler; and then, once more getting up steam, rescued the party on the bank, and safely carried them down to Abu Klea—a 'plucky' feat, as Lord Wolseley justly called it.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the sensation produced in England when it was known that the expedition had failed in its object—that the heroic Gordon was dead—that the Mahdi reigned in Khartoum. So great a change in the situation demanded the immediate consideration of Government; and apprehensive that the Mahdi's success might encourage him to advance northward, and expose Upper Egypt to invasion, the British Ministry resolved to reinforce Lord Wolseley, in order that, when the hot season was over, he might prosecute the necessary measures for the recovery of Khartoum and the suppression of the rebellion. It was

* It was afterwards ascertained that the steamer was wrecked designedly.

further decided that an auxiliary force of 12,500 men, under General Graham, should be landed at Suakim to clear the road to Berber and crush Osman Digna; and that a railway should be constructed between Suakim and Berber, so that Wolseley, after the recapture of Khartoum, might evacuate the Soudan by that shorter and speedier route. These plans were eventually abandoned (1885), when it was discovered that the tide of Mahdism had ceased to flow towards the Egyptian frontier; and, with the tacit consent and approval of apparently the great majority of the English people, the expedition against Khartoum was given up, and Lord Wolseley recalled.

But we are anticipating events. The reader's attention must now be directed to the column which, under General Earle, one of the ablest officers in the British army, continued its slow and toilsome ascent of the Nile. After passing Birti, on its way to Abu Hamad, it found its advance blocked at Kerbeka, near Dalka Island, by a strong body of the enemy. Earle's force consisted of the Black Watch, the South Staffordshire, a squadron of Hussars, two guns of the Egyptian Artillery, and the Egyptian Camel Corps; but with this handful of men he prepared to dislodge the Arabs from the ridge they occupied. Early in the morning of the 10th of February, he formed up his troops, and moved towards the enemy's position in two parallel columns, while in front of it he posted his two guns and two companies of the Staffordshire. The main body pushed steadily forward over nearly impossible ground, driving the enemy before them, and seizing each successive ridge by short determined rushes. The advanced troops, meanwhile, reached the right rear of the enemy, which rested on the river, and thus completed their environment.

The Arab position was very formidable, consisting of rocky and broken ground, strengthened by loopholed walls, from which they plied with admirable aim a well-directed fusillade. As our musketry fire was not of sufficient power

to dislodge the enemy, General Earle ordered the Black Watch to charge with the bayonet. Never was this famous regiment known to fall short of its duty! Its pipers struck up a lively skirl; and away it went, with a hearty cheer,—shoulder to shoulder,—with the plumed bonnets falling low over flashing eyes and lips firm set! From the loopholed walls the white rifle puffs shot out continuously; but with a steady valour that proved irresistible, the Highlanders pressed forward, and drove the enemy from their shelter. Unhappily, General Earle fell just as the victory was accomplished. The British cavalry, meanwhile, had ridden on, far beyond the scene of action; capturing the enemy's camp, three miles in the rear, before the Black Watch had carried the main position.

While the main attack was in progress, two companies of the Staffordshire regiment were directed to occupy a high and rocky hill, which the Arab riflemen stoutly defended. After General Earle's fall, the command was assumed by Major-General Brackenbury, who, when the principal position had been captured, ordered the remainder of the Staffordshires to join the two companies already engaged, and storm the hill with levelled steel. Inch by inch the enemy disputed the ground; but the staunch Staffordshire men were not to be denied, and expelled them from their position. Thus closed in victory the five hours' fighting at Kerbeka; fighting so magnificent in strenuous and resolute bravery, that Count von Moltke said of the force engaged in it, that it was not an army of soldiers, but an army of heroes. The sterling qualities of the British fighting man—his dogged courage, his indomitable resolve, his contempt of death and danger, his tenacity, were never more conspicuously exhibited. It is impossible to exaggerate the merits of that handful of warriors, who, in the face of a desperate and determined enemy, forced their way up the rugged steep, from crag to crag, and ridge to ridge, as coolly as if they were parading in St James's Park.

The British loss included General Earle, Lieutenant-Colonel Coveney, Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, and nine non-commissioned officers and men killed; and four officers and forty-two men wounded. The enemy lost between 500 and 600 killed and wounded.

The fall of Khartoum having set free the hosts of the Mahdi to act with all their vast numerical preponderance against the British expedition, Lord Wolseley hastened to concentrate his advanced columns at Korti, and issued orders for the recall of the river column, the command of which, as we have said, had devolved upon Major-General Brackenbury. Its return was safely accomplished with very little molestation from the enemy, whom the great heroic battle at Kerbeka had profoundly discouraged. We regret that our limited space precludes us from dwelling upon the interesting incidents of the river voyage, in which the men were honourably distinguished by their good humour, their patience, and their capability for hard work. The passage of the rapids was frequently attended with considerable danger and always with difficulty; and it was admirable with what coolness and readiness of resource our soldiers addressed themselves to an unaccustomed task.

When Sir Redvers Buller arrived at El Gubat, with the Royal Irish, to reinforce the advanced guard, and take the command, he decided that, in view of the mass of fanatics which the Mahdi was assembling at Metammeh, the position was untenable. He forwarded, therefore, all the wounded, including Sir Herbert Stewart, to Abu Klea; ordered the two steamers on the Nile to be dismantled and rendered useless; burned all superfluous stores; and on the 14th of February, evacuated Gubat, and, unperceived by the enemy, retired upon Abu Klea—a movement executed with consummate skill. After resting his men, and filling up the Abu Klea Wells—so as to render pursuit by the Arabs impossible, he withdrew to Gakdul, where, on the 16th of February, that gallant soldier, Sir Herbert Stewart,

breathed his last. On the following day Sir Evelyn Wood arrived at Gakdul with reinforcements. The whole army was concentrated at Korti between the 1st and 16th of March. On the 23rd Lord Wolseley began to withdraw his troops to Upper Egypt, where they were distributed along the line from Assouan to Wady Halfa.

The *corps d'armée* intended to operate from Suakim towards Berber, consisting of 10,000 British troops and 2500 Sikhs and Sepoys,—to which was afterwards added a gallant contingent of Australian volunteers,—assembled at Suakim early in March. Some delay was occasioned by the indisposition of General Graham, whom an abscess in the foot detained at Cairo; but about the middle of the month he assumed the command, and made vigorous preparations for an immediate advance against the enemy, who, numbering about 15,000 men, were full of confidence, and harassed the British lines almost every night, frequently killing the sentinels. On Thursday, the 19th, a reconnaissance in the direction of Handub showed that Osman Digna had massed his troops in a valley at Hasheen, near his old position of Tamai, whence Sir Gerald Graham determined upon expelling him.

Next morning, at daybreak, the British advanced. The formation adopted was that of a square, or rather of three sides of a square; the Marines, the Berkshire and the Surrey regiments in the front, the Guards on the right flank, and the Indian troops on the left. Scouting ahead in open order galloped the Mounted Infantry, and after them the Cavalry—the whole forming one of those picturesque martial spectacles which fire the hearts of men. The march was over trying ground, pebbles, or rather miniature boulders, and thick mimosa bush, proving very fatiguing. On arriving at the site selected for a new camp—between two parallel hills, with another hill crossing them towards Hasheen—the men were halted, and began the construction

of a zereba. Redoubts were thrown up on the hill tops—four in number, and a Gardner gun was placed in each.

The British force then resumed its advance, and before long sighted the enemy on a hill right in the line of march. The Marines and Berkshire regiments were ordered to the attack; and away they went at the double in so gallant a style, that to the onlookers it seemed a race by athletes, for the hillocks on the right of the ridge where the rebels had stationed themselves. By seizing upon these hillocks our troops would, to a certain extent, turn the enemy's left. The Marines were the first to reach them, and opening a well-directed fire upon the enemy, covered the further advance of the Berkshire men, who, making direct for the Arab position, began to ascend the hill steadily, firing as they went, until, within a short distance of the summit, they raised a ringing cheer, bounded over the ridge, and with thrust and volley, cleared it of their dusky antagonists. From the time the order to advance was given, until the Berkshires laid hold on this crowning summit, not more than fifteen minutes had elapsed.

In describing these recent battles we are glad to avail ourselves of the graphic narratives of the 'Special Correspondents' of the London press, who record their incidents and phases with admirable accuracy, and place us in the position of independent eye-witnesses of the scene. This class of writers has introduced into military history not only an exactness, but a vigour and a vitality which before it had almost wholly lacked. For our knowledge of Waterloo and Talavera, Minden and Fontenoy, we are indebted in the main to the dispatches of the generals in command, or to the piece-meal records of officers engaged in the action; the historian has to gather as best he may their details from a variety of sources, and put them together so as to form a connected and interesting whole. But this is now done with extraordinary force by the Special Correspondent, who photographs, as it were, every changing aspect of the battle,

from the opening artillery duel to the last fierce charge, which crowns one side with the glory of success, and involves the other in present disaster and future shame. What would we not give for an account of the great victories of Wellington from the pen of a Russell, a Forbes, a Macgachan, or a Cameron?

The Special Correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* shall describe for us the remainder of the Battle of Hasheen:—

‘Half-a-moment’s breathing-time and the Berkshire men were on again, sending the rebels helter-skelter over the spur into the plain below. Here the Bengal Cavalry, acting on the left base, charged the retreating rebels; the Indians, with their conspicuous turbans, their flashing lances, and waving pennons, making a gallant show in the noonday sun. But the Bengalee was not to have it all his own way. A small body of the rebels, as nearly as I can judge about forty in number, turned upon their pursuers, and charged with the utmost bravery. An old sheikh, mounted on a camel, led the Arabs on, waving his spear frantically, and his followers, nothing loth, rushed around the Bengalese flank, getting to the rear. The Indians charged home, piercing many of the rebels, and driving the others round the back of the hill, before the Guards’ square, which was drawn up on the right base. But as the Bengalese went back, the rebels gathered again like a cloud behind them, and the Indians were fairly chased home.

‘For a moment it seemed as if a vast confusion must ensue, but matters were soon righted. The Guards poured a heavy fire into the Arabs, but the rebels, following close upon the Bengalese, prevented the shots from having due effect. To give the Bengalese an opportunity of re-forming, the Guards’ square slowly fell back, firing all the time upon the rebels.

‘Gradually the fire became more effective. The Marines, who still occupied their position on the hillocks, covered the retrograde movement of the Guards’ square, pouring a

steady fire upon the Arabs. In an instant, however, the natives regained the hill from which the Berkshire men had previously dislodged them, and at once opened fire upon our men. It was at this moment that Captain Dallinson, of the Guards, was killed, together with a private, while two others were wounded. The whole force then fell gradually back for some little distance, when the Surrey men, who were holding the entrenched camp, and who had guns to protect the position, opened fire from the hillock on which the general and his staff were stationed, and soon shelled the enemy from the hill which he had occupied.

‘The rebels had managed, however, to inflict severe loss upon the Indians, Major Robertson being killed, together with five of his men, while six privates were wounded. The Indians whose horses were disabled stood little chance, the rebels giving no quarter, and finishing them off instantly. Seeing the straits in which the Bengalese were placed, the Horse Artillery quickly unlimbered, and opened fire in their support, but too late to effect an immediate improvement.

‘The enemy scattered their forces directly the shell fell amongst them, and the artillery were drawn into the Guards’ square.

‘The rebels showed no disposition to come near the Guards, but quickly fell back, when the full force of their fire was experienced. . . . The 5th Lancers, in the meantime, charged down the pass leading to the zereba, but did not operate against the enemy on the plains. They dispersed the rebels before them in gallant style, but here and there little groups of rebels scorned to fly, and met their fate, fighting to the last. . . . The Lancers drove the enemy to the back of the mound, and from thence, those who were unwounded made their way to the hills beyond, and were quickly out of range. . . . After the enemy was shelled from the hill, he disappeared into his fastnesses, and

fighting was over for the day. The whole force then returned to the zereba, bringing the wounded into the improvised hospital where the most serious hurts were attended to, and every comfort afforded them.

Our casualties in this action were twenty-three killed and forty-one wounded. The rebels (who at one time numbered 7000) lost between 700 and 1000 men.

On Sunday, General Graham pushed forward his second Brigade (under Sir John M'Neill), consisting of the Shropshire and Berkshire Regiments, and the Marines, together with the Sikhs, the 17th Bengal Native Infantry, and a naval contingent of about forty men, with four Gardner guns, to form zerebas, one at a distance of five miles, and the other at a distance of eight miles, in the direction of Tamai. The first zereba was to be occupied by the Indian regiments, and the second by the 2nd Brigade. On leaving camp, and entering the scrub and mimosa bushes, the Indian contingent formed a hollow square, containing the camels. The European brigade followed in close column. They advanced unopposed as far as their first halting place, when they set to work to construct the zereba decided upon. After working hard for four hours they stopped to lunch for a few minutes. It was then two o'clock. Notwithstanding the proximity of a courageous and desperate enemy, none of the usual precautions were taken, or at least, though some cavalry pickets had been thrown out, no attempt was made to reconnoitre or clear the bush. Thus it happened that a force of 5000 Arabs was enabled to creep up unperceived, and charging furiously on the convoys which had just started, they killed or cleared off hundreds of beasts, drivers, and followers, while the remainder in wild confusion fell back upon the zereba where the Indian troops were posted, and threw them into scarcely inferior disorder. The Sikhs fought determinedly, but the Bengalees gave way, retreating 'headlong' upon the British square. Our warriors, however, stood to their arms with magnificent

steadiness. A company of the Berkshires in a single discharge, mowed down a hundred of their adversaries; while the infantry and marines poured death on the Arabs in such close contact that in scores of cases 'their faces were blown away.' The Gardner guns hurled a pitiless storm of shot; and in less than twenty minutes Osman Digna's force retreated,—leaving upon the ground fully fifteen hundred dead, among whom were many women, clad in uniform, who had fought with Amazonian vigour.

The victory was complete, but had been won at heavy cost. At least thirteen European officers and 150 men were killed or wounded, besides some eighty Indians, nearly 200 camp-followers, and 700 camels. The loss was absolutely needless. It was due to a surprise, and no surprise could have taken place if the bush had been vigilantly searched, and an open space cleared round the zerebas.

Soon afterwards, Sir Gerald Graham concentrated his European troops within striking distance of Tamai, but on advancing found the village deserted. The Arabs, cowed by the defeats inflicted upon them, had fled to the hills. Graham burnt Tamai on the 2nd of April, and then returned to Suakim. Meanwhile, the railway was slowly and laboriously carried forward under military protection, though not without being exposed to nocturnal forays. At midnight on the 5th of May, Takool was taken and burnt, and the remains of Osman Digna's army dispersed in all directions. The British Government then abandoned the project of a second Soudan Campaign. The threatening attitude of Russia on the Afghanistan frontier rendered it desirable to liberate, in case of more urgent service being required from them, the troops stationed in and about Suakim; and General Graham, with his European and part of his Indian regiments, and the New South Wales contingent, sailed from Suakim in the latter days of May.

THE END

INDEX TO VOL. II

A

ABDURRAHMAN KHAN, Emir of Afghanistan, 241.
 Abyssinian War, the, narrative of, 204-221.
 Adams, Major, quoted, 4.
 African Campaigns, the, 245-252.
 Afghan War, the first, 32-83; the second, 239-244.
 Afghanistan, described, 33, 34.
 Agnew, Mr Vans, murdered at Mooltan, 112.
 Aheerwa, battle of, 195, 196.
 Akbar Khan, commander of the Afghan army, 50.
 Alexandria, bombardment of, 254.
 Aliwal, battle of, 107.
 Alma, battle of the, 133-139.
 Alumbagh, the, Havelock encamped at, 201.
 Amoaful, battle of, 228-230; described by Lord Wolseley, 230-232.
 Anson, Hon. George, commander-in-chief in India, 164, 165; death of, 165.
 Antalo, arrival of the British expedition at, 210.
 Aong, battle of, 195.
 Army, the British, in Belgium, 3, 4; at Quatre Bras, 9; at Waterloo, 11-24; strength of, 26; in Afghanistan, 40-56; retreat from, 61, *et passim*.
 Army reforms, 156.
 Arnaud, Marshal, commands the French army in the Crimea, 128; his death, 140.
 Arogyi, battle of, 213, 214.
 Ashantee Expedition, the, 223-238.
 Auckland, Earl of, Governor-General of India, 32, 33, 36-40.

B

BALAKLAVA, battle of, 139, 145, 151.
 Bareilly, battle of, 203.
 Barnard, Sir Harry, 165.
 Beresford, Lord Charles, 274, 275, 282.
 Blucher, Marshal, commands the Prussians, 3.
 Boers, the, engagement with, 248, 249.
 Borborassi, engagement at, 227.
 Brackenbury, Major-General, 284, 285.
 Brunswick, Duke of, slain at Quatre Bras, 8.
 Brussels, Wellington's headquarters at, 2.
 Buller, Sir Redvers, 262, 285, 286.
 Burnaby, Colonel, at Teh, 259; at Abu Klea, 266.
 Burnes, Lieut. (Sir Alexander), his missions to Cabul, 36; his dangerous position 49; murdered by the Afghans, 51, 52.
 Burrows, General, defeated at Maiwand, 242.
 Busseerutgunge, battle of, 200.

C

CABUL, General Pollock at, 75-79; Sir Louis Cavignari murdered at, 240.
 Cambridge, Duke of, 129, 134, 136, 151.
 Campbell, Sir Colin (Lord Clyde), at the Alma, 136; at Balaklava, 143.
 Candahar, British besieged in, 243; relieved by Sir F. Roberts, 244.
 Canning, Earl, Governor-General of India, 164, *et passim*.
 Canrobert, Marshal, commands the French in the Crimea, 140.

Cardigan, Earl of, and the Light Cavalry charge at Balaklava, 147-150.
 Cathcart, Sir George, killed at Inkerman, 154.
 Cawnpore, the story of, 182, 199.
 Chelmsford, Lord, commands expedition against the Zulus, 246, 247.
 Colley, Sir George, killed at Majuba Hill, 251.
 Coomassie, British troops enter, 232-237.
 Cotton, Sir Willoughby, crosses the Indus, 41.
 Crimean War, the, 127-157.

D

DALHOUSIE, Marquis of, Governor-General of British India, his proclamation annexing the Punjab, 125, 126.
 Delhi, Sepoy rebellion at, 163, 164; siege of, 166-177.
 Dubba, battle of, 94-98.
 Duval, Charles, quoted, 249.

E

EARLE, General, killed at Kerbekan, 284.
 Edwardes, Sir Herbert, his services, 112, 119.
 Elba, Napoleon's escape from, 1.
 Ellenborough, Lord, Governor-General of India, 48, 67, 71, 83.
 Elphinstone, General, in command of the British force at Cabul, 47; his incapacity, 48; his death, 65.
 Emamghur, capture of, 90.
 Egypt, the war in, 253-291.
 Evans, General Sir De Lacy, 151, 152.

F

FEROZESHUHUR, battle of, described, 102-108.
 Frazer, Sir Augustus, describes the battle of Waterloo, 27-31.
 Futtehpur, battle of, won by Sir H. Havelock, 193, 194.

G

GAKDUL, death of Sir Herbert Stewart at, 285.
 Gilbert, Sir Walter, 123, 124.
 Gough, Lord, fights the Sikhs at Ferozeshuhur, 102-106; at Subraon, 108-114; at Chillianwallah, 114-118; at Guzerat, 118-124; his dispatch announcing the victory at Guzerat, 121, 122.

Gordon, General, his mission to the Soudan, 258; arrives at Khartoum, 258; besieged by the Mahdi, 259; killed, 281.
 Graham, General, commands British forces in Eastern Soudan, 260-262; against Osman Digna, 286-291.
 Gubat, British troops arrive at, 277.

H

HARDINGE, SIR HENRY, Governor-General of India, 101, 102, 104, 105.
 Hasheen, battle of, 286-290.
 Havelock, General Sir Henry, commands expedition for the relief of Cawnpore, 192; victory at Futtehpur, 193, 194; at Aheerwa, 195; re-captures Cawnpore, 196, 197; advances towards Lucknow, 199, 200; his victory at Busseerutgunge, 200; enters Lucknow, 200, 201.
 Hodson, Major, arrests the King of Delhi, 176; shoots the Shahzadahs, 176, 177.
 Henty, G., quoted, 209.
 Hicks Pasha killed at Kashgal, 257.
 Hooper, George, 5, 6, 19, 20.
 Hougoumont, attack upon, 16, 17.

I AND J

INKERMAN, battle of, described, 151, 155.
 Isandlwana, defeat of the British at, 246.
 Jellalabad, 66.
 Juddulluk, Pass of, the catastrophe at, 65.

K

KASHMIR GATE, blowing up of, 173.
 Kaye, Sir John, quoted, 62, 63-73, 74, 75, 81, 174.
 Keane, Sir John (Lord), commands the expedition to Afghanistan, 41; arrives at Candahar, 42; captures Ghuzni, 43; enters Cabul, 44.
 Kennedy, Sir Shaw, quoted, 11.
 Kerbekan, battle of, 283, 284.
 Khartoum, Gordon's arrival at, 258; siege of, 263, 264; captured by the Mahdi, 281.
 Kinglake, A. W., quoted, 135-138, 144, 145-150.

L

LAWRENCE, SIR HENRY, death of, 181.
 Ligny, Battle of, 6.

Lucan, Earl of, and the cavalry charges at Balaklava, 146, 147, 149.
 Lucknow, the Sepoy mutineers at, 178-181, *et seq.*; relieved by Havelock, 201; by Lord Clyde, 202; re-capture of, 202.
 Lytton, Earl of, Viceroy of India, 239.

M

MACNAGHTEN, SIR WILLIAM, English resident at Cabul, 46, 47; murdered by the Ghazees, 60.
 Marshman, quoted, 116, 117.
 Markham, quoted, 211.
 Magdala, assault and capture of, 218.
 Mahdi, the rise of the, 256, 257.
 Majuba Hill, battle of, 251.
 Meernee, battle of, 90-96.
 Meerut, the Sepoy rebellion begins at, 162, 163.
 Mentschikoff, Prince, Russian commander in the Crimea, 131.
 Metammeh, battle of, 270, 271.
 Moodkee, battle of, 101.
 Mooltan, outbreak at, 112; capture of, 119.
 Mutiny, the Indian, origin of, 158-161; incidents, in, 161-203.

N

NANA SAHIB, his atrocities at Cawnpore. See 'The Story of Cawnpore.'
 Napoleon, the Emperor, position of, 5; concentrates his army, 6; defeats the Prussians at Ligny, 6; fights at Quatre Bras, 7-11; at Waterloo, 11-24; flight of, 25.
 Napier, General Sir Charles James, appointed to the command in Scinde, 86, 87, captures fortress of Emamghur, 88-90; defeats the Baluchis at Meernee, 90-94; captures Haidarabad, 94; wins the victory of Dubba, 96-98.
 Napier of Magdala, Lord, commands the Abyssinian expedition, 205.
 Ney, Marshal, at Quatre Bras, 7-10; at Waterloo, 12-24.
 Nicholson, Brigadier, arrives in the camp before Delhi, 169; defeats the rebels at Nujufgurh, 170; leads the assault on Delhi, 172; is slain, 173.
 Nile, British expedition arrives on the banks of the, 272.
 Nolan, Captain, 146, 147.
 Nott, General, evacuates Candahar, 75; advances to Ghaznee; joins General Pollock at Cabul, 77.

Nujufgurh, defeat of the Sepoys at, 170.

O

OSMAN DIGNA, 259.

P

PENNEFATHER, General, at Inkerman, 154.
 Picton, Gen. Sir Thomas, 18.
 Pollock, General, commands 'army of retribution' in Afghanistan, 68; defeats the Afghans at Tezeer, 74; enters Cabul, 75; quits Cabul, 77, 78, 79; defeats the Afghans at Istalif, 80; crosses the Indus at Attock, 83.
 Pottinger, Major, at Cabul, 60, 61, 64, 77.
 Prussian Army, the, in Belgium, 3.
 Punjab, the, description of, 99, 100; annexation of, 125.

Q

QUATRE BRAS, battle of, described, 7-10.

R

RAGLAN, Lord, Commander of the British Army in the Crimea, 128, *et passim*.
 Roberts, Sir Frederick, his march from Cabul to Candahar, 244.
 Runjeet Singh, ruler of the Sikhs, 100.
 Russia, her supposed designs upon India, 34, 35.

S

SALE, Sir Robert, pursues Dost Mohamed, 45, 46; his victory at Jellalabad, 70.
 Scinde, described, 85; Sir C. Napier's campaign and subjugation of, 86.
 Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, 229.
 Siborne, Colonel, quoted, 14.
 Sikhs, the campaign against, 99; founder of, 99.
 Smith, Sir Harry, wins the battle of Aliwal, 107.
 Somnauth, gates of, 76-83.
 Stanley, H. M., quoted, 205-207, 208, 225, 226, 227.
 Stewart, Sir Herbert, defeats the Arabs at Abu Klea, 265, 266; his dispatch, 267, 268; mortally wounded at Metammeh, 270.

T

- TAMANIEB, British victory at, 261, 262.
 Teb, defeat of Egyptian army at, 259.
 Theodore, King of Abyssinia, his Christian prisoners, 204 : his dispatches to Napier, 205, 206, 207 : releases his prisoners, 216 : death of, 219.
 Trevelyan, Sir G. O., quoted, 184-186, 187, 188, 198, 199.
 Tokha, 260, 261.
 Trinkitat, 261.

W

- WATERLOO, battle of, described, 16-31.
 Wavre, Blucher's retreat to, 11.
 Wheeler, General Sir Hugh, killed at Cawnpore, 190.

- Whish, General, captures Mooltan, 119.
 Williams, C., quoted, 271, 277-278, 288-290.
 Wilson, Brigadier Archdale, besieges Delhi, 169.
 Wilson, Sir Charles, 277, 278, 280, 281.
 Wolseley, Sir Garnet (now Lord), commands the Ashantee Expedition, 224 : fights the Battle of Amoaful, 228-232 : enters Coomassie, 232-237 : leads back his troops to the coast, 238, 239 : commands in Egypt, 255 : wins battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 255-256 : enters Cairo, 256 : commands expedition for Khartoum, 264 : adopts the Nile route, 264 : arrives at Korti, 264 : directs movements of expedition, 270-272 : recalled, 283.

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